THE

DEAN of *Coleraine.*

A

MORAL HISTORY.

Founded upon the MEMOIRS of an ILLUSTRIOUS FAMILY of *IRELAND.*

AND

Embelliſhed with whatever may render the Reading of it profitable and agreeable.

Written in FRENCH by the AUTHOR of the MEMOIRS of a MAN of QUALITY. And now done into *ENGLISH.*

Utile Dulci.

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MDCCLII.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE

DEAN of *COLERAINE.*

BOOK V.

IN the Confidence I had inſpired into *Roſe*, and with which I was filled myſelf, we heard with Joy the Noiſe of a Coach, that arrived a few Minutes before the Hour appointed; and having nothing to delay us, we agreed forthwith to go off with a Man of a good Mien, who made himſelf known to me on the Part of the Count of *S*——, and handed my Siſter into the Coach. Having ſeated himſelf with us, he told me, that the Coachman had his Orders from the Count, and that we ſhould be in leſs than two Hours at the Place where we deſired to be ſet down. My Siſter had nobody but her Chamber-maid with her, and I was attended by a Valet of approved Fidelity and Zeal. We were ſcarce out of *Paris* when I heard the Noiſe of ſome Horſes at our Backs, and a few Moments after I thought I heard

further the Voices of ſeveral Perſons who ſeemed to diſpute loudly behind us. Our Guide, to whom I obſerved my Uneaſineſs, anſwered me naturally enough, that they were the Domeſticks of the Count, who compoſed a Guard for the Security of our Journey. I had no other Subject of Alarm in a Carriage that I thought myſelf Maſter of, and we arrived in about two Hours at the Gate of a Houſe, the Outſide of which the Darkneſs of the Night did not give me room to obſerve.

Suſpecting nothing, I went in with as much Satisfaction as I muſt neceſſarily feel from the Belief, that my Siſter was now in a Place of Refuge, which afforded her both Security and Tranquillity. The Guide ſhewed us into a commodious Apartment, being compoſed of many Chambers that might ſerve to lodge us together. This, ſaid he, is the Apartment the Count has ordered for you. They ſerved up Supper, and I was ſurprized not to ſee my Valet appear. They told me that being ſeized with ſome ſudden Illneſs behind the Coach, he choſe to walk on Foot, having taken Inſtructions about the Road, and that indeed it was ſurprizing he was not yet come up. I was eaſily perſuaded that he might have met with ſome Delay on the Road. Night being too far advanced for me to think of other Cares, I left my Siſter in her Chamber, and retired to mine.

Having reſted well, I was in the Morning invited by the View of a pleaſant Garden before my Windows to go down and take a few Turns in it; but I found my Door locked, and endeavoured in vain to open it. I paſſed through a Cloſet of Communication that joined my Chamber to that of my Siſter's, with the Hopes of finding another Door on that Side; there was one there indeed, but it was locked as well as mine. *Roſe* was yet aſleep, I returned to my own Chamber, without the leaſt Fear or Suſpicion in my Mind. My Complaints only fell upon the Negligence of the Count's Servants, whom I blamed for having thoughtleſly carri-

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ed away the Keys. I paſſed alone above an Hour till *Roſe* awoke, and employed myſelf in meditating on ſo many freſh Favours, for which I thought myſelf indebted to the Protection of Heaven.

At length, believing my Siſter was awake, I made Noiſe enough to rouſe the Servants; but they did not heed me of a ſudden. I waited above a Quarter of an Hour longer, and having knocked ſeveral times with ſome Impatience, at laſt I was heard. The ſame Man, whom I called our Guide, opened the Door, and having firſt carefully locked it again, he advanced and aſked if I had any Commands for him. I want nothing, ſaid I, but the Liberty of going into the Garden. He anſwered me civilly, that I was abſolute Maſter of the Houſe, and that he had Orders to obey me in every Thing; except that for powerful Reaſons, of which I ſhould ſoon be ſatisfied, neither my Siſter nor I could have the Permiſſion this Day to go out of our Apartments. Though I found ſomething whimſical in this Declaration, and upon the whole in the Care they took of locking us up without Notice, yet I could without Difficulty imagine, that the Count thought this Precaution neceſſary for our Security, and that what was diſagreeable in the Execution of it might proceed from the Rudeneſs of his Servants. I entered voluntary, ſaid I, into all the Views of the Count, and going into my Siſter's Chamber, I told her in a merry Air, that for certain Reaſons that apparently tended to the Succeſs of our Meaſures, and to the Tranquillity of our Retreat, we were condemned to be ſhut up for the reſt of the Day. She had the ſame Thoughts that I had of this miſterious Conduct, and we did not thereby find leſs Pleaſure in entertaining ourſelves upon the happy Alteration that a Day or two had made in our Fortune. My Valet was not yet arrived; but all my Diſquiet on that Account was only on the Score of his Health.

Towards the Evening, at the Time I was diverting *Roſe* by running over with her this Concatenation

of Circumſtances, which had conducted us to the Point we now were in, and exhorting her to render herſelf worthy of ſo many Favours, that Heaven ſeemed ready to heap upon her, one came to tell me, that I was waited for in my Chamber by ſome Perſons whom I knew. I had no doubt but it was the Count; but willing to give him the Pleaſure of believing that he had ſurprized me, I prayed my Siſter to wait alone till I went to meet him. I had only a Cloſet to go through, and I locked the Door that joined *Roſe*'s Room: My Aſtoniſhment was indeed great to ſee upon entering my Chamber not the Count *de S*——, whom I was prepared to embrace with all my Might, but Mr. *de Sercine* and his Lady, with another Lady unknown to me. The Air of Joy, which had already ſpread itſelf over my Face, gave way to a good deal of Embarraſment and Conſtraint. I had not forgot the Vexations, that Mr. *de Sercine* had before raiſed me, and his Preſence was an Omen that I immediately explained in a Senſe quite contrary to all my Hopes.

He prayed me civilly to be ſeated, with an Air of aſſuming ſome Authority in the Houſe, and of taking upon him to do the Honours of it to me. Seeing me wait in Silence till he ſhould open himſelf, perhaps you are ignorant, ſaid he at length, that you are in a Houſe that belongs to me; but I ſhould be grieved if you had any Doubt of the Satisfaction I have in ſeeing you in it. I did not hear till yeſterday of your Return from *Ireland*; for you have carefully concealed it from your Friends. Nevertheleſs the King of *England* is informed of it, and it is by his Orders that I came to ſignify his Intentions to you. Then renewing every Thing that had preceded the Duel of my Brothers, and deſcending to a Detail of what had followed, he put together a Number of Facts ill underſtood or unfaithfully reported, a Romance without Probability, ſuch as it pleaſed my Lord *Linch* to acquaint the King with, and from whence the Concluſion was, that this Prince approving

ing of his Views on my Siſter, and remembering that my Brother and ſhe had conſented to them, not to mention a new Conſent written with the Hand, and ſigned with the Name of *George*, his Majeſty had forbidden me to oppoſe any longer a Marriage ſo ſuitable, and to abuſe my Authority over a Siſter young and fearful, to make her fail of an Eſtabliſhment that ought to give full Content to my Ambition. He added that my Obedience ſhould be rewarded, and that the King, extending his Favours even to me, had taken the Reſolution of bringing me about his Perſon in the Quality of Almoner in Ordinary, with a Promiſe to uſe his Intereſt at *Verſailles* to procure me immediately a Benefice.

In finiſhing his Diſcourſe, he faſtened his Eyes upon me to diſcover before-hand my Thoughts in mine. I own that the Diſtreſs ſuch a ſtrange Adventure had raiſed in me, uncertain of the Place where I was, convinced that I was betrayed, and not even daring to ſuſpect him of ſuch an unworthy Artifice, one Moment was not ſufficient to recover my Spirits, and to give a reaſonable Form to my Anſwer. I continued ſome time ſilent as much to collect my Thoughts, as to range my Expreſſions in Order. In fine, from the Place I was in, and from the Treachery in finding Mr. *de Sercine* in Lieu of the Count *de S*——, which expoſed me to the Perſecutions of the Court, I had not the leaſt Doubt but that this Plot was hatched by my Lord *Linch*. This Reflection, that I could not make without recalling to my Mind all his Foolhardineſs and Violences, gave me more Impatience to ſpeak, than I had before Pain in breaking Silence: I had leſs trouble to find Expreſſions than to moderate them. I have been irreſolute too long, ſaid I to Mr. *de Sercine*, looking on him with a ſteady Eye; I ought not to diſſemble with you my Sentiments, which are juſt before Heaven, and conſequently cannot ſtand in Awe of the Cenſure of Men. My Siſter is dear to me without doubt, and I wiſh to ſee her married happily; but had my Lord *Linch* a Crown

offer her, I would diſdain him with his Project. This Contempt of Grandeur that is not accompanied with Virtue, may at firſt Sight convince you, that Ambition moves me leſs than has been repreſented to you. If you accuſe me of a Failure of Submiſſion to the King's Orders, I anſwer, that it is from his own Mouth I deſire to hear them; and I promiſe myſelf from that Juſtice, which animates all his Sentiments, that I ſhall ſoon be happy enough in ſeeing him approve mine. It is true, continued I in the ſame Tone, that I have not been always ſo ill diſpoſed for my Lord *Linch*. My Brothers and my Siſter herſelf, have ſhewed him great Eſteem, but it was at a Time they knew him leſs. Give me leave to inform you what it is that has cooled us. I ſhall not be his Enemy nor his Accuſer; but another would deteſt him with the ſame Reaſons; and if we had nothing to upbraid him with but his Perfidy in putting us into this Priſon —— Mr. *de Sercine* interrupted me ſmiling; you give too harſh a Name, ſays he, to the innocent Artifice of a Lover, and if you have no other Offence to reproach him with, you will have but indifferent Succeſs in perſwading us to approve of your Averſion. Theſe Words provoking me yet more, I could ſcarce forbear declaring openly every Thing that ought to make me look on him as the moſt odious Man in the World; but a Sentiment of Religion made me fear, that I ſhould give too great a Looſe to Hatred, ſhould I reveal the Death of *des Peſſes*, and ſo many other Exceſſes, that would expoſe him to juſt Puniſhment. I applauded myſelf alſo, that I did not in the Heat I was in let any Thing eſcape me that might expoſe the Count *de S*———, and confining myſelf to the Propoſals they came to make, I proteſted with great Vigour that nothing was capable of making me alter my Reſolution.

Mr. *de Sercine* having demanded of me with a peeviſh Air whether I intended ſeriouſly to perſiſt in theſe Thoughts, and drawing no other Anſwer from me, made a Sign to his Wife to retire. I remained alone with

with him. He added ſome other Exhortations which I let him end without giving him any Interruption; and not forbearing a Reply, I prayed him only, if it was true that I was in his Houſe, to let me know what Treatment was intended me in it, and if it were deſigned to bereave me of my Liberty for a long Time. He anſwered, that he could not explain himſelf further before he had made a Report of his Commiſſion to the King, whoſe Orders he had only executed. Our Diſcourſe had coldly ſpun itſelf out to a Length, and had began to fall on different Matters, during which I thought I heard ſome Noiſe in my Siſter's Chamber. I ſtopped ſpeaking to lend an Ear to it; it is nothing, ſaid Mr. *de Sercine*, you need not be under any Apprehenſions for her. A Moment after, the Noiſe redoubling with a good deal of Confuſion, I could hear the Voice of the afflicted *Roſe*, who caſt out ſhrill and piercing Cries, calling me to her Aid. Perfidious Monſters! cried I in my firſt Tranſports, and diſengaging myſelf from the Hands of Mr. *de Sercine*, who made ſome Efforts to hold me, I made haſte to gain the Door of the Cloſet. My Siſter was on the other Side, endeavouring to open it; I obtained my End more readily than ſhe, inſomuch that having thrown it open, I found on the other Side my dear Siſter, who was ready to fall into a Swoon in my Arms. She had the Air of one in a Fright, and her Eyes were brimful of Tears. Being extremely moved with this Spectacle, I could not forbear caſting out bitter Reproaches on Madam *de Sercine*, who was behind her with another Lady, and ſome Servants. Ah! cried out *Roſe*, what has ſhe to do with me, and by what Right does ſhe pretend to force me to follow her? She would have me leave you, and go with her to *St. Germain's*; and upon the Repulſe I gave her ſhe has ſhamefully ſet her Servants on me to drag me to her Coach whether I would or not.

Mr. *de Sercine* was at my Back, and immediately began to condemn this Violence. We ſuppoſed, ſaid he to his Wife, that Madam —— would conſent to

follow us of her own Accord, and you ought not to have made her any other Propoſal. Then inviting my Siſter to be ſeated, he conjured her not to be under any Conſtraint in confeſſing her true Sentiments: I know, ſaid he, to whom the Order of Birth obliges you, and I am not at all ſurprized to find in a virtuous young Lady a perfect Submiſſion to the Councils of an elder Brother; but you have on your Side the Authority of the King, who deigns to favour your Inclinations; you have the Conſent of another Brother, whom after all you ought to look on as the Chief and Head of your Family, ſeeing it is upon him that all the Rights of it fall; ſo you are free to return to the Choice you have made, and with which you heretofore appeared very well contented. The Heart of my Lord *Linch* is not in the leaſt changed. He has demanded you of the King, as the only Price of the Services he has done that Prince. On your Marriage depends even the Fortune of Mr. *Dean*, for whom his Majeſty hath promiſed to make an honourable Eſtabliſhment on this Condition. Speak without Fear; conſent to your Felicity, and make even your Brother happy whether he will or not.

This Manner of Speech appeared to me very worthy of a Man of Honour. I left *Roſe* to the Care of defending herſelf. She had Time to recover her Spirits to enable her to explain herſelf without any Embarraſment: So that ſhe did not wait for my Aſſiſtance. She declared in a few Words ſo plainly her invincible Repugnance for my Lord *Linch*, and the Perplexity ſhe had in not being able to enter more fully into the King's Intentions, that Mr. *de Sercine* intirely loſt all Hopes. He had a Difficulty nevertheleſs to recover from his Suprize. But, Madam ——, repeated he over and over, you had not always the ſame Averſion; I have ſeen you otherwiſe diſpoſed at *Saiſſons*; my Lord *Linch* builds, I know, upon ſome Promiſes, by which you have bound yourſelf to him in conſideration of the Pains he has taken to procure your Brother's Liberty. I reproach myſelf for them, interrupted ſhe

ſhe briſkly; and did he at the ſame time tell you what Conditions I annexed to theſe Promiſes? I confeſs, replied Mr. *de Sercine*, that this Adventure perplexes me. Be aſſured, that far from thinking to offer you any Violence, I ſhould have excuſed myſelf from the Commiſſion I accepted, if my Lord *Linch* had not informed me, that it was to do you Service as much as himſelf, and to deliver you from the rigorous Tutelage under which you groan: For Mr. *Dean*, added he, paſſes for a Man, whoſe Maxims are a little uneaſy to a Lady of your Age. I did believe, that if your Brother made any Difficulty in correſponding with the King's Goodneſs, that Madam *de Sercine* would infallibly prevail on you to take with us the Road to *St. Germain*.

While he ſpoke with this Politeneſs, I did not deſire to mix one Word in the Converſation, being fully ſatisfied to ſee him return of himſelf to that Moderation, which he had departed from with me. In the mean Time it came into my Mind to profit ſomething by this Alteration, in order to diſcover by what Artifice we had been betrayed. I ſpoke like a Man recovered from my Fears, and who began to rely upon the Civilities, which he continued to heap upon my Siſter. Theſe Stratagems of a Lover, ſaid he to me ſmiling, leave you under ſome Vexation, and I perceive you will find a Difficulty in pardoning my Lord *Linch*. He then apprized me of all thoſe Circumſtances I have already related, and in which my Lord *Linch* gloried at the King's Couchee. It was without the Participation of Mr. *de Sercine* that this raſh Man had formed the Deſign of carrying us to his Houſe at *Chatoux*, a Village not far diſtant from *St. Germain*. Having committed the Care of ſtealing us away to ſome Perſons devoted to him, to whom he had given his Orders, he appeared boldly at Court, where he diſcovered his Intentions not only to Mr. *de Sercine*, who had been a long Time in his Intereſts, but to the King himſelf, whom he had the Addreſs to bring into his Views by the ſpecious

Turns he well knew how to give to his Pretenſions. This Prince who is Goodneſs itſelf, and who was perſuaded, that the Reſiſtance of my Siſter proceeded only from my Councils, looked on the Treachery with which he charged himſelf very freely, as an Adventure of Gallantry, and the Project of the Marriage, as an Enterprize equally profitable for her and for me, by the Advantages which would redound to *Roſe*, and by thoſe he propoſed to do myſelf. After having proceeded theſe Lengths, *Linch* found no Difficulty in obtaining the Orders, with which Mr. *de Sercine* was charged. They reckoned at *St. Germain* to ſee *Roſe* arrive there before Night; and all People who were favourable to *Linch*'s Intereſt, had not the leaſt Doubt but ſhe would immediately ſurrender to the Attractives of a ſhining Fortune, when the King ſhould interpoſe to make her ſhake off the Yoke of my Authority.

I found two Things altogether ſurprizing in this Relation; one was, that my Lord *Linch*, after ſo many Experiences of the little Reliſh my Siſter had for him, could flatter himſelf that he might yet pleaſe her, and freely obtain her Heart; for it could be nothing but ſuch Hopes that had made him renounce his former Deſign of running away with her in order to force her to a Marriage againſt her Will. Might he not have executed that Scheme eaſily, when he had betrayed us; and at a Time that it would be impoſſible for me to ſeparate myſelf from her to procure her more Liberty by my Abſence, could all my Efforts be capable of giving it the leaſt Delay? He that will not with me look upon the Change of this Project as a Favour from Heaven, who watched over the Protection of the innocent *Roſe*, muſt acknowledge in it the ſtrange Power of Self-love in a Man fierce and haughty, who perhaps fancied that no Woman could refuſe ſincerely to love him, or who thought at leaſt his Triumph certain, when he had the Liberty openly to attack her Heart: Unleſs one could chooſe to think from what he told me in *Ireland*, that by another Caprice

Caprice he reckoned it as nothing to be beloved, and that after the Example of his Father, he was ſatisfied to poſſeſs an amiable Woman, and to be ſure at the ſame Time of her Prudence. Under this Suppoſition he might have promiſed himſelf from the Authority of the King what he had at firſt hoped to obtain by Force; and thoſe two Paths being capable of leading him to the ſame End, he might chooſe indifferently either one or the other.

But I was no leſs aſtoniſhed, that after two Duels, the firſt of which ought even yet to have cauſed him ſome Uneaſineſs, and the other was ſo freſh, that he could not be ſecure againſt a Diſcovery, that nevertheleſs he durſt ſhew himſelf at *St. Germain*, and engage in another Outrage, that might be looked upon with an Eye more ſerious by the Laws of *France*, than by the King of *England*, and Mr. *de Sercine*. I then took up a terrible Opinion of this furious Man, whom the Thoughts of his own Dangers could not reſtrain, and giving Thanks to Heaven for the Favours granted to us, I demanded of Mr. *de Sercine*, if we had the Liberty of departing from his Houſe. You ſhall have that Liberty, anſwered he, if the King will grant it. I ſhall not conſult my Lord *Linch* upon ſo juſt an Action; but I dare not ſet you free, added he, without receiving the King's Orders. This Anſwer made me fear, that we were not yet at the End of this Perſecution. The Eaſineſs of the King might augment the Daringneſs of my Lord *Linch*, and make him renew the Projects, which perhaps were only ſuſpended. I would have offered to appear myſelf in the Preſence of this Prince to ſollicit his Goodneſs and Juſtice, if I had not been fearful of leaving my Siſter without Defence. There was ſtill leſs Safety in carrying her with ſo few Precautions to a Court, where ſhe had not yet appeared. At length, Mr. *de Sercine* being diſpoſed to leave us, I prayed him only to repreſent to the King the Regret we had in not being able to obey him in an Affair which luckily intereſted no Body but ourſelves, and the Hopes we had that his Majeſty would

would vouchſafe to put our Duties to other Proofs. If you are an Enemy to Violence, added I, you will not give Time to my Lord *Linch* to raiſe us up new Troubles, and will employ yourſelf in procuring our Liberty. My Siſter joined her Inſtances to mine to engage him to give us Advice immediately of ſuch agreeable News.

Far from flattering myſelf that our Priſon was ſet open after their Departure, I thought of nothing but continuing about *Roſe* to fortify her againſt a thouſand Fears, which ſhe had not the Power of concealing from me. In recollecting every Thing that my Lord *Linch* might have gathered from our Converſation in the Convent Parlour, ſhe had no Doubt, but that the Name of the Count *de S*—— having been often mentioned by us, he might eaſily conceive that he had got a new Rival. This Thought made her tremble for the Count. Think you, ſays ſhe, that he will be ſpared leſs than *des Peſſes* by this furious Madman, who is not capable of reſpecting any body, and who makes a Jeſt of ſpilling other Peoples Blood as well as his own? To what Paſs am I reduced, if I muſt have this Monſter inceſſantly watching my Steps, and ready to maſſacre every Thing that can love or pleaſe me? But what will the Count think, added ſhe, when ſeeing his Coach return with us, he ſhall be informed by his Servants, that we did not wait their coming, and that we departed with ſo much Indifference for his Repoſe, that we did not even vouchſafe to give him Notice of it? Is he not in the Right to form ſuch an Idea? What will then become of him, if my Misfortunes ſhould give him Cauſe to ſuſpect that I am in the Power of his Rival, and that I have nothing but the Protection of Heaven to defend me? All theſe Reflections occurred to me as well as to her, and I found them ſo juſt, that I could not defend myſelf from thoſe Inquietudes they were capable of raiſing in me. Nevertheleſs the Duties of our Sex being always to comfort the Weakneſs of Women in charging ourſelves with the greateſt Part of the Burden,

Burden, I conſoled her by the looſe and empty Maxims of Fortitude and Patience, and by the Promiſe of heavenly Aſſiſtance, which ſooner or later never fails Innocence.

It was upon this Occaſion, that conſidering my Impotence of forming the leaſt Enterprize for her Relief, I reflected how indecent it was for a Churchman to mix himſelf voluntarily in Adventures, of which his Profeſſion does not permit him to bear a Part in all the Circumſtances, or to enter into all the Conſequences. A Man of the Blade, who met with no other Reſiſtance to vanquiſh than Locks, and Bolts, and a ſmall Number of Servants, would all at one Stroke ſurmount Obſtacles ſo feeble; and *George*, for Example, in my Place would not leave *Roſe* a Moment under the Embarraſment from whence ſhe burns to be delivered. But the Decorum of my State, that Gravity and Modeſty, that is become habitual to me, Patience and Love of Peace, which I have been taught from my Youth to regard as Virtues eſſential to my Condition, have obliged me to reject every Thing that bears the leaſt Reſemblance to Violence. Why then ſhould I expoſe myſelf to Opportunities in which all my Rules are intirely uſeleſs? What Buſineſs have I here, ſaid I to myſelf, in taking up theſe Thoughts? What Part is this for the Head of a Pariſh to perſonate, to find himſelf run away with and impriſoned in a Love Adventure? If it be true, that I can contribute nothing to my Liberty, is it leſs true, that I ought not to have expoſed myſelf to the Loſs of it? But notwithſtanding, every Thing was upright and innocent in my Views and Sentiments; every Thing was juſt and prudent in my Conduct; they were even the Duties of Religion that made me take thoſe Meaſures, by which it may unhappily come to paſs that poſſibly Religion may be wounded. What other Reſource have I, added I, than to comfort myſelf by the Integrity of my Intentions, and to wait for the Time of Heaven, who will draw me up the Precipice, down which it has ſuffered me to fall?

Preparations

Preparations for Supper interrupted this ſorrowful Medley of Diſcourſe and Meditations. We were deſired to ſit down to Table. *Roſe* proteſted ſhe had no Appetite, and the Grief, in which I ſaw her plunged, being as capable of taking away mine, we were about ordering the Table to be cleared, when hearing many Perſons tumultuouſly coming up Stairs, two Servants in waiting ſuddenly left us to enquire into the Cauſe of the Noiſe. They were ſcarce out of the Apartment, when I heard many Voices crying out all together, Stand. This Commotion would have raiſed in us a cruel Perplexity, had we had Time to give ourſelves up to it; but we were ſtruck immediately with a Sight the moſt proper in the World to cure all other Thoughts but thoſe of Joy. We ſaw enter boldly, whom? The Count *de S*———, and my Brother *George*. They were armed in a warlike Manner, and followed by ſeven or eight Perſons arrayed like them. *Roſe* fell down in a Swoon for Joy and Amazement. I confeſs that under the Surprize I felt myſelf, all my Spirits were for ſome Moments in the utmoſt Confuſion.

Having run over with my Eyes every one in the Chamber, they appeared to me to wonder at finding us alone, and as it were diſpoſed to eat quietly a very elegant Supper. At length running to the Aſſiſtance of *Roſe*, upon whom they perceived the Effect their Preſence had produced, they were not long in bringing her to herſelf. But before they would ſatisfy the Eagerneſs we had to ſpeak to them and hear them, they aſked us, if we had any other Enemies in the Houſe but Servants. Although I was contented enough with their Services to give them a better Name, I anſwered, that they were at moſt only to be called our Guards, and that I ſaw nobody with them. My Brother ordered his Servants, whom he had left below, to treat them with good Temper and Mildneſs, and contented himſelf with putting a Centinel at the Gate.

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Being no longer able to reſiſt the Deſire I had of learning from them the Bottom of an Adventure ſo ſtrange, I preſſed them to give us that Satisfaction immediately. I even exacted from them to ſuſpend for a Moment the Careſſes they were impatient to ſhew *Roſe*. The Count, upon whom the Trouble of making this Recital fell, put a high Value on the Sacrifice to which I obliged him. In the mean time his Eyes being employed in making him Amends for his Loſs by a thouſand paſſionate Looks, he began by informing us of thoſe Particulars, which his Generoſity had hitherto left me in Ignorance of; that being intereſted in the Fate of my Brother from the firſt Account he had of his Misfortune, he had never ceaſed to ſollicit his Pardon by a great Number of powerful Friends; that in Truth the ſame Reaſon that had hindered him from declaring himſelf earlier the Lover of *Roſe* did not permit him to make a Noiſe with his Sollicitations; but that having obſerved fewer Meaſures from the Time he had opened his Mind to me in the Cloiſters of the *Carthuſians*, he had puſhed that Affair with ſuch good Fortune, as to obtain all the Conceſſions from the Court they could well grant, which was a ſecret Permiſſion to favour my Brother's Eſcape; that having communicated the ſame to the Governor of the *Baſtile*, who was one of his beſt Friends, they had agreed upon the Time and Means of the Execution: That the Day was fixed at too great a Diſtance, but having reflected, that nothing could more agreeably ſurprize us upon his Arrival at his Eſtate, nor give him a more uncontroverted Merit with *George*, than to rejoin us at a Time we leaſt thought of in a ſafe and pleaſant Retreat, he had ventured the ſame Day to preſs the Governor ſo earneſtly, that he conſented to come into his Meaſures that Evening; that it gave him an extreme Joy in going to receive my Brother in a Poſt Chaiſe, to be the firſt to compliment him upon his Liberty, and at length to conduct him directly to his Eſtate, where he had diſcovered to him all his Hopes, and the Promiſe we had made him to be in the ſame Place that Evening. But

But fancy to yourſelves, ſaid he, how great my Aſtoniſhment and Deſpair muſt be, when having paſt a Part of the Evening in waiting for you, I ſaw a Perſon arrive to whom I had given it in Charge to receive you out of the Convent. I diſcovered a Share of the Truth by his Embarraſment. He told me, that having learned from the Porter that you had gone off half an Hour before, and being informed of all the Circumſtances of your Departure, he was amazed to find ſuch a Difference between what had happened, and the Orders he had received from me; that it was with one Man alone with whom you had gone away, who had inquired for Mr. *Dean* in my Name, and that the Conveniency he had for your Journey was a hired Coach. That you got into it immediately in a travelling Dreſs with your Chamber-maid and your Trunks. In Fine, confounded to ſee his Commiſſion already ſo exactly executed, although he had not received my Orders above a Quarter of an Hour before, he was for a long Time perplexed to diſcover ſome Light to clear up this Miſtery, but not receiving any ſatisfactory Account, he told me, he had taken the Reſolution to inquire the Meaning of it from myſelf.

We were all ſo ſtartled at the Story, continued the Count, that without the leaſt Heſitation we determined in two Words immediately to go to *Paris*. I remembred the Subjects of Alarm you had imparted to me. My firſt Care on my Arrival there was to ſend one of my Servants to your Lodging. They anſwered him, that you were gone for ſome Time to the Country. My Fear encreaſing, I was caſt into Deſpair, becauſe the Night had robbed me of all Expedients for following my Impatience. I was obliged to wait till next Day. I was, myſelf about going this Morning to your Lodgings, from whence I was in Hopes of drawing ſome little Light, when I was informed that your Valet deſired to ſee me inſtantly. He was in a Condition to raiſe one's Pity, dirty, diſfigured, ſinking under Grief and Wearineſs. Without

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giving me time to aſk him a Queſtion, he told me with Tears in his Eyes, that you were ſtolen away by ſome Treachery, and that he could ſuſpect no Body of it but my Lord *Linch*. A thouſand Queſtions which I aſked him all in a Breath would have given me but little Inſight into the Matter, if the Boy, who appeared to be zealous and affectionate in your Service, and who gave me room to judge from the Manner he had told his Story, that you repoſed ſome Truſt in him, had not prayed me to give him the Liberty to anſwer with more Order. He ſaid, that you had waited at the Convent for the Coach and Guide I had promiſed you; one came to give you Notice of their Arrival, and you ſuffered yourſelves to be carried off without the leaſt Miſtruſt. But you had ſcarce got out of the Suburbs of Saint *Honore*, when four armed Horſemen, whom the Darkneſs did not hinder him from knowing to be the Servants of my Lord *Linch*, overtook the Coach, and one of them coming cloſe up to him, drew out a Poniard, and ordered him to come down without Noiſe, if he had not a mind to be ſtabbed in a thouſand Places. He gave way to Force. Two of the Horſemen remained to guard him, till the Coach had got at a certain Diſtance, and then leaving him alone in the Middle of the Road they galloped off to overtake their Companions. The Hopes of getting upon their Track made this faithful Lad walk at a great Rate as far as Saint *Germain*, inquiring after them from every Perſon he met on the Road; but thoſe who had ſeen them paſs were not able to give any Account where they ſtopped, and he being out of all Hopes of overtaking them returned at the ſame Rate to inform me of your Misfortune. He came to me this Morning at Day-break, and not being ignorant, ſays he, of the Intereſt I took in your Safety, he thought it proper to give me an Account of this unlucky Accident.

The Uncertainty what Road you had taken, purſued the Count, was the ſole Reaſon that could ſuſpend our Tranſports a Moment. We ſhould immediately

ately have gotten to Horſe, we ſhould have purſued you upon the Track, we ſhould at leaſt have gotten out of *Paris* by the ſame Gate; but where ſhould we go to, when we were ignorant on what Side to begin our Search? This cruel Perplexity put it into my Mind to ſend about to all the Hirers of Coaches to diſcover the Coachman who had carried you, and to learn of him where he had ſet you down. I hugged myſelf for this Expedient, and being fortified by an Order from the Civil Magiſtrate I immediately put all my Domeſticks in Motion. As to your Servant, having learned from himſelf that he knew my Lord *Linch*'s Lodgings and his People, I charged him to get Information, as if by the by, and without appearing to be over curious in the Matter, of every Thing that might help to diſcover his Deſigns. He ſpoke of bringing him to Juſtice for *des Peſſes*'s Murder, but we forbid him taking any Steps unworthy of us, or which at leaſt ought to be reſerved for the laſt Extremity. I cannot gueſs the Meaning why we did not get another Sight of him during the whole Day.

Whatever Diligence my Servants uſed in the Execution of my Orders, they could not diſcover what they were in Queſt of till the Evening. They brought to us your Coachman, who without any Importunity informed us, that he had ſet you down at *Chatoux*; and his own Curioſity having made him inquire there who was the Maſter of that Houſe, he told it us with the ſame Frankneſs. What we found difficult to believe upon his Teſtimony was the Readineſs and Air of Conſent with which he aſſured us you had ſuffered yourſelves to be carried away; but doubtleſs you were ignorant of the Deſign of your Journey, and the Road you took. What muſt have been your Frights when you came to underſtand them! Ours indeed vaniſhed when we knew you were in the Houſe of Mr. *de Sercine*; we had no Difficulty in perſuading ourſelves that you had no Inſult to fear in the Houſe of a Man of Honour. Nevertheleſs the Importunities of

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my Lord *Linch* being of themſelves able to raiſe you great Vexation, and we imagining beſides that your Liberty might coſt us ſome Effort, we thought it but prudent not to go without taking proper Precautions to aſſure us of being Maſters here. I armed all my Domeſticks. My Reſolution was upon our firſt Entrance to ſecure my Lord *Linch* whom I ſuppoſed to be with you, and to have him guarded for ſome Hours by my Servants, to puniſh him by this Fright for that he has given you. I have with me a Coach and ſix, that might carry you during that Time to my Caſtle eſcorted by a Party of my People; and when I thought it ſeaſonable to give my Lord *Linch* his Liberty, I ſhould have given him to underſtand in offering ſuch Satisfaction as he might require, that a *Frenchman* is an Enemy to Artifice or Tricks, and that they take more reſpectful Ways to obtain what they love. But we have been very agreeably ſurprized, added the Count, to ſee a profound Tranquillity reigning here, and to find only one Servant at the Gate, whom Fear made confeſs that you had been in this Houſe ſince Yeſterday Evening.

By the Time he had finiſhed this Relation, and that *Roſe* and I began to give Thanks to our dear Deliverers, I was interrupted by the Arrival of my Valet, who came in without giving any Notice, and was at firſt obliged to reſt himſelf ſome Moments, being quite out of Breath. This Scene having drawn all our Attention, I preſſed him to explain the Subject of his ſo great Haſte. Yes, ſaid he, in a Kind of Tranſport, which diſcovered the Joy he had in ſeeing us again, I have admirable Events to tell you; but firſt conſider together what Reception you will give my Lord *Linch*, who is perhaps not above two hundred Paces from this Houſe. An Information of this Nature demanded in Reality all our Reflections; the Aſtoniſhment it gave us made us immediately caſt our Eyes upon one another, as it were to conſult how we ſhould conduct ourſelves in this Buſineſs.

neſs. Is he attended, aſked the Count? *Jacin*, ſo was my Valet called, aſſured us, that he was on Horſe-back with four others, and was followed by a Chaiſe with two empty Places in it, which retarded a little his March. After a Moment's Conſideration, the Count was of Opinion, that being ſtronger in Forces than he, we ought to wait for him quietly, and give him a free Entrance into the Houſe, to have the Pleaſure of ſeeing his Aſtoniſhment at finding us here in ſuch Numbers. However, immediately to take from him all Hopes of ſucceeding by Violence, he gave Orders to his Servants to keep in the Court, with their Horſes, and to return immediately to the Apartment as ſoon as he ſhould get into it. We waited quietly the Effect of this Reſolution.

Jacin, of whom I demanded a farther Account, told us, that having left the Count *de S*——, he went according to Orders to the Houſe where my Lord *Linch* lodged, and that being informed he was at *St. Germain*, he out of hand formed the Plan of a Stratagem which ſucceeded beyond his Expectation. It is ſtrange, ſaid he, drolling with a good Grace for a Man of his Sort, that theſe rich Lords ſhould with Impunity come to *France* to kill and run away with us. We would not willingly become Informers, becauſe we have too much Greatneſs of Soul to diſgrace ourſelves by ſuch Baſeneſs; but yet not having leſs Wit, we are here ready with Addreſs enough to put thoſe out of Countenance, who have given us ſo much Vexation. He continued to tell us more ſeriouſly, that he had gone to *St. Germain*, and having ſought an Opportunity to ſee *Linch* he found one immediately. *Linch* made a Sign to him to come near, and appearing to be ſurprized to ſee him without me, he aſked him the Reaſon of it. He having prepared his Part, made heavy Lamentations of my Cruelty to him, and pretending to have left my Service a few Days before on Occaſion of ſome Difference, of which he gave him the Hiſtory, he begged his Recommendation to ſome of his Friends. In the End, appearing

ing to be amazed to find him in ſuch Tranquillity at *St. Germain*, but my Lord, ſaid he, I ſee you here ſo careleſs of your Danger, that it makes me tremble for you. Are you ignorant that the Officers of the Law are in Search for you in every Corner of *Paris?* Somebody has given Information that it is you who killed Mr. *des Peſſes*, and his Friends have ſet all the Guards of the Marſhalſea upon the Hunt for you. This Piece of Intelligence made him turn pale. His firſt Duel had not been attended by many ill Conſequences; becauſe having retired immediately to the Caſtle of *St. Germain*, the Conſideration of the King had obliged the Officers of Juſtice to obſerve ſome Reſpect, and nobody appearing to proſecute him, the Affair was huſhed up of itſelf, and the rather when the Sollicitations ſet on Foot for my Brother had diſpoſed the Court to ſome Indulgence. He had the Boldneſs to appear publickly after he had recovered of his Wounds, and that the ſame Reaſons had cloſed up the Eyes of Juſtice. But apprehending that the Death of *des Peſſes* was a Thing much more ſerious, and being encouraged till now to flatter himſelf, that as the Matter was ſecretly tranſacted, it might always remain undiſcovered, he began to reflect on the Greatneſs of the Danger. Follow me, ſaid he to *Jacin*, and gaining immediately the Caſtle, he began to interrogate him more carefully upon what he had heard. *Jacin* ſpared nothing to redouble his Frights. At length having conſidered a long Time; you may be uſeful to me, ſaid he, and you ſhall be liberally rewarded; I will come to you here again in a few Moments. He gave Orders on the other hand to one of his Servants to get ready his Horſes and Chaiſe, and going up to the King's Apartment, where he did not ſtay above a Quarter of an Hour, he came back again to *Jacin*. Hear me, ſaid he, the King has commanded me for *Ireland*, and I think the Voyage neceſſary. I would be gone this Moment, if I did not wait for Mr. *de Sercine*, with whom I have ſome Buſineſs to ſettle. Take Poſt,

Poſt, added he, putting ſome *Louis d'Or's* in *Jacin's* Hand, go and find out my *Maitre d'Hotel* at *Paris*, and bid him come immediately with you to receive my Orders at Mr *de Sercine*'s at *Chatoux* ; you may be aſſured of finding me there at your Return. Be faithful. The Night, which was near approaching, came on opportunely to favour us. *Jacin* left him ſatisfied enough with what he had heard, and turned over to the high Road all Deliberations upon the Lights he would willingly draw for diſcovering where we were, when he ſaw Mr. *de Sercine*'s Coach come up, which drove forward to *Chatoux*. He obſerved the Haſte *Linch* was in to make this Gentleman alight, with whom he went aſide immediately. While they were in private Converſation, *Jacin* dexterouſly enough entered into Diſcourſe with ſome of the Servants attending the Coach, and having already miſtruſted from this Appearance of ſo much Secrecy, that Mr. *de Sercine* had ſome Share in the Intrigue, he had no Difficulty to draw a Diſcovery from the Servants, who were leſs on their Guard than he, and to whom beſides Mr. *de Sercine* had no Reaſon to recommend it as a Secret. Being overwhelmed with Joy for having ſo luckily diſcovered our Retreat, the Journey of my Lord *Linch* to *Chatoux* began to be altogether ſuſpicious to him. Why ſo much Diligence here the Moment he pretended to go for *Ireland?* He had a Mind alſo to acquaint himſelf further with the Meaſures he was about taking for his Departure. So not being in haſte to be gone, he waited till the Converſation with Mr. *de Sercine* was at an End, and when *Linch*, ſurprized to ſee him there, preſſed him to get on Horſeback, and renewed the ſame Orders to him, he pretended to ride off, but returning again without being perceived, he found Time to examine in what Voiture and with what Attendance our Raviſher was about to go off. He took nevertheleſs Time enough before-hand to aſſure himſelf of being at *Chatoux* before him, with a Reſolution, as he ſaid, forthwith to demand Aid of the Heads

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of the Village, if he perceived we ſhould be expoſed to the leaſt Danger.

I am perſuaded, added he, after this Relation, that the Enemy is not far off; although it muſt be confeſſed he exaggerated a little in ſaying at firſt that he was not diſtant above two hundred Paces from us. But I admire, added he, that you have not given Attention to this empty Chaiſe that he brought with him. Do you believe that being on the Point of going for *Ireland*, his Deſign was not to find a Place for Mademoiſelle *Roſe* in it? This Reflection ſeemed to be important enough to give us Room to reproach ourſelves for ſuffering it to eſcape us. I imagined myſelf, that if he came upon ſuch a black Project, he would not ſtand in Awe of Numbers, and that in his Deſpair he would have Raſhneſs enough to riſk every Thing. The Count and my Brother laughed at my Fears; nevertheleſs I inſiſted abſolutely for the Safety of my Siſter, that ſhe ſhould not remain in the Chamber where we propoſed to receive him, and it being as improper that *Jacin* ſhould appear in it before him, I made them both walk into mine.

The Count, who was too much provoked eaſily to pardon ſuch odious Proceedings in his Rival, formed another Deſign without imparting it to us. He left us under ſome Pretext, and went down Stairs to change the Orders he had given to his Servants. Inſtead of making them wait in the Court, he directed that none of them ſhould continue there to give one room to judge that the Houſe was ſo well defended; to the End that my Lord *Linch* might enter into it without any Diffidence. He ordered that all the Horſes, not excepting thoſe of his Coach, ſhould be ſhut up in the Stable, and that all his Servants (only one to wait at the Gate, and ſhut it ſoftly on *Linch* after he had got in) ſhould attend within the Houſe at the Foot of the Stairs, where he was reſolved to appear at their Head. His View, as he explained it to us afterwards, was to ſeize the bold Raviſher, and to leave him in Suſpence whether he had not fallen into the Hands of the Law-

he would have left him only one of his Servants, and have placed him in the Chaiſe with him, having firſt interrogated him upon all the Circumſtances of his Deſign, and would have committed him to the Charge of four of the Count's own Servants to conduct him to *Dieppe*, who ſhould force him to embark there for *Ireland*, by threatening to put him into the Hands of Juſtice, ſhould he attempt giving them any Trouble by the leaſt Reſiſtance.

This Manner of revenging himſelf not wounding any Law, I found no great Difficulty in approving it; but the Adventure took another Turn. The Count had not been more than a Moment above Stairs, when my Lord *Linch* appeared at the Gate. The Sight of twelve or fifteen Horſes, which they had not Time to put out of the Way, and a Multitude of Servants, who were in Motion in the Court, raiſed in him all thoſe Notions which my Valet had endeavoured to fill him with at *St. Germain*. He had no Doubt but that they were ſo many Archers of the Marſhalſea, who had come to *Chatoux* to ſurprize him. This Thought made him reſolved to truſt to the Speed of his Horſe, and he fled away, crying out to his Servants to follow. On the other Hand the Count's Servants perceiving his Eſcape, and fretting that they had not more ſucceſsfully executed their Maſter's Orders, perſuaded themſelves, that in order to repair their Negligence, they ought inſtantly to purſue him on the Track, and uſe all their Endeavours to come up with him. Their Horſes were ready bridled and ſaddled, they mounted in a Hurry, and followed full Speed on that Side where they as yet heard the Noiſe of the Runaways.

We were not apprized of this Incident till after they were gone. The Count much vexed to ſee his Prey eſcape out of his Hands, and more alarmed yet at the Purpoſes of his Servants, whoſe Zeal though he was convinced of, yet he was not ſatisfied that it was accompanied with over-much Prudence, continued in an extreme Conſternation until their Return. I

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was not leſs diſturbed in my Mind; but was much more ſurprized to ſee my Brother the only Perſon who appeared unconcerned, and who obſerving a ſtrict Silence upon every Thing that paſſed before his Eyes, ſeemed to affect not to take any Part in theſe Adventures. I remarked this to him with ſome Concern. He anſwered me ſmiling, that I was ignorant how delicate the Part was that he was under a Neceſſity of ſuſtaining. You do not know, ſaid he, that, beſides the Conſent I have given in Writing to my Siſter's Marriage with *Linch*, that raſh Man addreſſed me the Day before Yeſterday to engage me in a new Step, which I find at preſent contrary to all my Inclinations. Having repreſented to me in a fair Light all the Advantages, that he was reſolved to heap upon my Siſter, he gave me the Articles containing them ſigned with his Hand, to which he added for me an Annuity of two thouſand Crowns for my Life. It is true, continued *George*, that dazzled with theſe Promiſes, and not having the Opportunity of talking to you for ſome Days, I confirmed the Word I had given him not to oppoſe myſelf to his Pretenſions, and out of the many Ways he propoſed to me of crowning them with Succeſs, I excepted only Violence. From hence in all Appearance he has taken the Occaſion of renewing his Suit at the Court of *St. Germain*; you need not doubt, added my Brother, but that I put a vaſt Difference between the Count and him, and that my preſent Inclinations agree with yours; but bound as I am with my Promiſes, I find an Embarraſment in my Situation, and could wiſh at leaſt, in order to think myſelf authorized to break them, that *Linch* would prove unfaithful to his.

While he held me in this Diſcourſe, and that I was ready to give an eaſy Anſwer to it, we were informed of the Arrival of a Meſſenger from Mr. *de Sercine*. This Gentleman had not forgot the earneſt Intreaties I made him to acquaint us with the King's Intentions, and in what Manner his Majeſty had received my Anſwer. Nothing was more capable of demon-

ſtrating the Honour of his Views, than the Care he took in giving us Satisfaction ſo expeditiouſly. He ordered us to be acquainted, that having given an Account of our Sentiments to his Majeſty, he was highly offended at the Boldneſs of my Lord *Linch*, who had always informed him, that the Obſtacles proceeded only from me, and that my Siſter's Inclinations were under a Reſtraint. The Meſſenger added, that the King left us at Liberty, and highly diſſatisfied at the Conduct of *Linch*, had commanded him inſtantly to leave *France*. This Explanation, ſerving further to aſſure us, that on what Deſign ſoever my Lord *Linch* came to *Chatoux*, Mr. *de Sercine* was ignorant of his Views, removed from us all our Suſpicions, and even my Brother thought himſelf leſs engaged to *Linch* by being apprized that his Intentions and Conduct were not approved by the Court. But a new Incident confirmed him all at once in this Diſpoſition. One Party of the Count's Servants being heard in the Court, every one of us had the Curioſity to wiſh immediately to be informed of what had happened them. The Count, who ran down at the firſt Noiſe, preſently brought up *Linch*'s Coachman, who was ſtopped with his Chaiſe. Some few Menaces having prevailed on him to ſpeak without Diſguiſe, he confeſſed that his Maſter's Project was to run away with *Roſe* in the Chaiſe, and to carry her to the Sea-ſide, where he had before forwarded one of his Servants to provide a Veſſel ready againſt his Arrival. Being fearful of meeting with Difficulties on his Journey, he had taken the Reſolution of travelling only by Night, and of reſting in the Day-time in ſome private and retired Places. The Chaiſe had been ſtored with Proviſions to refreſh my Siſter in ſuch an inconvenient Journey. Whatever Temerity appeared to be in this Enterprize, the Sequel of my Recital too plainly demonſtrates the Poſſibility of it. *Linch* would have then triumphed over the Averſion of the unfortunate *Roſe*; though in truth he would not have long enjoyed the Fruits of his Crime. For

the Relation alone of the Danger ſhe had eſcaped, made *Roſe* fall into ſo deep a Swoon, that we had Reaſon to be alarmed for her Life. What then would it have been to ſee herſelf torn without Reſource from all that was dear to her, to fall into the Hands of a Man who was ever her utter Averſion?

I was curious to learn how the Raviſher could poſſibly eſcape from thoſe who had ſecured his Chaiſe. They informed us, that they had got very cloſe to him, but that the Swiftneſs of his Horſes, which were excellent *Engliſh* Courſers, ſoon carried him out of their Sight and Purſuit. An Alarm ſo terrifying made us judge that Love had given Way to Fear, and that we ſhould have no further Inſult to apprehend from that Quarter. My Brother was the firſt to tell me, that after an Attempt ſo contradictory to his late Treaty, he thought himſelf diſcharged from all his Engagements. We deliberated upon what Step we were next to take. Although we had perhaps leſs Danger to fear than ever for *Roſe*'s Return to *Paris*, yet we could not defend ourſelves againſt the Intreaties of the Count, who preſſed us to go to his Caſtle. But we conceived that before our Departure, Duty would oblige my Brother to go and make his Court to the King, and to attempt to gain the Protection of that Prince, by giving him an Account of all the Proceedings of my Lord *Linch*. The Night was not ſo far advanced, but that he might hope to appear yet at the King's Couchee; and that Hour would be more favourable than any other in the firſt Days of his Liberty, when it would not be decent to appear there openly. This Precaution was recommended to him, and it was even inſiſted on that he ſhould change his Name for the Time he continued in *France*; inſomuch that inſtead of going by the Name of the Earl of ——, as he had hitherto done, he took the fictitious Name of my Lord *Tenermill*.

During the two Hours of his Abſence, I could have wiſhed to have had the Power of entertaining the Count *de S*—— upon ſome important Points, which I

would not willingly conclude on without his Participation. But it was impoſſible to ſeparate him one Moment from my Siſter. Theſe two tender Lovers, being at length free for the firſt Time, thought nothing more important than looking on each other, and receiving from one another's Mouths thoſe Aſſurances of Happineſs, after which they had long panted. My Preſence helping to relieve the Modeſty of *Roſe*, I obſerved that ſhe appeared no leſs affected than her Lover, and that the Interruption I ſought to give to their Pleaſures was as irkſome to her as to him. So the only Part I had to act until my Brother's Return was to ſee and liſten to them; and indeed having nothing ſo dear to me as the Contentment of *Roſe*, I was highly tranſported with Joy to ſee her happy without any Riſk to her Innocence.

My Brother, to whom I gave no other Name than that he had juſt taken up, and under which he was preſented to the King, returned ſo ſatisfied with his Journey, that he immediately diffuſed over us that Air of Joy, with which we ſaw him appear. He had made to that Prince a faithful Relation of our Adventure, which diſpoſed him to condemn anew the Violences of *Linch*, and to promiſe us all the Favours that Opportunity ſhould offer him to grant us. Being even ſenſible of the Obedience we paid to his Orders before we ventured to remove from *Chatoux*, he offered us a Detachment of his Guards for the Security of our Journey, and complimenting my Brother upon his Liberty, promiſed to employ his Intereſt at the *French* Court to obtain a Reſtitution of his Company, and our little Eſtate of *Saiſſons*. Mr. *de Sercine*, to whom my Lord *Tenermill* had not alſo forgot to pay ſome polite Compliments, aſſured us, without any Exception, of his Friendſhip and Services, and intreated us to make uſe of his Houſe, as if it were our own.

Such agreeable News, having diſſipated all our remaining Uneaſineſs, we would have accepted for the reſt of the Night of the Offer of Mr. *de Sercine*, if

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we had not conſidered, that to keep our Retreat a more impenetrable Secret, it was proper for us to make our Journey in the Dark. So having determined on the Spot to be gone, we judged it even uſeleſs to be attended by other Servants than ſuch as ſhould be neceſſary about the Coach, or at leaſt ſuch whom the Count had already intruſted with the Secret. The others were left at *Chatoux* to guard there *Linch*'s Coachman till the next Morning, with Orders to give him his Liberty about the middle of the Day, that is to ſay, at ſuch Time as it would be of little Importance to us what Relation he might make to his Maſter.

Our Journey was ſhort and proſperous. The Day began to appear by the Time we arrived at the Count's Caſtle, and made us obſerve, that we ſhould be ſecure from all Kinds of Fear in a Houſe ſo large, and ſo well defended by its Situation. *Roſe* was extremely affected by the flattering Compliments of the Count, who prayed her to look upon herſelf beforehand as the abſolute Miſtreſs of all ſhe ſaw about her. This Declaration could not appear to carry any Uncertainty or Doubt in it, conſidering the juſt Aſſurances ſhe had of being beloved. Every one having need of Reſt at the End of a Night ſo full of Troubles, they thought of nothing but retiring to the Apartments the Count had prepared for us. I was already in mine, and I began to judge by the Silence that reigned over the whole Houſe, that every one was diſpoſed to ſleep, when I heard a gentle knock at my Door. I opened it, and if I was amazed to ſee there the Count, I was yet much more ſo at the Diſcourſe he made me.

You are at length, ſaid he, in a Place of Safety; you are here Maſter, and all the Servants I leave behind me are of ſuch approved Characters, that they will make it their Studies to honour and obey you. I go with all the Satisfaction I promiſed myſelf, being aſſured of the Heart of the fair *Roſe*, and of your Friendſhip; and theſe are the two Bleſſings in which all the Happineſs of my Life is bound up. You go?

interrupted I in a Surprize. Yes, replied he, and I do myſelf this Violence without Regret. It is upon this Condition that I have preſſed you to accept of this Retreat at my Houſe, and I think, that during the firſt Days of my Mourning, Decency does not permit me to continue here longer than is neceſſary to receive you. If your Complaiſance has hindered me from repreſenting the Matter in this Light, my Duty obliges me no leſs to pay ſome Attention to it. I leave you, added he, Horſes, Coaches, Carriages of ſeveral Sorts, and all the Conveniences that I can think of. Look upon them as your own, and do not moreover be ſparing of my Services at *Paris*, where I go to wait upon your Orders, till the Time that the Tyranny of Cuſtom gives me Liberty to return here to requeſt your good Offices for myſelf.

I admired this Delicacy in a Lover ſo paſſionate, and my Eſteem being ſtrengthened as much as my Friendſhip, I embraced him, and confeſſed that I thought my Siſter too happy in having acquired ſo much Power over a Heart ſuch as his. But as he prepared ſeriouſly to leave us, I prayed him to relieve me from an Embarraſment, which the Deſire of obliging him had caſt me into, and which the Situation wherein he left us would much increaſe: Not only, ſaid I, have I concealed from *Roſe* and my Brother the laſt Diſpoſitions of *Des Peſſes*, but not having had one Moment of Liberty ſince his Death, I have not taken the leaſt Step for ſecuring or clearing up our Rights. I am ignorant of the Formalities of the Law, and am moreover put to a full Stop by ſome Scruples upon which it is neceſſary I ſhould conſult at leaſt my Brother. Give me up, continued I, the Promiſe I made you of Secrecy; for as it is impoſſible by my own Underſtanding to end an Affair ſurpaſſing my Power, ſo will it be no leſs difficult for me to impart it to my Brother, without raiſing ſome Jealouſy in *Roſe*, who will be alarmed to ſee us obſerve any Appearances of a Myſtery. The Count interrupted me, by giving me Aſſurances, that he was ſtrongly taken

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up with every Thing that I had repreſented to him, and that he had hit upon a lucky Propoſal, which in a ſhort time he would impart to me. If you have neglected, ſays he, to take the uſual Steps, it is neceſſary to repair that Negligence without Delay, and by the leaſt Power from your Siſter I will undertake to expedite immediately every Thing that can raiſe you any Difficulty; you may obtain ſuch a Letter of Attorney from her without Diſcovering for what Uſe you intend it. As to what relates to my Lord *Tenermill*, added he, can any thing be more eaſy than to engage his Silence from the Conſideration alone of his Intereſt? He is without Eſtate. Let us leave the Enjoyment of *Des Peſſes*'s Inheritance to him, for ſo long a Time as Fortune ſhall render this Aid neceſſary for him. The Count looked on me in finiſhing this Propoſal, and my Slowneſs to anſwer perſuading him that I approved of it, he preſſed me to draw up a Letter of Procuration on the Spot, and to get it ſigned by my Siſter. But though I really found ſomething plauſible in this Project, yet I prayed him to give me ſome Days to reflect on it, and all I granted to his Inſtances was a new Promiſe to conceal yet from my Siſter what *Des Peſſes*'s Affection had done for her. Nevertheleſs the Notaries having ſpoken to me of taking off the Seals as a preſſing Neceſſity, I went immediately to *Roſe*, and made her on my Credit ſign a Blank Procuration, impowering the Count to do every Thing according to Cuſtom for obtaining a Probate of the Laſt Will of *Des Peſſes*, and all the Papers that might give a Sanction to his Cares.

He left me. I imployed one Part of the Morning in conſidering his Propoſal. If he had done Honour to the Generoſity of his Character, that Generoſity appeared to me to be injurious to *Roſe*, from whom it raviſhed the Merit of conferring herſelf a Benefit on her Brother, which ſhe was very well inclined to. On the other hand, I was willing to free myſelf of my Doubts concerning the Juſtice of a Succeſſion, to

which it did not appear at all to me that even the Will of *Des Peſſes* had given a ſufficient Foundation to our Claim. I waited impatiently for my Brother's riſing, and I gave Notice privately, that I wanted to talk to him without Witneſſes.

Coming to my Chambers with as much haſte as I had to talk to him, I interrupted his Compliments upon our good Fortune, by deſiring him to enter into a more ſerious Conſideration. You know, ſaid I, the Diſaſter of *Des Peſſes*, but you are ignorant that Heaven has made it turn to our Advantage. This unfortunate young Man on his Death-bed left all his Eſtate to your Siſter. Although his Will was unconſtrained, and that theſe Sort of Diſpoſitions are not forbid by any Law, yet I confeſs to you, continued I, that in examining the Circumſtances that preceded his Will, I find in them Reaſons for an important Scruple. *Des Peſſes* thought he was beloved by *Roſe*. He teſtified by his laſt Words, and by ſome Lines which I received from under his Hand, that he carried this Thought to the Grave. It is without Doubt to the Power of ſo flattering a Notion that we owe the Advantages he has conferred on us. Have we a Right to take the Profit of them, when we are certain that they were founded upon a falſe Suppoſition? Your Siſter is not yet informed of this. I was willing to open before hand my Heart, and to propoſe to you my Doubts; you have Honour; conſult with yourſelf. It is on your Deciſion that my Conduct in this Affair ſhall depend.

During all my Life I had few Opportunities of diſcovering ſo clearly the Bottom of the Character of *George*. Without ſeeming moved at the happy News I told him, he turned all his Attention on the Difficulty that appeared to lie in my Way. Your Scruple is juſt, ſaid he, and I thought as you did at the firſt Glance. Nevertheleſs it remains that I examine, if it was from any ſtudied Complaiſance of *Roſe*, or from any Indulgence however little ſincere on your Side, that *Des Peſſes* flattered himſelf on his Death-bed that he

he was beloved; for it was not in your Power to bereave him of a Thought, which it may be helped to give him ſome Satisfaction in the laſt Moments of his Life, and even Pity would have hindered you from diſturbing him in theſe Thoughts, if the Alteration of them had depended on you. It appears to me then, added he, that the only Matter that may make you ſcruple to accept the Favours of *Des Peſſes* is this, whether you have employed any unworthy Means to procure them.

This Deciſion appeared to me ſo juſt, that I eagerly embraced the Lord *Tenermill*, and thanked him for the Confirmation he had given to my Sentiments. You ought to be ſenſible, ſaid I, to the Obligations we owe to *Des Peſſes*, and at leaſt after his Death pay that Juſtice, which is due to his Merit. What will you ſay, added I, if it be you who are deſtin'd to gather the Firſt-fruits of his Generoſity. Then relating to him all the Propoſals of the Count, I threw him into a greater Embarraſment, than that from which he had relieved me. Your Diſcourſe aſtoniſhes me, ſaid he after ſome Moments of Conſideration, and I confeſs, that among ſome Caprices I ſee in the Procedure of the Count an admirable Fund of Delicacy and Generoſity. But ſuppoſing him ſo rich as to put *Roſe* in a Condition to be above taking Benefit of the Eſtate that *Des Peſſes* has left her, it will not ſatisfy me that ſhe has nothing to ſuffer from thence; it is neceſſary ſhe ſhould give a formal Conſent to it, without which nothing in the World ſhall make me agree to accept of the Enjoyment of an Eſtate of another, without Title and without Grant. I could not diſapprove ſo noble a Sentiment. Nevertheleſs the Difficulty I foreſaw in reconciling ſo many different Intereſts made me inſiſt upon the Condeſcenſion we owed to the Count, and conſequently upon the Neceſſity of concealing from *Roſe Des Peſſes*'s Legacy. What Uſe can we then make of her Income during the Time ſhe continues ignorant of her Title? My Lord *Tenermill* anſwered, that the Count may enter into Poſſeſſion

of the Eſtate upon his Marriage, and that conducting himſelf according to his own Pleaſure, he may be Maſter of the proper Seaſon to inform his Spouſe of it.

There remained only one Objection. But with ſo much Delicacy, how, ſaid I, have you conſented to make uſe in common with us of the Count's Offer of his Houſe? He apprehended at once my Thoughts: You deceive yourſelf, anſwered he, if you have fancied that I ſhall make uſe of it for any long Time. I ſhall paſs ſome Days here with that Confidence I owe to the Friendſhip of a Man, who is to marry my Siſter, and who has bound me to him eternally by the Services he has done me; but though I am without Eſtate, I am not without Hopes; and I have Reſource enough from my Birth and Courage to expect ſome thing from Fortune. So with the moſt upright Judgment, and the moſt generous Sentiments my Lord *Tenermill* always nouriſhed a Fund of miſtaken Pride, which I thought a dangerous Omen for his Eſtabliſhment. However I imagined that the Perſwaſions of the Count might prevail on him to ſtay with us againſt his Inclinations, at leaſt till the Marriage of his Siſter, after which it would be then more eaſy to make him enter into certain Views that I always had for raiſing his Fortune, and which might more ſucceſsfully be brought about by that of *Roſe*. Without encountering his Notions I was ſatisfied to recommend Silence to him upon all the Particulars I had juſt imparted.

This Converſation did not fail to contribute greatly to the Repoſe of my Mind, by adminiſtring a reaſonable Remedy to thoſe Scruples of Honour that had laid hold of me. I went immediately to ſee *Roſe*, and I made her thoſe Compliments of Joy which confirmed hers. We paſſed near five Days in this agreeable Situation, abſolute Maſters of one of the prettieſt Houſes in the World, and ſerved with as much Reſpect as Zeal. Every Day a Meſſenger came to us from the Count with ſuch Intelligences and

News

News as he had to ſend, and carried back ours. The Day after his Departure he ſent me an Account, that the Affair of the Sale was happily terminated, and that *des Peſſes*'s Effects were lodged in a ſecure Place, of which I ſhould have the Diſpoſal on my Arrival at *Paris*. I ſhewed this Letter to my Lord *Tenermill*, and under the need he ſtood of a thouſand Neceſſaries, I propoſed to him to make a free uſe of ſome conſiderable Sums of Money that were found in *des Peſſes*'s Cloſet. He even rejected this Offer, proteſting that Poverty itſelf ſhould not make him touch the leaſt Farthing of what belonged to *Roſe* without her Conſent.

Jacin, whom I ſent often to *Paris* to make Inquiries into my Lord *Linch*'s Steps, having aſſured me that he had not been ſeen in that Quarter where he lodged, and that all his Servants diſappeared after the Adventure of *Chatoux*, I was perſwaded that he had gone to *Ireland*, and therefore ſaw no further Reaſon to hinder me from leaving my Siſter for ſome Days, and going where my Preſence was more neceſſary. Together with the Motive of paying ſome Compliments to the Count, I had a further View of opening myſelf to him upon the Situation of my Brother, who talked every Moment of going to *Germany*, where his Intentions were to ſolicit an Employment in the Army. I had remarked, that he ſupported his low Fortune with an extreme Impatience, and that being upon the whole mortified to find himſelf not in a Condition to appear at *St. Germain*, his Humour was become ſo melancholy, that he was perpetually in Queſt of Solitude. My Senſibility for his Troubles engaged me to enterprize every Thing to aſſwage them, and moreover my Thoughts were to ſtay him in *France*, where I did not think his Fortune ſo deſperate as he fancied; and not having Succeſs in perſwading him to accept of the Aſſiſtances I offered him, I had a Mind to concert ſome Meaſures with the Count to make him reliſh them againſt his Inclinations. Recommending my Siſter to his

Care

Care I took my leave, and was convinced at leaſt, that being charged with ſo dear a Truſt, he would not attempt to carry his Reſolutions into Execution until my Return.

I went to my old Lodgings, where I only heard for News, that a young Lady, whoſe Name they did not know, had often been there to enquire for me, and that ſhe every Day ſent one of her Servants to know if I were come. This Eagerneſs of an unknown Perſon not relating to any Thing that might cauſe me uneaſineſs, I thought of nothing but waiting on the Count *de S*——. My Viſit filled him with Joy. He had thoughts himſelf of paſſing ſome Moments with us at his Caſtle, to impart to us ſome new Fruits of his Affection and Zeal. He had employèd with ſo much Succeſs the Intereſt of the ſame Friends, who had obtained my Brother's Liberty, that our Eſtate of *Saiſſons*, and all that had been taken from us upon the firſt Confiſcation, were reſtored to us. He added, that he was not out of hopes of obtaining a Commiſſion for my Lord *Tenermill* in a foreign Regiment in the *French* Service; and he ſhewed me ſome Letters that already amounted to a kind of Certainty. In Relation to the Inheritance of *Des Peſſes*, as an Affair of that Importance required more ſlow Proceedings, he found it neceſſary to diſpatch a Man of Truſt to *Bourdeaux*, whoſe Return he daily expected, and that he could not give me any Light into the Matter that I did not know before; but that having conſulted many Men of Learning in the Profeſſion of the Law upon the Validity of the Will, he was adviſed that the Succeſs was certain, and he put me before hand into the Poſſeſſion of *Des Peſſes*'s Effects lodged in a Cloſet in his Houſe, of which he gave me the Key.

It was of no uſe to ſpeak to him of the Embarraſments of my Lord *Tenermill*, ſince the Reſtitution of our Eſtate and other Effects, which the Law had confiſcated, were ſufficient to make me eaſy on that Head. But not being ſorry to know the Bottom

of

of his Deſigns in Regard to my Siſter, I gave way to the Impatience he ſhewed to paſs to this Article. He was the firſt to ſpeak to me of his Marriage, and to demand of me what Bounds I was willing to put to the mortal Violence he had laid on himſelf for five Days. I have judged myſelf, added he, with a Rigour that I cannot repent of, if it has conduced to confirm me in your Friendſhip and Eſteem: But what Efforts has it coſt me, and how tedious ſeems the Time of my Exile to which I am condemned? I anſwered him plainly, that being not well verſed in the Cuſtoms of *France*, I did not think myſelf qualified to determine his Difficulties; but I was of Opinion, that he ought beſides mine to take the Advice of his Friends, to whom nothing ſtood in his Way to prevent his imparting his Deſigns. Your Youth, ſaid I ſmiling, and the advanced Age of the Wife you have loſt, give you perhaps a Right to cut ſhort Decorums a little. We paſſed over one Part of the Day in entertaining ourſelves on a Subject that I coveted with as much Ardour as he. He could not conceal from me in the Courſe of our Converſation, that he had unexpectedly fallen into ſome perplexing Affairs, but that I had more Diſcretion than to deſire to dive into them. Flattering myſelf, ſaid he, that they will be ſoon terminated, I am about taking all Meaſures, that my Mourning began to permit me, for the Advancement of my Hopes. We parted with all the Satisfaction of two upright and ſincere Hearts, that equally relied on each other, and which had the ſame Eagerneſs to be ſoon united by Bonds even yet more ſtrict.

My Deſign was ſpeedily to rejoin my Lord *Tenermill* and my Siſter, to whom I had the happy Fruits of my Journey to carry. I went to my Lodgings with the Reſolution to be gone off hand. Upon my Arrival at the Door I found it crowded by a very neat Equipage, the Liveries of which were all in Mourning; and *Jacin*, who came to meet me, gave me Information, that a young Lady, who had many

Days

Days impatiently enquired for me, had come herſelf upon hearing I was arrived at *Paris*, and that ſhe had ordered my Chamber to be opened, where ſhe rather choſe to wait three or four Hours, than loſe the Opportunity of ſeeing me. I immediately went up to her without being able to gueſs what I was to expect from this Viſit. Her Form ſurprized me. *Roſe* and *Patrick*'s Spouſe, who were the moſt charming Women I had hitherto ſeen, could not upon the whole come up to what I ſaw in her at one Caſt of my Eye. My Admiration was even too ſtrong to ſuffer me often to lift up my Eyes upon ſuch a Profuſion of Charms, and I caſt them down with the ſame Amazement. The unknown Lady was in the moſt deep Mourning, and receiving me with as much Modeſty as Favour, ſhe put into my Hands a Letter, which ſhe told me ſhe was commiſſioned to give me. I obſerved, that ſhe could not pronounce theſe four Words without ſhedding ſome Tears. I preſſed her to ſit down, and not aſking her for any further Explanation under the Embarraſment I was, I ſeated myſelf oppoſite to her, praying her to excuſe my opening the Letter.

I immediately knew the Hand-writing of *Patrick*. My Curioſity encreaſing with my Trouble, I greedily ran over the Lines. The laſt Advertiſements of *Des Peſſes* all at once occurred to my Memory, and although at the Time I received them they made but a tranſient Impreſſion on me, which had even been diminiſhed by the Troubles I had continually endured, yet now I reflected on them with ſo much the more Fear, as Circumſtances very mournful appeared to be the Conſequences of them. I had written nevertheleſs to *Patrick* after my Arrival at *Paris*, but my Letter contained only a Relation of my firſt Diſagreement with *Linch*, and of the Situation in which I found my Siſter. I had not received any Anſwer from him. In fine, from the Character I had always formed of him, I began to fear what *Des Peſſes* had told me in an obſcure Manner, and what my Poſ-

poſſeſſion

poſſeſſion in favour of a Brother ſo reaſonable, and ſo vertuous, had not yet given me Room to apprehend.

Nevertheleſs what I diſcovered moſt ſurpriſing to me in his Letter was the Name of the young Lady whom he recommended to me. I ſuddenly raiſed up my Eyes on her with the Marks of a ſharp Diſturbance, and I was yet more moved with the Situation in which I ſaw her. She held her Handkerchief cloſe to her Face, as well to ſtifle her Sight, as to conceal her Tears. I read over her Name twice, doubting that I might have miſtaken it the firſt Time. It was Mademoiſelle *de L——*, *Patrick*'s former Miſtreſs. He conjured me in few Words, but with all the Forcibleneſs that Love could give to his Expreſſions, that I would afford her one Part of the Affection I had for him; and ſince, ſaid he, a Fate ſo cruel had made me ſerve as an Inſtrument to his Ruin, he recommended at leaſt to my Friendſhip and Care, a Perſon who had formerly contributed to his Happineſs. The Services he required for her were to aid her with my Advice, and above all to eſtabliſh her in the Acquaintance of *Roſe*, to whom ſhe was already a little known, and by whom it is certain, added he, that ſhe will be ſuddenly beloved with Tenderneſs.

This Propoſal appearing to me very innocent, and worthy of the natural Goodneſs of *Patrick*, I recovered immediately out of my Alarms. Far from being troubled with the Viſit of Mademoiſelle *de L—*, I rejoiced at the Opportunity of becoming acquainted with her; and to explain all at once what I have already only ſlightly touched on, this was not the firſt Time I thought of her ſince my Lord *Tenermill* had obtained his Liberty. My own Reflections had often made me regret that ſhe was not in *France*, and looking on the Inclination ſhe had for *Patrick* as a Diſpoſition that might eaſily prepoſſeſs her in Favour of his Brother, I flattered myſelf, that if he could ſee, and make his Addreſſes to her, he might ſucceed without much trouble in inſpiring her with the ſame Courſe of

Sentiments

Sentiments for him. Even his Abſence had not hindered me from nouriſhing this Thought. It would be always eaſy for my Lord *Tenermill* to make a Journey to *Germany* as ſoon as he could diſcover the Place of her Abode; he might procure the Opportunity of ſeeing her, and inſenſibly improving her Affections, from that Time at leaſt wherein ſhe ſhould have the Liberty to diſpoſe of herſelf. In fine, theſe were the Views I had for his Eſtabliſhment, although divers Reaſons had hitherto hindered me from making an Overture of them to him.

With theſe Ideas, joined to the Motive I had to oblige *Patrick*, and even pity, from which I could not defend myſelf, for this amiable young Lady, whom I had before my Eyes, I could not think of hardening myſelf againſt her Tears. My Curioſity only led me to inquire into the Cauſe of them, and of that mournful Dreſs in which I ſaw her. Do not doubt, Madam, ſaid I with all the Sweetneſs I could bring into my Looks and Words, but that a Letter ſo preſſing as this of my Brother, may aſſure you of all Sorts of Claims to my moſt zealous Services. I already from the Bottom of my Heart enter into thoſe Griefs that ſeem to afflict you, and if I did not fear to exaſperate them by any Indiſcretion, I would intreat the Favour to know from whoſe Loſs you wear this Habit, and ſhed thoſe Tears.

Alas! anſwered ſhe, wiping away her Tears, which immediately began again to flow againſt her Will, he whom I lament ſhall never be reſtored to me any more. Then ſtopping herſelf a Moment, as if ſhe had changed her Thoughts; my Mourning, added ſhe, for this is the only one of my Loſſes that you can be ignorant of, is for the Death of my Father, whom I loſt about two Months ſince. This is a Misfortune to which the Tenderneſs of Nature ought to make me ſenſible, and it is not from the Riches he has left me that I can hope to draw any Conſolation. But I have nothing remaining to expect, ſince that which I only deſired, and which I reckoned

reckoned to find here, is raviſhed from me without Remedy. She then began again to lament bitterly. I apprehended what ſhe durſt not ſpeak to me with more Plainneſs, and being willing to avert thoſe Explanations, that could not fail to raiſe in me ſome Embarraſment, I confined myſelf to aſk her how ſhe had received thoſe Tidings from my Brother. But ſhe was encouraged by this Queſtion to explain herſelf to me more clearly. It is not with you, ſaid ſhe, that I would diſſemble the Horror of my Fate. I love your Brother; I thought I was adored by him. Ah! I was ſo indeed, added ſhe, interrupting herſelf. He was a Man of no Artifice to give me Reaſon to fear a Character ſuch as his. He renewed his Faith to me a few Days before my Departure from *France*; I gave him mine. This Thought has ſupported my Conſtancy, and even my Joy itſelf, during near a Year that I paſſed in *Germany*. My Father was of an Age that did not promiſe him a much longer Life. I reſiſted to his Death all his Sollicitations to accept a Huſband from his Hands; and contenting myſelf with the Reſolution I had taken not to do any thing during his Life againſt his Will, I waited without impatience till the Courſe of Nature ſhould enſure me of Liberty to fulfil my Engagements.

At length, continued ſhe, my Father died, and I with Reverence paid him the laſt Duties. Being ſet at Liberty, from thenceforth I indulged myſelf in a Satisfaction, on which my Ideas of Decorum and Modeſty had till then perhaps made me too reſerved. I writ into *France* to your Brother; I received no Anſwer from him. During the Time that my Prepoſſeſſion made me explain every Thing to his Advantage, and that I prepared to leave *Germany* to ſupply in my own Perſon what my Letter was deficient in, which I imagined might be ſtopped by ſome Artifice, one of his Friends arrived, and filled me with Joy to find that he came in Search of me on your Brother's Behalf, and being not leſs tranſported to find me in the ſame Diſpoſition that he expected, he immediately went for *Ireland*, where he told me that his

Affairs

Affairs had called him, and that he burned with Impatience to carry News to him, which would ſuddenly make him croſs the Seas. I gave in Charge to him a Letter that contained all the Flames of my Heart, and putting myſelf on my Journey to *France* I again writ to *Ireland* on the Road, to let your Brother know where I intended to lodge at *Paris*. I arrived there, and with what Ardour did I not wait for the Day, which I thought fixed by the Command of Heaven, and by our Oaths. Alas! a Day came which ſhould have been the laſt of my Life. I received a Letter with that which I have given you, wherein I found the Sentence of my Death written and ſigned by the Hand of your Brother. Oh! Perfidious!—— She appeared ready this Moment to give herſelf up to the Furies of an outrageous Love, but coming nevertheleſs to herſelf; No, I replied ſhe, redoubling her Tears; I do not accuſe him of Perfidy; I lament his Fate as much as my own; for he calls Heaven to Witneſs, that he is the moſt miſerable of all Men. He has drawn me a Picture of his Sufferings, which even excites my Compaſſion. His Letter has pierced my Heart. He prays me to addreſs myſelf to you; to you who can inform me by what fatal Chain of Cauſes he is fallen, ſays he, into an unavoidable Abyſs, and he aſſures me that you will give me Teſtimony of his Love. Tell me then to whom ought I to aſcribe our Misfortunes? Make me comprehend how one can be married without willing it? without knowing it before-hand? without loſing his Fidelity for other Engagements? In fine, how can one be perfidious, and obſerve at the ſame Time the Language of Sincerity and Conſtancy? But tell me rather, added ſhe, ſhewing an Indignation againſt herſelf, tell me how my fond Credulity has yet made me blind to the Crime of a Perjurer? What fatal Inclination has forced me to believe him rather unfortunate than guilty, and to lament, it may be, more bitterly than himſelf for his Misfortune.

She

She held her Peace, expecting my Anſwer. The Explanation ſhe demanded of me not being able to aſſwage her Pains, and expoſing me to Miſunderſtandings that I was willing to avoid, all my Study was to calm her Paſſions by polite Compliments that carried no Meaning in them, but which might be taken in a favourable Senſe. I aſſured her, that *Patrick* was ſincere, and that in the Situation he had been placed, Honour was to him an indiſpenſible Law for the Conduct he obſerved; but that far from loſing the Sentiments he had for her, he had expreſſed them to me with the greateſt Force, in order that I might communicate them to her; that independent of his Letter, wherein he had preſſed me earneſtly to diſcover them, ſhe ſhould find me ready to give her all Sort of Proofs; that ſhe would infallibly find the ſame Diſpoſitions in my Siſter, and that if her Intentions were to ſee her, I offered her that Satisfaction the ſame Day in undertaking to conduct her to a moſt agreeable Country, where we were retired. She accepted my Offers with Fervency, and, as if ſhe had flattered herſelf to draw from *Roſe* more Conſolation and Light than ſhe expected from me, ſhe did not add one Word more relating to the Subject of her Pains. Having aſked me what Hour I propoſed to go, ſhe promiſed to take me up in a commodious Coach. I informed her in general of the Reaſons that made me wiſh ſhe would not take with her any great Retinue. She conſented to be attended only by her Governante, who waited in the Antichamber during our Converſation, and a ſingle Lacquey.

This was an amiable Companion I carried to my Siſter, and I naturally found the Opportunity I deſired of contriving an Union between her and my Lord *Tenermill*. Theſe two Thoughts afforded me an equal Satisfaction; I ſaw her with Joy return to me, and during our Journey I renewed to her the Aſſurances of my Zeal and Eſteem. She ſpoke little; her Grief ſeemed to poſſeſs her intirely. Upon our Arrival

my

my Brother, and Sister, who knew her immediately, were eager in loading her with all Sorts of Caresses; but she longed to be alone with *Rose*, She stole away with her, and we left them the Liberty they were desirous of.

I attended to nothing so much as the Curiosity my Lord *Tenermill* shewed by his Questions. I know not, said I by my Way of Prevention, if we shall be once agreed in our Notions; but I will not scruple to discover mine to you. If I have no other Part in the Visit of Mademoiselle *de L---* than in the Assent I have given to her Desires, and to those of *Patrick*, who has pressed me by his Letters to knit an intimate Union between her and *Rose*; I have no less Thoughts that this Opportunity may turn to your Advantage, and that with a little Complaisance and Pains you may easily succeed in the by-passed Hopes of your Brother. He stopped me short. I should have thought as you do, said he, if you had not apprized me of *Patrick*'s Torments; but all the Charms and all the Riches of the World shall never make me betray a Brother I love. I had recounted to him truly the Circumstances of his Brother's Marriage; he had listened to me without either condemning or applauding me. But I did not know that *Patrick*, who thought him still in the *Bastile*, had writ directly to impart to him what he called a fatal Adventure, and that opening to him his Heart he had spoke of Mademoiselle *de L---* as of the only Person he possibly could love. He made me nevertheless this Overture, to justify, as he said a Refusal, which I might look upon as whimsical enough; that far from doing an Injury to the Amours of his Brother, he was resolved, added he, to forward them with all his Abilities.

Surprized at an Answer, that appeared to me more extravagant than this Refusal, I pressed him to give me a further Explanation of it. Very freely, replied he; I know *Patrick* is too much a Man of Honour to live in any Misunderstanding with his Wife. Esteem and Gratitude are the Sentiments that are her due, and which

which he will always have for her. But if his Paſſion for Mademoiſelle *de L---* is ſuch as he repreſented it to me, what ſhould hinder him from coming over to *France*, and making himſelf happy, if he can, with a Miſtreſs who indeed merits his Love? This is the Advice, added he, that I have given him in my Anſwer, and I have even exhorted him to bring his Wife with him, who will eaſily find Means of comforting herſelf in the Amuſements of *Paris*.

I confeſs this criminal Wantonneſs heated my Zeal. I had done myſelf a Violence for ſome Months to wink at every Thing that was not avowedly oppoſite to my Principles, and, convinced by the Experience of what had paſſed, that natural Weakneſs requires Indulgence and Diſcretion, I had perhaps ſometimes made Juſtice give Way to the tender Conſiderations of Charity. But not ſeeing in this Caſe any Appearance of the leaſt Poſſibility of Reconciliation between his Opinion and Duty, I demanded briſkly of the prophane *Tenermill*, if this Language proceeded from the Bottom of his Heart. Far from taking any Occaſion from my Diſcontent to retract what he had advanced, he continued to banter me in the ſame Strain by upbraiding me for my Scruples, that made me, added he, loſe the Merit of an hundred good Qualities in the Eyes of Men of Honour, and which in a Word diſgraced my Politeneſs and Wit. Can you, added he, change the Cuſtoms of the World? Can you hinder thoſe, who are obliged to live in it, from being alſo conformable to the Maxims of it? Yours are admirable, I confeſs, but in the Name of Goodneſs keep them to yourſelf. For what Reaſon did you force *Patrick* to marry a Woman odious to him, if you had not ſome Recompence or Amends in view to make him? Does your Religion tell you that a Man of his Age can ſo eaſily diſpoſe of his Heart? This Diſcourſe which was accompanied with an Air of Ridicule and Mockery, raiſed in me at length as much Pity, as, it had before given me Indignation. No, my Lord, no, ſaid I

to

to him in a ſtrong and ſerious Voice becoming Truth, Religion does not at all teach that it is an eaſy Taſk to vanquiſh thoſe Paſſions, which ſhe condemns; but ſhe offers to us every Moment Succours that may aſſure us of a Victory over them; unhappy are thoſe who ſlight them. I cannot think, added I, that your Heart correſponds with your Mouth, and when you talk of the Advice you have given your Brother, you have doubtleſs ſought nothing but to exerciſe your Wit in a wanton Banter. He interrupted me by proteſting with ſome polite Imprecations in Uſe among the *Beau Monde*, that nothing was ſo ſincere as his Sentiments; that I did wrong to Religion in attributing to it thoſe Rigours, that are not of the Eſſence of it; that the important Point for weak Men was to render to God that Homage they owed him, and that by acquitting themſelves of ſo juſt a Duty, they acquired a Right of indulging themſelves in a little Liberty towards the Pleaſures agreeable to our Nature; that he could not ſee after all of what it was I would make a Crime; and that not having adviſed *Patrick* to come in quêſt of the Satisfaction of his Heart with his Miſtreſs, without having exhorted him always to conſerve a juſt Conſideration for his Wife, he had propoſed to him nothing but the common Practices of Men of Honour, who do not think they offend Heaven in procuring themſelves a Pleaſure, which is prejudicial to no body; that if I would take good Advice, I ſhould lay aſide this Roughneſs and ill Nature, that made me condemn every Thing not ſquaring with my own Ideas; that I muſt break altogether with the World, or purſue its Cuſtoms; in fine, this Torrent of prophane Eloquence could not be eaſily ſtopped, if in the Vexation of hearing ſuch miſerable Arguments I had not interrupted him in my Turn to intreat him to change the Diſcourſe: I had but few Hopes left of inſpiring him with other Principles, or at leaſt ſuch an Alteration could not be effected in an Entertainment of a Moment. I had even remarked ſince our Reſidence in

the Country, that he had been leſs regardful than ever to the common Truths of Religion, and ſurprized to find in him this new Step to Depravation, I had dexterouſly drawn it from himſelf, that he had finiſhed the Corruption of his Mind in the Baſtile, by an Acquaintance he had made with a *French* Priſoner, called the Abbot of *B*——, of whoſe Wit and Learning he was every Moment boaſting. Avoiding therefore to engage myſelf in further Diſcuſſions, from which I expected to draw no Profit, I ſpoke to him of the new Services which the Count *de S*—— had done us in obtaining a Reſtitution of our confiſcated Effects, and I propoſed to him to go to *Paris*, as well to thank ſuch a generous Friend, as ſpeedily to take Poſſeſſion of the Benefit of it. This News gave him ſo much Joy, that it took from him all the Memory of what we had been employed on. After ſome Explanations he took his leave to prepare himſelf to go off the Day following.

If I had the Power of commanding my Paſſions during our Diſcourſe, yet I cannot ſay I was ſo moderate in keeping myſelf from the moſt bitter Grief, when I reflected on the Character of this untractable Brother, and the Effects I had yet Reaſon to fear from thence to the Ruin of my Repoſe. He rejected a Propoſal that every other Man would have embraced with Eagerneſs; this was to neglect his own Intereſt, and this Imprudence drew down Miſchief only on himſelf: But what a dreadful Advice had he given to *Patrick?* and recalling to my Mind all at once the laſt Words of *des Peſſes*, and the Relation of Mademoiſelle *de L*—, what had I not to fear from his other Character, of which, it is true, I knew the Goodneſs and Integrity, yet in him even thoſe two Qualities were almoſt as much ſuſpected by me as Vices? I thought it long till I ſaw *Roſe* married. Upon the Spot I took the Reſolution of repaſſing into *Ireland* to confirm the wavering Virtue of *Patrick*, I ſhould have thought all my Duties fulfilled,

if I had once employed my Cares on thoſe who would not refuſe to receive them. I even hugged myſelf with this Notion, and not remembring, that all human Projects are ſubject to the ſame Revolutions, as every Thing is that we ſee about us, I thought thoſe new Views ought to ſuffice for procuring me Tranquility. In the mean time I received divers Intimations that already raiſed in me ſome Foreſight of a Misfortune, with which I was threatned. An unknown Horſeman was ſeen many Times riding round the Caſtle, who ſeemed to examine curiouſly every Thing about it. Another enquired by whom it was inhabited. Theſe Circumſtances, of which I was advertiſed, and which I imparted to my Lord *Tenermill*, were not capable of inſpiring us with much Fear. We had faithful Domeſticks about us, Plenty of Arms, and Aids always at hand from a neighbouring Hamlet, whoſe Inhabitants were numerous and reſolute, and firmly devoted to the Count. The Situation alone of the Caſtle ſecured us ſufficiently from all unexpected and nightly Inſults. But though my Siſter happened to be in little Danger here, yet I was on the Point of experiencing, that our great Security might prove pernicious to myſelf.

Mademoiſelle *de L—* having come to us at Suppertime with *Roſe*, I eaſily perceived that their Interview had been melancholy, and attended with Abundance of Tears. I affected nevertheleſs not to ſhew as if I had obſerved it; and being unwilling to enter into any uſeleſs Confidences, I prayed my Lord *Tenermill* not to let any Thing eſcape him in my Preſence, that might engage me in them whether I would or not. He went away the Day following. The two Ladies never ſeparated from one another a Moment during his Abſence; and the Pains they took in perpetually ſeeking after Solitude gave me room to judge from what Intereſts they found ſo much Pleaſure to entertain themſelves with. Three Days had paſſed over ſince the Departure of my Brother, when I ſaw him arrive by Poſt about the Fall of the Night. The Air

of

of Melancholy, with which he accoſted me, made me expect ſome unlucky News, I was not deceived. Leſs taken up with his own Affairs, that had been happily terminated, than with thoſe of the Count, of which his Gratitude made him ſhare the Trouble, he immediately took me aſide, and appearing to be much moved with what he had to ſay, he began to tell me, that the Friends of the late Counteſs *de S*—— had inſtituted a Suit for Recovering her Inheritance, under Pretence, that in her long Sickneſs which had carried her to her Grave, ſhe was not of a ſound Mind and Memory to qualify her by Law to diſpoſe of her Eſtate, and that looking even on her Marriage as an Action but little rational, they pretended to nullify it, as well as the Contract, by which ſhe had given all her Wealth to the Count, and to make void the Will confirming that Diſpoſition. The Proceedings had been commenced when I made my laſt Journey to *Paris*, and it was this Embarraſment that then troubled the Count. But the Parties had juſt obtained a Sentence, by which all the Effects were put in Sequeſtration till the Concluſion of the Suit, and that he had left to him only the Enjoyment of the Caſtle wherein we then reſided. He had not imparted this vexatious Affair to me, becauſe he could not at that Time foreſee the Conſequences of it, and he hoped to be delivered from the Trouble before we ſhould get any Information of it: But, beginning to fear every Thing for his Fortune, he had opened himſelf that Morning to my Brother. The Loſs of his Wealth alarmed him much leſs than the Concern of his Love. He trembled, leaſt his Misfortunes ſhould cool our Inclinations, and with his Riches he ſhould loſe thoſe Rights we had given him over the Heart of *Roſe*. *Tenermill*, to whom Generoſity was a natural Virtue, conſoled him by all the Aſſurances of Eſteem and Affection, that ſhould for ever ſtand Proof againſt Adverſity; but in perſuading him that he might rely upon his Conſtancy, he had not encouraged him ſo eaſily to build upon

that of my Siſter's and mine. He came at the Count's Requeſt to ſound our Diſpoſitions. Having finiſhed his Relation, he exhorted me ſeriouſly to conſider, that Merit and Birth ought to be preferred to Riches, and that *Roſe*, with *des Peſſes*'s Inheritance, had nothing to do but conſult her Inclinations. Far from condemning thoſe Thoughts, I was in Raptures to ſee him inclined of himſelf to that Point, which I ſhould have laboured to have inſpired with, if he had ſhewn the leaſt Repugnance to it. In lamenting the Misfortunes of the Count, I felt a ſecret Joy in ſeeing our Situations changed, and to find it in ſome Manner in our Power to do for him what he had ſo generouſly done for our Family. There was no doubt to be made but that *Roſe* would enter into the ſame Way of Thinking; but not being able to reſolve to tell her ſuch News as muſt afflict her, without adding to it immediately a juſt Motive of Conſolation, I determined to acquaint her with the laſt Will of *des Peſſes*, which I had concealed from her out of Complaiſance for the Count. *Tenermill* approved of my Thought, and judged as I did, that the preſent Circumſtances would diſengage me from my Promiſe.

Roſe could not hearken to the firſt Part of my Story without a piercing Sorrow. The Streams immediately guſhing from her Eyes convinced me more than ever how dear the Count was to her; and at the End of my Relation, thinking herſelf perhaps threatened with ſome Declaration oppoſite to her Deſires, I obſerved with what vaſt Inquietude ſhe waited my Concluſion. You owe, ſaid I to her, an Affection and Tenderneſs to the Count, and ſince the Sentiments he had for you were always independent of your Fortune, I do not in the leaſt doubt, but that with the ſame Generoſity you will cloſe your Eyes upon the Misfortunes that threaten him, and conſider nothing but his Perſon and Merit. She did not wait till I had ended. Her Heart, tickled with a Thought ſo tender, ſurrendered itſelf up to a Tranſport

ſport of Joy. She embraced me, and gave to her Tenderneſs thoſe Tears, which ſhe had juſt given to her Grief. I did not wait longer to explain myſelf. If you are in this Diſpoſition, ſaid I, you will not hear without Pleaſure, that you have it in your Power to repair the Loſſes of the Count. Your Fortune had depended on him; but his is at preſent in your Hands. *Des Peſſes* has given over Meaſure to his Favours and good Offices in leaving you the Inheritance of all his Fortune. I ſhould not have deferred acquainting you with it, but to ſatisfy the Delicacy of your Lover, who was fearful leaſt a Happineſs that did not come to you through him, might rob him of ſome Part of your Affections. Do not in the leaſt doubt of what I aſſure you, added I, ſeeing that ſhe durſt not at firſt believe it, I am not capable of deceiving you.

I repented making her this Declaration with ſo few Precautions. Knowing me too well to have any Diffidence in my Sincerity, ſhe filled herſelf ſo full with the Ideas of her Happineſs, that I perceived her to tremble by an Effect of an Agitation diffuſing itſelf over all her Senſes. She was obliged to ſit down to recover her Strength, and caſting her Eyes on me, when ſhe could no longer doubt but that I had taken Notice of this Revolution; I ſhould be much humbled, ſaid ſhe languiſhingly, if you ſhould attribute my Emotion to any Eagerneſs after Riches. As nothing is further removed from my true Sentiments, I ſhould ſeriouſly accuſe you of Injuſtice. But I confeſs to you, added ſhe with a Look, in which the Tenderneſs of her Soul was painted, that I ſhould have a Difficulty to keep my Joy within Bounds, if it be true that I have the Power of adding any Thing to the Fortune of the Count. I aſſured her again, that ſhe was rich enough not to regret whatever her Lover might loſe, and finding almoſt as much Pleaſure as ſhe in thinking, that we might now be generous and liberal in our Turns, I offered not to delay longer than the Day following to be my own Meſſenger to the

Count by carrying him an Account of theſe Sentiments.

Not being able to diſguiſe this Incident from Mademoiſelle *de L—*, we diſcovered, that our Intereſts were dear to her by the Zeal with which ſhe preſſed us to diſpoſe of her Wealth, and all of her Services to advance the Affairs of the Count and ours. I am a Relation, ſaid ſhe, to the principal Heads of the Parliament; I will to-morrow go with you to *Paris*, and ſollicit them with the greateſt Ardour. This Aſſiſtance appeared to me to be of too great Moment to be rejected. We regulated the Hour of our Departure, which nevertheleſs did not hinder her, without informing us of it from ſending that Evening one of her Servants with a Letter to her Agent, to command him to go immediately, and offer the Count on the Part of a Friend, who deſired to be concealed, five hundred thouſand Livres in ready Money, which her Father had left in his Cheſts. Thus the Misfortunes of our dear Count ſerved only to redouble the Sentiments of Eſteem and Friendſhip, that linked us inſeparably to him.

My Lord *Tenermill* remaining behind to guard *Roſe*, I left them the next Day with leſs Inquietude than Joy, and under an Impatience to get to *Paris* to conſole the Count. Our Retinue was not numerous. Mademoiſelle *de L---* having ſent forward the Evening before the ſingle Lacquey ſhe had brought with her, we had only my Servant behind the Coach. On what Foundation could we think, that we ſhould have need of a better Guard? Human Prudence could not judge more Precautions neceſſary. But I ſhould give a bad Deſcription of all the Troubles of my Life, if I did not lift up my Eyes higher to find the Source of them, and if I did not refer to the Councils of Providence the Springs of a thouſand Events, that are yet impenetrable to me. We were not above a Quarter of a League from the Caſtle, before we were ſtopped by three Horſemen, who without loſing Time in ſpeaking to us, commanded the Coachman to turn into a thick

Wood

Wood at a little Diſtance from the high Road. I took them at firſt for Robbers, and with a View of ſparing other Fears to Mademoiſelle *de L*— I prayed them from the Boot of my Coach to accept of my Purſe, which was full enough to ſatisfy their Greedineſs. I even extended it to them, and told them, that they would find in it an hundred Louid'ors, and that far from having a Thought of diſputing the Matter with them, I was ready to ſurrender without Reſiſtance. They refuſed it with a Shew of Civility, that increaſed my Surprize. Having gained the Wood the ſame Moment, they made us go into a Path, where the Leaves and Branches were thick enough to conceal us. We found there another Horſeman, who looked after a Chaiſe and four Horſes, with a Coachman and Poſtilion. It was about nine o'Clock. He, whom the others ſeemed to acknowledge as their Head, prayed us civilly not to be alarmed, and telling us that we ſhould paſs the reſt of the Day in the Place where we were, he aſſured us we ſhould be treated with Reſpect, and ſhould not want any Refreſhments. I demanded mildly an Explanation of his Deſign: Do not preſs that Point yet, ſaid he ſmiling; we have ſome Days to paſs together, but you ſhall always find me dumb to this Queſtion, and you will have no Benefit by renewing it. He ſat down on the Graſs; the others followed his Example, and taking ſome Proviſions out of the Chaiſe, they ſet themſelves to eat and drink without any Marks of Diſturbance.

In reflecting upon this ſtrange Adventure, I could not doubt but that my Companion was their ſole Object. She wept bitterly; I laboured to comfort her, by repreſenting that we ought to take Courage from the Civility of our Guards, and that not having ſeparated me from her, there was but little Probability from thence of being threatened with an evil Fate. She aſked me if I knew any Thing that might help to explain our Diſaſter: It is from you, ſaid I, that I thought to have aſked that Queſtion; for it is plain

enough it is not me they have a Deſign to run away with. But have not you ſome Lover, from whom you might fear ſuch an Attempt? She confeſſed, that during her Reſidence in *Germany*, her Father having had a Deſign of marrying her to a Man of ſome Diſtinction in that Country, ſhe had been expoſed to the Perſecutions of this Lover even to the Time of her Departure from thence; but that returning to *France* without opening her Deſign to any one, he had loſt his Hopes, nor did he ever know that ſhe was at *Paris*, This was enough to inſpire me with juſt Suſpicions. We need ſeek no further, ſaid I, and telling her in few Words what had happened my Siſter, I brought her readily to agree, that all her Sex ought for ever to be diffident of ours. We ſpent all the Day in this Diſcourſe, without attempting to taſte of the Refreſhments offered us, and oftentimes, though in vain, renewing the Requeſt I had made to the Chief of our Guards.

At length Night being come on, they deſired us to get up into the Chaiſe. Reſiſtance would have been uſeleſs. I contented myſelf with aſking, if my Lacquey might have the Liberty to follow us. I was anſwered, that it was impoſſible to comply with my Requeſt. I then ſpoke of talking with him one Moment in private; but this Favour was refuſed me with as much Difficulty as the former. We were obliged to ſubmit to the Law they had impoſed on us, and to travel in the Dark without being able to gueſs to what Part of the World they intended to carry us. I obſerved that of the four Horſemen, two remained behind us, in all Appearance to guard the Coachman of Mademoiſelle *de L*—— and my Lacquey back to the Place from whence we were taken away.

We travelled at a great Rate during the whole Night. With Difficulty our Guides allowed themſelves ſome Moments to refreſh their Horſes, and it was at the Corner of a Hedge at a Diſtance from the high Road that they halted. The Waſting of our Strength obliged us alſo to take ſome Nouriſhment that

that was preſented to us with great Aſſiduity aud Haſte. We continued to travel till Day-light, and our Aſtoniſhment redoubled, when at the Riſing of the Sun they carried us into a very thick Foreſt, where they told us we ſhould have Time to reſt ourſelves till Evening. The Chief of our Guards ſeemed to know the Roads ſo perfectly well, that he muſt have travelled them more than once. In the Evening we were invited to put ourſelves on our Journey, and were conducted for the two Nights following with the ſame Precautions.

Nothing can give a Notion of my Aſtoniſhment, when on the third Day in the Morning the firſt Beams of the Sun gave me a Sight of the Sea, towards which they were advancing. Though we had but a ſhort way to travel to the Coaſt, yet they made us ſpend the Day in a Wood leſs thick than Solitary, from whence I could neither diſcover Villages nor Houſes. I confeſs my Eyes opened at once upon a thouſand Dangers, of which I had not before the leaſt Foreſight. I called to mind the Menaces and the Daringneſs of my Lord *Linch*. Of what ought I not to believe him capable after the Exceſſes into which he had been carried? But what had he to do with Mademoiſelle *de L---*, with whom he had hitherto had no perſonal Acquaintance, and whoſe return he could not even have known? Theſe Reflections took me up all the Day, and at length opening my Mind to my Companion, I aſked her if ſhe knew my Lord *Linch*. This was the firſt Time ſhe had ever heard his Name. Her Ignorance of this particular perſuaded me, that my Suſpicions were badly founded, and returning to my firſt Conjectures, I no longer doubted but it was the *German* Gentleman, who had taken the Reſolution of running away with her, and that he had choſen to paſs by Sea as a Journey the moſt favourable for an Enterprize of this Nature. It was eaſy upon this Suppoſition to explain why I was run away with, the Raviſhers having perhaps thought this neceſſary to cover their Attempt, ſhould they be purſued upon the Road.

In Purſuance of this Thought I flattered myſelf that I ſhould be reſtored to my Liberty on the Sea Shore, and all my Compaſſion fell upon Mademoiſelle *de L—*, for whom my Imagination could not form any Remedy. The Night growing dark, they preſſed us to get into the Chaiſe. We drove down to the Coaſt, at the Edge of which I perceived in the dark, ſome Fiſhermen's Cottages, that made me judge they had choſen a deſolate Place for their Embarking. Five or ſix Sailors, whoſe Words did not leave me in Doubt what we were to expect, haſtened to follow us to the Water Side, and, notwithſtanding all my Hopes, forced us both on board a very ſmall Yatch, that was there at Anchor ready to receive us. The Wind being favourable enough for ſetting Sail, we were clear of the Shore before my Surprize, and even Fear, from which I could not defend myſelf, had left me the Power to utter one Word.

Mademoiſelle *de L—* melted into Tears. I was ſo taken up with my own Fears, that I was not yet able to ſpeak to her. This Faint-heartedneſs would poſſibly have laſted as long as my Doubts, if the Chief of the Raviſhers, approaching with an Air of Civility, had not made Excuſes for the Troubles he had cauſed me, and exhorted me to conſole my Siſter, who had not, ſaid he, any Reaſon to deliver herſelf up to ſuch an Exceſs of Affliction. My Siſter? interrupted I, opening all at once my Eyes upon what had before appeared to me to be very obſcure, Ah! take care, continued I without ſtopping, you have ill ſerved my Lord *Linch*, he will give you but little Thanks for your Miſtake: This is not my Siſter, believe me, ſet us again down on the Shore, you are about giving us uſeleſs Vexations. He appeared at firſt a little diſconcerted at the natural Air with which I accompanied this Requeſt; but perſuading himſelf immediately that it was all an Artifice, by which I hoped to deliver ourſelves out of his Hands, he only ſmiled at the Agitation I had hitherto ſhewed, and having confeſſed to me that he was executing the Commiſſion

of

of my Lord *Linch*, he remitted me to the clearing up of the Doubt I would fain raiſe in him, till we landed in *Ireland*.

I did not forbear to inſiſt on this Particular a long time, and receiving no other Anſwer, a juſt Impulſe of Impatience hurried me on to reproach him for the infamous Commiſſion with which he was charged. But being as inſenſible to my Injuries as to my Complaint, this Conduct on the contrary ſerved to confirm him in his Opinion, that I would have impoſed on him; and he thought of nothing but preſſing the Sailors to make the moſt of the Wind, which continued favourable.

Mademoiſelle *de L*—— heard every Thing that my Anger and Zeal drew from me in her Preſence. Her Alarms abated much, when ſhe was aſſured that they miſtook her for another. She declared handſomely to me, that it was a great Conſolation to her to think that her Misfortune ſerved to make *Roſe* avoid one much greater; and in Reality I thought I was the only Perſon who had reaſon to be pitied in ſo cruel an Adventure. What had I not to apprehend from the furious *Linch*, after ſo many Proofs of Violence that have appeared in his Character, and eſpecially, when finding himſelf deceived in his Hopes, he might perhaps make the firſt Heat of his Reſentment fall on me. I turned my Eyes towards Heaven to pray for that Succour, which I had no Reaſon to expect elſewhere, or at leaſt for a Meaſure of Conſtancy and Strength equal to ſuch terrible Trials.

The Wind ſeconded ſo well the Diligence of the Mariners, that we landed on the Night of the fourth Day at the little Port of *Gleſſick*, a few Miles from *Waterford*. Our Raviſhers found a Chaiſe, which they had left there at their Departure. They took only the neceſſary time for putting to their Horſes, and preſſing us to commit ourſelves to our Journey, they went forward with ſo much Diligence, that on the next Day in the Afternoon we arrived at the Seat of their Maſter. I trembled when I ſaw his Caſtle, and

already formed to myſelf all the Circumſtances of our Reception. I then turned my Sighs towards Heaven, In fine, our Chaiſe entered the Court, and while our principal Guide gave his Hand to Mademoiſelle *de L*— to help her to alight, another of our Guards, ſurpriſed to ſee no body appear to receive us, called with a loud Voice ſome of the Servants by their Names. Our Guide led us into an Apartment, and ſeeming to Wonder in his turn that no Perſon yet appear'd, he demanded Permiſſion to leave us for a Moment. This Air of Solitude raiſed in me alſo ſome Surpriſe. Not the leaſt ſtirring was about us, and we waited more than a Quarter of an Hour in Silence, and under an Uncertainty what our Lot would be.

Our Guide returned alone. The Conſternation I remarked in his Face was not apt to give me better Hopes. Nevertheleſs having continued thoughtful for ſome time, he at laſt encouraged Mademoiſelle *de L*—, whom he ſtill took for my Siſter, to ſignify her Will and Commands freely in a Houſe, where ſhe might look upon herſelf as abſolute Miſtreſs. This is the Intention of my Lord, added he, but Affairs are much changed. He fell for a Moment into a thoughtful Penſiveneſs, and we never endeavoured to interrupt him. It is three Weeks, ſaid he, ſince I left my Lord here with thirty Domeſticks. I found not one to Day but the Houſe-keeper. Nevertheleſs you ſhall be ſerved with as much Reſpect as Care, ſaid he again to my Companion. The Servants I have with me know the Will of their Maſter, and I ſhall be at hand to give them a good Example.

Notwithſtanding the new Inquietudes which all theſe Obſcurities might have cauſed me, I inwardly gave Thanks to Heaven for the Abſence of *Linch*. I found myſelf delivered from the Principal of my Fears, and imagining that they would have no Thoughts of reſtraining me of Liberty in a Place, where I could make no Uſe of it, I was in Hopes that Heaven would confirm that Protection which it appeared already to afford me. Mademoiſelle *de L*— waited that I ſhould explain myſelf.

myſelf. Let us accept, ſaid I, the Offers they have made us, and think of nothing but recruiting yourſelf after the Fatigue of ſuch a Voyage. I engaged her really to refuſe nothing, that might conduce to her Health or Repoſe. We began from that Moment to make uſe of all the Accommodations the Houſe afforded.

Nevertheleſs I often perceived that I was watched, ſo as I could not take a Walk in the Park without being followed by one of our Guards. My Hopes were not yet to attempt an Eſcape; for nothing could be capable of making me abandon my Companion to all the Dangers, that perpetually menaced her Youth and Beauty; yet I did not at all doubt but that in rambling a little from the Caſtle, I might be informed by the firſt Peaſant, who was not paid for holding his Tongue, of the miſterious Reaſons of *Linch*'s Abſence. With what Affectation ſoever our Guards avoided to ſatisfy my Curioſity, I diſcovered a great Embarraſment in their Anſwers, and a Grief in their Minds. There happened at the ſame time an Accident, that would in ſpite of them have given us ſome Light, if Mademoiſelle *de L*—— had not failed in Courage to lay hold of the Opportunity that preſented itſelf.

Having one Day gone into the Garden, I left her alone in the Chamber, where we paſſed ſome part of our Time, into which ſhe was ſurpriſed to ſee a Gentleman enter, who having found nobody in the Court of the Caſtle, introduced himſelf with ſo much the more Freedom, as he was one of the neareſt Relations of the Maſter. He was as much amazed as ſhe to find there a Lady, whoſe Beauty dazled him; and although he ſpoke *French* but indifferently, yet it ſerved him well enough to make her underſtand his Apologies. He came there, as he ſaid, to get an Account of the lateſt News they had of the Misfortune of my Lord *Linch*. She, whom every thing was capable of alarming in her Situation, had no other thoughts than to get rid of the Converſation of an unknown Perſon, and calling up a Servant immediately, ſhe retired without carrying her Views further. This

This Event, which ſhe preſently informed me of at my return, produced in the Conſequences an effect very odd. As ſhe had reproached herſelf with having too readily given way to her Fears, and ardently wiſhed to recover the ſame Opportunity of Inſtruction, ſhe ſtood the Days following ſometimes at the Window, with the hopes that either ſhe or I may diſcover ſomebody, whom we might queſtion. The Gentleman, who had thus ſcared her, did not leave the Caſtle without carrying away with him an Impreſſion of her Charms, and whatever Explanation he had drawn from the Servants who attended us, the Day following he gave way to the Inclination of his Heart, which recalled to his Mind every Thing about her that had affected it. Our Guards having probably made a Difficulty in giving him Admittance into the Houſe, he ſucceſsleſly employed himſelf in ſearching ſome Opportunity of procuring the Sight of Mademoiſelle *de L*——; but the ſame Hopes drew him there again the Days following, and having diſcovered her from afar off at her Window, he paſſed over all Obſtacles to get near her from the Court. She ſaw him, ſhe affected to remark him with ſome Attention; and under an Impatience to recover the Opportunity, which ſhe reproached herſelf for having loſt, ſhe continued looking at him long enough to inſpire him with the Courage of approaching near. She did not obſerve, that the Servants had taken the Precaution of lifting up the Draw-bridge, and that he was ſtopped againſt his Will by a large Moat. This Scene having continued a Part of the Afternoon, ſhe retired from her Window, diſſatisfied enough with the Warineſs ſhe had ſhewn to the miſtaken Reſpect of a fearful Man. He was nevertheleſs ſo far removed from this way of thinking, that on the contrary, having drawn the moſt flattering Picture of her Complaiſance for him from her looking on him ſo long, he fancied that ſhe entered into the Meaning of his Diligence, and was diſpoſed to approve of it. He returned the next Day full of thoſe Thoughts, whilſt Mademoiſelle *de L*——,

thinking

thinking on her ſide to procure the Means of ſpeaking to him, ſhewed herſelf at her Window with a Reſolution of employing all Arts proper to make him ſurmount his Fears. In reality ſhe not only appeared attentive to the Pains he took to ſalute her often, but ſeeing him ſtand at the ſame Diſtance, ſhe ventured to make him a Sign to come nearer. A Favour ſo little expected ſeemed to throw him into a Tranſport. I muſt confeſs that I was at the back of Mademoiſelle *de L——*, and that it was at my Perſwaſion ſhe was prevailed on to call him. We had for ſome Moments a Sight of his Embarraſment and Diſturbance. He ſtretched out both his Hands towards the Bridge to make us obſerve that it was raiſed up; he let them fall, pointing at the Moat, to ſhew us the Breadth of it; he turned them on every Side the Court, to make us underſtand that he could find no Acceſs into it; he lifted them up again towards us with divers Motions expreſſing his Deſpair; in fine, appearing to take all at once another Reſolution, he began to ſhew other Signs, which I could not preſently comprehend ſo readily as the firſt. In ſtretching out his Arm he made a Semicircle with his Hand. Yet I thought he diſcovered that he meant the Garden, by which he would point out, that the Paſſage that way was more eaſy; but he muſt then traverſe many Apartments. All the new Signs he added made me conceive, that he wanted to be aſſiſted by us. I preſſed Mademoiſelle *de L——* to anſwer him by favourable Inclinations of her Head; and the Poſtures he made to expreſs his Joy did not leave me longer in doubt of his underſtanding that Language.

He retired indeed with the Appearances of a lively Satisfaction. Night being not far off, I thought no more than of following the Hope I had, that he would not fail to preſent himſelf on the other Side of the Caſtle, and that knowing well the Avenues he would give me ſome way to underſtand, that I might readily find the means of letting him in, and I flattered myſelf, that I ſhould obtain from him thoſe Ec-

laircisſments,

laircisſments, for which my Curioſity encreaſed every Day.

Our Supper being over, we got rid of our Guards, who always paid that Submiſſion to our Orders when we were diſpoſed to be alone. Mademoiſelle *de L*—— being without Intermiſſion taken up with her Troubles, would fain be diſpenſed from receiving the expected Viſit; although it was plain enough that the Gentleman's Motive was only to ſee her. She repoſed herſelf on me, ſhe ſaid, for her Conduct and the Security of her Honour, and not having had the Complaiſance of intangling herſelf in this Adventure for any other End than entring into my Views, ſhe left to me the trouble of drawing from thence all the Advantages I propoſed. I was the more ſolicitous about it, as I thought the Reſolution agreeable to her Modeſty. My Deſign was to introduce the Gentleman into my Chamber, and not only to enter with him into ſome Explanations relating to the Affairs of my Lord *Linch*, but to profit ſomething, if it was poſſible, of the Weakneſs I obſerved in him, to diſpoſe him dextrouſly in the procuring us our Liberty. I went down in the dark, and coming without Noiſe to the Garden Door, I had ſcarce opened it before I heard him cough ſoftly ſome Paces from me. The Darkneſs would not ſuffer me to diſtinguiſh any Object; but this Signal, anſwering my Expectations, I admired only that thoſe fooliſh Paſſions were capable of inſpiring ſuch an Ardour, as our moſt Holy Duties do not always give us; and I preſently ſaid in a low Voice; if you are the Man, who was ſeen from the Window, approach without Fear. He was with me immediately, give me your Hand, added I in the ſame tone, and follow me without ſpeaking one Word. In taking his Hand I obſerved that it trembled; you have nothing to fear here, ſaid I to encourage him; let us only avoid making any Noiſe to alarm our Overſeers. He recovered ſo ſpeedily, that applying his Mouth to my Hand, by the time we had gone four Steps, he held it a long time preſſed cloſe to his

his Lips. You do not think of what you are doing at all, ſaid I, endeavouring to draw my Hand back; but he twenty times renewed this Sort of Careſs in a kind of Tranſport. My Embarraſment was much greater in croſſing a Parlour, which he was well acquainted with. He ſtopped me all of a ſudden. Where is the Neceſſity, ſaid he in bad *French*, of going any further. Do you think we have any thing to riſk here? Yes, anſwered I, ſpeak low; we may be heard, and I know no Place ſo ſecure as my Chamber. At leaſt, replied he, taking hold of my Head, and giving me ſome paſſionate Kiſſes, let this Charming Parlour be for one Moment a Witneſs of my Ardour! I ſhould have taken him for a Fool, if I had not imagined, that he thought himſelf led by Mademoiſelle *de L*—; but ſmiling already at the Surprize into which I foreſaw he would fall when he ſhould get rid of his Miſtake, I was contented to diſengage myſelf from his Arms, and preſſed him to follow me. I was under the Neceſſity of enduring an hundred Importunities of this Nature till I got to my Chamber.

It would make one laugh heartily in an Adventure ſo ſerious, if I ſhould undertake to paint the Aſtoniſhment and Confuſion, of which he could not forbear diſcovering many Tokens, when he ſaw the Deformity of my Figure by the light. In his firſt Surprize he clapped his Hand to his Sword, and I cannot tell what his Vexation and Diſappointment would have made him capable of doing, if I had not made haſte to recover his Wits by the Kindneſs and Smoothneſs of my firſt Expreſſions. You are here out of Danger, ſaid I, and far from thinking of Violence, you will have no Occaſion of exerciſing any thing but good Offices, Pray be ſeated; and ſeeing it was with difficulty he recovered from his trouble, it ſeemed to me as if the very diſorder he was in might favour my Deſign. You are a Friend to my Lord, added I, and conſequently curious to know the lateſt News concerning him. Yes, ſaid he, ſtill retaining ſome Embarraſment

barraſment, and I cannot imagine what has made his Servants here ſo troubleſome, that they brutiſhly forbid me Entrance into his Houſe during his Abſence. I can inform you ſomething of this, interrupted I; but tell me what Accounts you have of him, and what does the Country ſay of his Miſchance. This manner of talking to him brought him to himſelf perfectly.

He anſwered, that he knew no more than all the County knew of him, that is to ſay, that *Linch* being ſurprized by the Viceroy's Guards, had been carried away without making any Reſiſtance, and that he was a Priſoner in the Caſtle of *Dublin*. We cannot imagine the Reaſons of this Proceeding to be other than his Engagements to the Court of *St. Germain*, and the high Favour, in which they pretend he was, about King *James*. They even aſſure us, added he, that he had Thoughts of ſettling in *France*, and that his two late Voyages there have made him ſuſpected to the Heads of the State. Theſe Lights not being ſufficient, I interrupted him to anticipate the Queſtion which I expected. I am ignorant ſaid I, of the Conſequences of this Miſchief, nor am I yet better informed thereof than you; for though they have hindered you from entring into this Houſe, you cannot perhaps imagine that they have ſhut me up in it. He appeared ſurprized at this Diſcourſe, and as I had no other Precautions to take, than what might help to obtain the Liberty of Mademoiſelle *de L*—— and my own, I continued to relate to him by what Adventure we found ourſelves almoſt as much impriſoned in *Linch*'s Caſtle, as *Linch* himſelf was in that of *Dublin*. His Zeal was ſo much the more heated by this Recital, as he thought, that not only the Birth of Mademoiſelle *de L*—— deſerved Reſpect, but that being conveyed to *Ireland* by a mere Miſtake of our Guides, he had a Right to ſerve her, without offering any Offence to a Friend whom he feared. I carefully guarded myſelf from ſpeaking to him of the particular Reſentments that

Linch

Linch might retain againſt me; nevertheleſs not having concealed from him that I was an *Iriſhman*, this Confeſſion led me to tell him my Name. He was acquainted with it ſo much the readier, as having learned his Exerciſes with my Brothers in *Dublin*, and he ſtill retained a very tender Regard for *Patrick*. You ſhall not be detained here, ſaid he, for any longer Time than you deſire. Nothing hinders us from going out the ſame Way I came in. I have Horſes, added he, at the Park Gate, and you ſhall be at Liberty this Moment, if you will follow me.

The only Difficulty that hindered me related to Mademoiſelle *de L—*, whom I was fearful of expoſing to new Dangers. He penetrated my Fears, and opening himſelf with a Generoſity ſuitable to his Birth, he intreated me to believe, that I ſhould find a vaſt Difference between the Reſpects he ſhould pay to a Lady, whoſe Merit and Condition I had acquainted him with, and thoſe he had held for her, when he took her for nothing but a common Woman, whom he imagined my Lord *Linch* had made ſubſervient to his Pleaſures. His Houſe was no further from us than three Miles. He aſſured me he had there his Mother and Siſters, with whom Mademoiſelle *de L——* might continue in as much Harmony as Safety. His Word, which he gave me in the moſt proper Terms to remove my Fears, had at length the Power to inſpire me with ſome Confidence. I had learned from our Guards, that he was very near related in Blood to my Lord *Linch*, and in the Choice of two Dangers, I was perſuaded, that the ſafeſt Way was to ſhun the greateſt by repoſing myſelf on the Faith of a Man of Quality.

I would not have any Thing more underſtood by this Reflection, than that my Confidence was deceived. For what I truſted to, as an Advantage to Mademoiſelle *de L——*, became the Occaſion of a thouſand Misfortunes, to which her unlucky Fate had deſtined her, and the Source of an Infinity of Troubles to myſelf. Blind Wiſdom of Men, that without Intermiſſion

miſſion engages them in Precipices, which they labour to avoid!

The Gentleman, who ſo generouſly offered me his Services, was called *Angleſey*. This Name, which I knew, having put an End to my Doubts, I demanded a Moment to make the Propoſal of our Departure to my Companion; not that I foreſaw any Difficulty in bringing her to reliſh my Advice, but I thought to inſpire her with Courage by laying before her the Succours that Providence had prepared to offer us. Far from being terrified at ſo precipitate a Reſolution, ſhe was raviſhed with Joy to find a Retreat open to her with Ladies of a diſtinguiſhed Nature, where ſhe might recover herſelf a little from her Frights and Fatigue. We had nothing very cumberſome to carry with us. So taking the Reſolution the ſame Hour to follow our Deliverer, we went down into the Garden, from whence we readily gained the Park Gate. The Opinion I had of the Honour and Fidelity of *Angleſey* did not hinder me from taking Mademoiſelle *de L*—— behind me. I requeſted of him to gallop before us, to prepoſſeſs his Mother and Siſters with our Arrival, and his Lacquey, who walked before us on Foot, being ſufficient to ſhew us the Way, I put myſelf quietly on the Road in an exceeding dark Night. What Reflections nevertheleſs did I not make on the Oddneſs of an Adventure, as oppoſite to my Inclinations as my Character? An Eccleſiaſtick of my Figure and Age, on Horſeback in the dark, with a beautiful young Lady of ſeventeen Years old behind him; what a ſtrange Scene!

Our Journey was as happy as it was ſhort. We arrived at a Houſe, not ſo large as that of my Lord *Linch*'s, but of ſuch an handſome Appearance as to give us Room to judge at our Entrance, that it was not inhabited by People of any ordinary Condition. *Angleſey*, who haſtened to do us the Honours of the Houſe, received us with all the Proofs of Reſpect, that he would have ſhewn the Viceroy. His Mother, as reſpectable for her Virtue as her Birth, and his two Siſters,

Siſters, who were deficient in no Graces common to the Women of *Ireland*, waited on us in an Apartment very well furniſhed, and at our firſt Appearance loaded us with Civilities and Tenderneſs. Our firſt Diſcourſe was only a Repetition of the unfortunate Adventure that had kidnapped us out of *France*. Afterwards, whilſt the two Siſters had particularly engaged themſelves to Mademoiſelle *de L*——, the Mother declared her Joy in ſeeing me at her Houſe, made me call to mind divers Circumſtances, whereby ſhe remembred to have ſeen ſome Gentlemen of my Family, and aſked me, if I did not believe that we were related by different Perſons, whoſe Names ſhe mentioned. She remembered to have heard her Son relate a thouſand Times, how intimate he was with my Brothers, and the Deſcription he had given of *Patrick* ſo much to his Advantage, and ſhe received with Joy the Account of the Eſtabliſhment of his Fortune by a very advantageous Marriage. We found alſo among thoſe our kind Hoſts all the Sentiments of Goodneſs and Honour, which might make us look on their Houſe as an agreeable Sanctuary.

BOOK VI.

THE profound Reſt, in which I diſpoſed myſelf to paſs the Night, did not upon my retiring prevent me from employing my Thoughts on the Inquietudes of my Lord *Tenermill* and *Roſe*. *Jacin* could find only a terrible Relation to make them, and had the moſt dreadful Apprehenſions to impart. I did not go to bed before I drew up a Detail of my Adventure in a Letter that I propoſed to forward to them the Day following.

Mademoiſelle

Mademoiſelle *de L*—— incloſed in it one addreſſed to my Siſter. My Purſe, in which I had luckily above an hundred Louidores, not having been diminiſhed by our Troubles, I found myſelf in a Condition to procure for my Companion all Neceſſaries ſuitable to our Situation. So the next Day I put about her a Woman, who conſented to accompany us to *Paris*. Our Deſign was not to make a long Stay in *Ireland*; but a Journey uudertaken out of Neceſſity and Prudence, was not to be made with ſo few Preparations, as the running away with us had been. It was neceſſary we ſhould wait for Opportunities, that did not preſent themſelves every Day, and provide a thouſand neceſſary Conveniencies for the Road. The Impriſonment of my Lord *Linch* left us full Liberty to think of this Journey without Fear; and except only the Reſentment which he might retain againſt me, I could not ſee any Reaſon to make me apprehenſive of his Return. Among all other Circumſtances I had not forgot, that I had a beloved Brother, and a dear Flock, whom it was my Duty to covet to ſee; but I looked on Mademoiſelle *de L*— as a Truſt, which our preſent Condition made yet more precious, and which neceſſarily called for my firſt Cares. I was impatient to return to *France*; and though I had other Subjects of Alarm, that I could not diſſemble, I could not nevertheleſs but be under vaſt Uneaſineſs, as long as the Sea was not between her and *Patrick*.

Angleſey, whoſe Sentiments were confirmed within the Bounds of Eſteem and Reſpect, did not refuſe to employ himſelf in the Preparations for our Journey; but by an Action of Gallantry, as much as to oblige his Mother and Siſters, he agreeably told us, that we ought not to reckon upon his Diligence, and that he was making it his Study to conceal from us all the Opportunities that preſented for our Departure, or to diſcourage us from laying hold of them. He made it alſo his Buſineſs to procure for Mademoiſelle *de L*—, all the Amuſements that he thought would help to diſſipate her Grief. She had not indeed the Power

to

to conceal it; her Tears or Sighs betrayed it every Moment in ſpite of all her Cautions. It was natural to take theſe Demonſtrations of her Sorrow for the Effect of our common Misfortunes, and I affected myſelf not to give any other meaning to them: But having other Reaſons, that would not ſuffer me to miſtake them, I admired how a Perſon of her Age was capable of ſo deep an Impreſſion, and I lamented her giving herſelf up as a Victim to an irremediable Anguiſh,

While I was employing myſelf in ſupplying by my own Care, what the Slowneſs of *Angleſey* would not give me room ſoon to hope for from his, Curioſity to hear ſome News of *Linch*, and to learn under this Pretext what his People thought of our Eſcape, carried him one Day to the Caſtle, from whence he had delivered us. He returned in the Evening with a Letter addreſſed to me. This is from my Lord *Linch*, ſaid he, who yet thinks you his Priſoner, and is no leſs perſwaded that your Siſter is there with you. His Servants have poſſeſſed him with this falſe Notion out of Fear to augment his Misfortune by redoubling his Vexations. He told us, putting the Letter into my Hands, that having gone into the Caſtle, he found there all the Marks of a profound Conſternation. Our Flight paſſed among them for a Prodigy, which our Guards had not yet comprehended. Their Chief, thinking he had no more Meaſures to obſerve, made no Difficulty of opening himſelf to him on the unfortunate End of his Commiſſion, the Beginning of which he had been ſo ſucceſsful. On the Day of our Arrival he had diſpatched one of his Aſſociates to *Dublin*, to give an Account to their Maſter of the Succeſs of their Enterprize, and to comfort him under his Misfortunes, by acquainting him, that the Intereſt of his Heart was at leaſt in Security. This News overwhelmed him with Joy. He employed two Days in writing me a Letter, which he had begun twenty Times; and preſſing the Meſſenger to carry it to me, he recommended it to him with the

the moſt earneſt Intreaties to obtain a ſpeedy Anſwer. In the mean Time eight Days had already paſſed ſince our Eſcape, and four ſince the return of the Meſſenger, without their being capable of coming to the leaſt Reſolution. What ſhall they anſwer my Lord? How apprize him of a Misfortune that would put him beſides himſelf, eſpecially at a Time when his Affairs were taking a Turn ſo little favourable, that he had need of all Freedom of Mind to qualify him to make his Defence? In fine, our Raviſher, who had alſo found himſelf the Inheritor of our Troubles, had intreated *Angleſey* to aid him in his Embarraſment; and intereſting him in the Happineſs of his Maſter by the Title of Relation and Friend, he had ſubmitted himſelf to be conducted intirely by his Orders and Advice.

Angleſey would have put an End to this Comedy, by confeſſing to them all at once that he had given us a Retreat in his Houſe, and that being informed of their Miſtake in running away with one Perſon inſtead of another, he did not think he ſhould diſoblige his Friend and Relation in receiving us with that Civility, that was due to People of Honour; but the Fear of engaging himſelf out of Seaſon without my Participation, and the Deſire alſo of getting out of their Hands my Lord's Letter, made him take another Reſolution. Without confeſſing that he was already at the Bottom of our Adventure, and pretending that he had got ſome News, that gave him Hopes of diſcovering our Retreat, and propoſing to take charge of the Letter, he engaged upon his Word to return it again in three Days, if he did not ſucceed in making it fall into my Hands. As to the Inquietude of their Maſter, he adviſed them to keep it yet in Suſpence, by continuing to conceal our Fright from him, and by ſpeedily informing him, that from the Trouble I was in of ſeeing myſelf carried away with my Siſter, I had abſolutely refuſed to give him any Anſwer, until he had reſtored us to our Liberty. This Artifice ſucceeded ſo well, that they

they intruſted the Letter to his Care, and being perſuaded it muſt contain ſome important Hints, he had not loſt one Moment in bringing it to me, I opened it with Impatience. It was of ſuch a length as correſponded very well with the Time *Linch* had taken to write it, and I ſoon diſcovered that the main Point of the Matter had not embarraſſed him leſs than he expected. It was an Apology for his Love, and all the Courſe of his Conduct. Taking up the Hiſtory of his Paſſion from its Original, he concluded by declaring himſelf innocent, or by charging his Faults upon Love and Fortune. But calling Heaven to Witneſs, that even in the ſtrongeſt Tranſports of his Paſſion, of which he acknowledged himſelf guilty, he had never loſt the utmoſt Veneration for me, and leſs the Reverence he owed to the ſovereign Miſtreſs of his Affections; ought he then, ſaid he, to yield up thoſe Rights, which he had acquired by the moſt holy Promiſes? Was not his Honour alſo intereſted as much as his Love? By what Contempt of his Perſon and our Nation was I ſo obſtinate in preferring a *Frenchman* to him? This was not only ſo in the Caſe of *des Peſſes*; after the Death of one Rival, did I not employ all my Pains to raiſe him up another, and to make him triumph more ſurely over the Heart of *Roſe*, did I not make it my Study to choſe out one endowed with all thoſe Qualities, that could not fail to dazzle a Woman? But if he had the Misfortune to appear in my Eyes leſs amiable, what Reproach had I to make to his Birth, to his Fortune, to his Rank, or to his Honour? The Faults, that perhaps had made him odious to me, were they of a Nature to diſhonour a Gentleman, to whom the Uſe of the Sword ought to be familiar? and he deſired moreover to know, to what Source thoſe Faults ought to be aſcribed. In the Reſolution he had taken of bearing me off with my Siſter, ought I not to ſee, to what Height he was capable of carrying his Delicacy, and to perceive therein the ſame Scruples of Honour, which

had hindered him before from running away with her alone, and without my Participation? He deſired, that I would be a Witneſs of his Conduct, and a Judge of his Sentiments. All my Coldneſs and Repugnances, he was ſure, would ſoon give Way to the Ardour of his Friendſhip and Careſſes. The Care of his whole Life ſhould be employed in carving out for me a Fortune worthy of me. He even flattered himſelf, that my Siſter would return from her unhappy Prepoſſeſſions, and that with the Liberty he ſhould have of living near her, he ſhould infallibly find the Means of ſoftening her Heart. His Unhappineſs did not proceed from any Thing elſe but his being too long deprived of the Pleaſure of ſeeing her without Reſtraint. What Satisfaction did he not promiſe himſelf in a Converſation ſo full of Charms? What Attention, what Pains was he going to apply to make her happy? He would caſt himſelf before-hand on his Knees to conjure her to forget her Vexations, and to make her all the Reparations that ſhe ſhould think proper to diſſipate them. His Reſpect, and the Fear of having diſpleaſed her, had taken away from him the Boldneſs of writing to her.

In fine, not doubting, added he, after a Number of other Reflections, but that I would yield to his Intreaties, and obſerving, that after the Rumour of a Rape I had no other Side to chooſe, he intreated me from henceforth to conſider his Intereſts as my own. He gave me an abſolute Authority over his Houſe and Eſtate, and recommended to me to watch without Intermiſſion over the Quiet and Satisfaction of *Roſe*. His Confidence in me proceeded ſo far, as to impart to me the Embarraſment of his Situation. His Enemies had inſpired the Government with miſchievous Suſpicions of his Loyalty. Though the Accuſations did not amount to a capital Offence, yet they might be ſtrained to it by the leaſt Incident, which might give to his Engagements with the Court of *St. Germain* a Colour of high Treaſon. The Hoſtilities,

ties, that briſkly began between *France* and *England*, could not end but in a glaring Rupture; and if the War ſhould unhappily be declared before he was diſcharged, he might be threatened with a Reſentment from the Situation of the Times, which perhaps might make an Alteration in the Nature of the Depoſitions given againſt him. Upon finiſhing this Relation, he aſked, if, from the Opportunities I had met with of often ſolliciting the Courts of Juſtice, any Lights had remained with me, that might help him in his Defence; and if, added he, I did not judge that my Company would be neceſſary for my Siſter, he propoſed that I ſhould make a Journey to *Dublin* to aſſiſt him with my Counſels.

This Letter, of which I have now given an Extract, did not inſpire me with any miſchievous Reflections, nor with any Thing that looked like a vain Satisfaction, from which there is ſome Difficulty to defend ones ſelf, in ſeeing under Folly and Diſgrace thoſe who would abuſe their Underſtanding and Liberty to our Prejudice. On the contrary, blaming *Angleſey* for thinking, that the Advice he had given to *Linch*'s Servants might help to eſtabliſh the Tranquility of their Maſter, I declared to thoſe that heard me, that it would be much more advantageous for him to have but one Affair in View; and that the Diſquiet, into which my Silence alone was capable of caſting him, might throw great Perplexity over his Mind. This Thought made me reſolve immediately to diſabuſe him. He will have the Vexation, ſaid I, of ſeeing his Hopes and his Meaſures diſappointed; but by comforting himſelf under a remedileſs Evil, he will employ himſelf only on what is moſt urgent. It was after I had brought myſelf to this Reſolution, that I formed from it one more extended. In reading over his Letter, I was moved at the Turn he had given to his Juſtification, and I conceived in Effect, that an ardent Paſſion in a fierce Man may hurry him into ſuch violent Extremes, as his Reaſon might condemn, and yet not leave him the Power to forbear them.

If his Honour preſerves him well enough in combating and reſtraining at leaſt certain Effects of them, this is an Abatement of the Evil, that ought to make one judge favourably of his Character, and which makes him perhaps merit more Pity than Contempt and Averſion. *Linch* has loved my Siſter, ought then Love be puniſhed by Hatred? Was he not unhappy enough in not being able to ſucceed in pleaſing her, and to find himſelf engaged in a Multitude of falſe Steps, from which he could not recover himſelf without Grief and Confuſion? Why then ſhould we inſult over his Pains? In the very Evil he had done us, might I not diſcover ſome Matter tending to a careſſing of us, that might invite rather our Friendſhip than Revenge?

My Generoſity not failing to heat me by thoſe Reflections, I imagined that he was not unſeaſonable in thinking I had the Power of being uſeful to him. I was known to the Viceroy, and I did not flatter myſelf in imagining that he had ſome Eſteem for me. I did not ſtand worſe in the Opinions of the principal Members of the Council, and the Experience I formerly had in Proceedings of this Nature, made me capable of chuſing the ſhorteſt Ways. There came alſo into my Mind an Expedient, that I thought deciſive for his Juſtification and Liberty. I examined my Thoughts with great Application, and after Abundance of Reflections, finding them feaſible, I began to think, that I ſhould have Cauſe to reproach myſelf with the Loſs of an unhappy Man, if I ſhould refuſe him thoſe Aſſiſtances, of which I judged the Effects infallible. The next Day I declared to Mademoiſelle *de L*——, that I was reſolved to commit her for ſome Days to the Truſt and Friendſhip of Madam *Angleſey*, in order to go to *Dublin*. She was no way alarmed at my Deſign. Honour and Virtue ſeemed to be united in this Houſe for her Security. I went away without any Diſquiet, and left her alſo in the ſame Condition.

How

How ſhould I foreſee what was as yet concealed in Futurity, when I had not the leaſt Diffidence in what paſſed about myſelf? Could I foretel, that *Angleſey*, with an Intention to ſerve us, had already raiſed us ſuch Evils, as all the Power of Men was not capable of repairing? He had writ to *Patrick* to revive in his Memory their ancient Acquaintance, and informing him that I was here with Mademoiſelle *de L*——, he laid hold of this Motive to engage him to come and ſurprize us at his Houſe. This was the Thing I was apprehenſive of from the firſt Moment of my coming there, and I was not yet cured of my Fears; but how could I penetrate into a Thing, in which *Angleſey* thought he did us a Pleaſure by concealing it from us, out of a vain Hope of ſurprizing us agreeably?

I went away without any Suſpicion. It came into my Mind on the Road to take Advantage of this Opportunity to make a Journey for ſome Days to the County of *Antrim*. *Dublin* lay in my Way to it; and I ſaw no Difficulty in concealing the Adventure that had brought me over into *Ireland*. Nevertheleſs having poſtponed this Deſign till I had ended the Services I intended to do for my Lord *Linch*, I laid out all my Time on his Affairs. He received me in his Priſon with Tranſports of Joy. A Journey, that he could not aſcribe to any Thing but a Deſire of ſerving him, ſeemed capable of removing all his Fears. If he began by making ſome Apologies, he did not wait for an Anſwer; but declared to me all the Sentiments that filled his Heart, and coming immediately to ſpeak of *Roſe*, he aſked me a thouſand Queſtions about her Health, and the Diſpoſitions ſhe was in for him, before I could find a Moment to open my Mouth.

At length having left me the Liberty of anſwering him, I did not go about the Buſh to tell him, that his Joy was weakly founded, if he took the Succeſs of his raſh Enterprize for granted. You believe, ſaid I, that my Siſter is in *Ireland*; your People have

done you wrong by leaving you in this Miſtake. They have not failed in Fidelity to your Orders; but their Zeal is deceived in taking for her a young Lady, whom you have not the leaſt Knowledge of. They obliged her to croſs the Seas with me; but Thanks to the Protection of Heaven, we are delivered from our Alarms. Another, added I, would reproach you for your violent Attempts, which do not wound leſs the Laws of Man, than thoſe of Heaven; but I am come here upon quite different Motives. I think, as you do, that my Labours may be uſeful to you; and the Zeal, with which I have come to ſerve you, may convince you, that I know how to forget Injuries.

Though the Tone I had uſed was too ſerious to ſuffer him to look upon my Diſcourſe as a Banter, yet his Prepoſſeſſion did not permit him to believe it ſincere. He told me ſmiling, that he as freely pardoned my Reproaches, as the Deſign I appeared to have in embarraſſing him a little by my Feints, and that after all, he looked upon himſelf as too happy in finding me diſpoſed to pardon a Step, which he could not flatter himſelf I would forget but after a long Courſe of Services. I in vain proteſted to him again that he ſhut his Eyes to no Purpoſe; that my Siſter was quiet in *France*; and that I had no other View but to ſatisfy my own Generoſity in the Offer I came to make him of my Labours. The Force of my Inſtances ſerved only to throw him into another Error, He perſuaded himſelf, that this Pretence was an Artifice I had meditated to deliver *Roſe* out of his Hands; and rivetting himſelf in this Thought, he pretended to ſurrender his Faith to my Proteſtations, with a Smile nevertheleſs, by which he ſeemed to let me underſtand, that all my Addreſs was not capable of deceiving him.

It was of ſo little Importance to me to make him change his Opinion, that without inſiſting further on it, I ſpoke to him of the Hopes I had of delivering him by a certain Way, which I forbore explaining to him till after the Event. As moſt of his Servants were

were in *Dublin*, he gave them Orders to obey me in every Thing, and to appear in my Retinue, in order to give me at the Viceroy's Court an Air of ſome Diſtinction.

It was neither Violence nor Fraud I propoſed to uſe. Having learned that the principal Accuſations againſt my Lord *Linch* were his Obligations to the Court of *St. Germain*, and the Project of going into the Service of King *James*, to whom they ſuſpected him to have a ſtrong Bias, the chief Importance of the Affair was to juſtify him plainly upon theſe two Articles; and the one ſeemed to depend upon the other. For with what Appearance of Favour ſoever he had been received at *St. Germain*, the Inferences to be drawn from thence would vaniſh of themſelves, if it was made probable, that his Heart was attached to the Government of *England*, and that far from thinking of forſaking his Country, he was endeavouring to eſtabliſh in it more Alliances. Now not only the two Duels, in which he had been engaged in *France* had ſhut him out from an Entrance into that Kingdom, but the Deſign he had of running away with my Siſter was a Proof of his Intentions to ſettle himſelf in *Ireland*. Would even his Security ſuffer him to repaſs the Seas after ſo great a Noiſe of ſuch an Attempt, which would expoſe him more than ever to the Severity of the Law? It was upon this Argument that I built the Succeſs of my Undertaking; and though it was ſubject to ſome Objections, yet there would remain Strength enough in it to prevail againſt bare Suſpicions, which did more Honour to the Zeal than to the Juſtice of the Government.

A Memorial I had drawn up with Care to prepare the Viceroy to hear me, made his Diſpoſition ſo favourable, that at the firſt Audience he ſubmitted to the Probability of my Reaſons. I had obſerved in the Affair of my Father, as well as that of *Patrick*, that he loved the Nobility, and if his Fear of rendring his Zeal to the Court of *London* ſuſpected had made him lend a ready Ear to Accuſations, he en-

deavoured afterwards, to ſerve thoſe whom he had been, as it were, forced to proſecute. Nevertheleſs his Authority not being extenſive enough to diſcharge a State Criminal, he turned me over to that Tribunal, to which I had addreſſed ſo many Sollicitations for *Patrick*. I was received there with a Reſpect that encreaſed my Hopes, and, whether it were that I was indebted for it to the Remembrance of my former Manner of proceeding, or to the ſecret Influence of the Governour, I obtained in a few Days the Liberty of my Client.

He received this News with Tranſport. His Servants at Home, who had been ignorant of my Journey, having continued to hold him in his Miſtake, he ſhewed a lively Impatience to ſee *Roſe* again; let us begone, ſaid he embracing me, I ſhall die with Pleaſure in caſting myſelf at her Feet. I took this Opportunity of telling him again, that far from finding my Siſter at his Houſe, he would not even find the Lady there, who had been taken away in her Stead. My Proteſtations did not appear to him more ſerious than at the firſt Time. Nevertheleſs, when being ready to go, he ſaw that I refuſed ſtepping into his Coach with him, and that I prepared to take the Road to *Antrim* to purſue the Project I had formed of viſiting my Pariſh and Family, I perceived a Change in his Countenance, which began to give him a Miſtruſt of the Truth. Then appearing to change his Opinion, he fancied that I endeavoured to make a Jeſt of his Embarraſment, and that I was about taking another Road to get before him to his Caſtle. This Thought reſtored to him his Mirth. I penetrate your Deſign, ſaid he at parting; we ſhall ſee which of us two will outſtrip the other. He parted at laſt like Lightning. I laughed at his Error, and the ſame Inſtant took the Road for *Antrim*.

Never was a Journey undertaken for Friendſhip productive of more bitter Fruits. During all my Paſſage I entertained myſelf with the Motives that perſuaded me to it. If the divers Lights I had received into

into the Situation of *Patrick*, did not give me Room of hoping to find him in a State of perfect Tranquillity, yet, being encouraged at leaſt by the Opinion I had of his Character, I was without Inquietude as to the Bottom of his Conduct. Even his Conſtancy, with which he had continued till now in *Ireland*, tied to his Family, and faithful to his Duty, gave me Room to judge, that if he had ſuffered ſome Conflicts, he had come off Conqueror; and in thoſe Sort of Perils, the firſt Attack appearing to me the moſt dangerous, I did not foreſee any other Difficulty for me, than to confirm by my Exhortations and Councils, that Victory, which I thought him indebted for to his own proper Strength. So I propoſed to myſelf a ſenſible Joy by ſurpriſing him with my Arrival; and the more I reflected on the Effects I might expect from my Journey, the more I was perſuaded that I could not have diſpenſed with it, unleſs I had failed in my Duty.

It was Night when I arrived at his Houſe. The Gate of the Caſtle was opened to me at the firſt Knock, and I thought I perceived that they ran to it in Haſte, which would have made me judge that I was expected, if I had not thought they ſhewed ſome Miſtruſt at my coming near. Nevertheleſs not being known to the Servant who came to ſpeak to me, I was preſently informed at my firſt Queſtion, that their Maſter was not at Home, and I thought from their manner of anſwering, that hearing me knock, they were in Hopes it was he they ſhould find at the Gate. My Lady, ſaid the Porter to one of his Companions, will be a good deal vexed to be miſtaken, and they appeared to be ſo much taken up with this Thought, that they introduced me into the Court without ſhewing much heed to me, and continued to talk together of the Trouble and Anxiety of their Miſtreſs. At length another Servant, whom Chance brought in the Way, having remembered to have ſeen me in *Dublin*, ran to me with ſo much Eagerneſs, that it opened the Eyes of the others, who ſeemed to have

neglected me, and underſtanding from him who I was, their Indifference turned all at once into Tranſports of Joy. The Noiſe of my Arrival was ſpread in a Moment all over the Caſtle, and I found myſelf encompaſſed with People, who payed me all Sorts of Reſpect. Although there remained with me ſome Cauſe of Trouble from the firſt Words I had heard, yet I ſuſpended my Curioſity, which made me wiſh for ſome Explanation, and I aſked to be ſhewed the Way to my Siſter.

She was juſt informed, that it was I who came ſo late to her Gate. I found her in Bed, and learned from herſelf, that ſhe had continued ſo for eight Days. Her firſt Expreſſions contained nothing but Marks of Joy; but returning ſoon to what had taken full Poſſeſſion of her Heart and Soul, ſhe aſked, interrupting herſelf, if I had ſeen my Lord, and if I brought her any News from him. I am but juſt arrived in the Province, ſaid I, and I came directly here without having ſtopped at my own Houſe. My Anſwer ſeemed to afflict her feelingly; ſhe remained for a Time without opening her Mouth, and I obſerved that ſhe let fall ſome Tears.

I ſcarce durſt requeſt her to ſpeak to me with Freedom. I had too little Familiarity with her to expect all at once her Confidence, and not able to imagine of what Nature her Troubles were, I was fearful leaſt my Curioſity ſhould betray any Air of Indiſcretion. Beſides all the Hints I had received at ſeveral Times occurring at once to my Imagination, I was ſhook with a thouſand Terrors, againſt which I was every now and then obliged to call up my Reaſon. This Confuſion of Ideas made me take the Reſolution of pretending, that I did not perceive her Trouble; and making my Queſtions fall upon my Brother, I inquired negligently if he intended to be abſent long. I am ignorant of that myſelf anſwered ſhe, looking more ſtedfaſtly on me, I have heard nothing from him theſe eight Days; he is gone to *Dublin* under Pretence of ſome Buſineſs. His Silence

gives

gives me Diſturbance, ſince he promiſed to write to me. Eight Days Abſence, ſaid I ſmiling, ought not to give you ſo great an Uneaſineſs, and continuing to ſpeak to her with an Air of Freedom, I turned the Diſcourſe upon *Roſe*, and the State of our Affairs in *France*. The Intereſt ſhe took in them having engaged her enough to afford ſome Diverſion to her Troubles, I avoided giving any Openings that might embarraſs me in our firſt Interview.

Nevertheleſs I was no ſooner alone, than not being able to maſter my Alarms, I called *Patrick*'s Valet de Chambre, whom I knew to be a diſcreet Fellow, and one devoted to his Intereſt a long Time. Without entering into any other Detail than what was ſuitable to his Character. I ſpoke to him of his Maſter's Journey as of an unſeaſonable Diſappointment, that gave me ſome Vexation, ſince the Hopes I had of ſeeing him made me ſteal ſome Days from my moſt urgent Affairs. I continued to talk to him in a plain Way; but he did not liſten to me long before he diſcovered a Countenance ſo ſorrowful, that it gave me an Opportunity of asking him the Cauſe of it. He ſeemed to heſitate in his Anſwer. At length, as if he had reſolved on it all of a ſudden, he ſhut the Door, with the Precaution of one who feared to be overheard, and coming near me, he held this Diſcourſe.

It is not from you I ought to conceal the Misfortunes that threaten this Houſe. Perhaps Heaven has ſent you hither to prevent them; and if I could have truſted to my Zeal, I ſhould have taken up the Pen a long Time ago, to give you Notice of it. But I am ignorant of the Bounds which Duty has impoſed on me in the Rank I ſtand, and upon the whole my Maſter having never diſcovered any thing of the Matter to me, I have nothing to relate to you but from my own Obſervations. You thought the Fortune and the Happineſs of my Lord were eſtabliſhed by his Marriage; but I foreſaw from the Day of his Engagement, that ſo violent a Sacrifice could not have hap-

py Conſequences. His Heart was before given away. I knew his Paſſion in its beginning, and the Confidence he then repoſed in me not making him yet diſguiſe from me his Sentiments. I have a thouſand Proofs that nothing can be capable of diſengaging him from Mademoiſelle *de L*——. I have even wondered at ſeeing him yield to your Perſuaſions, that he could flatter himſelf in ever being able to fulfil his Duty; for there is no doubt to be made, but he has uſed numberleſs Efforts to ſubmit to theſe Laws he had impoſed on himſelf. In Truth he has concealed from me ſince that time every Thing that paſſed within his Heart; but I will tell you what Chance and my Zeal have diſcovered to me whether he would or not.

After your Departure for *France*, his Diſtemper, which became much more dangerous, having detained him a long Time in *Dublin*, I perceived one Day that all the Time he could ſteal from the Converſation of my Lady was employed in Writing. I eaſily gueſſed the Subject of his Letters. But he gave me himſelf the Opportunity of being aſſured of it. Neceſſity obliged him to forward them through me, he told me, caſting down his Eyes, that one of them was for Mademoiſelle *de L*——, and the other for Mr. *des Peſſes*; and he left it to me to ſeal them. My Compaſſion for his Sufferings, more ſtrong perhaps than my Duty, inclined me immediately to read them. I was moved even to Tears at the Expreſſions of an inconſolable Heart; and not ſeeing what Advantage it would bring either to his Repoſe or to that of Mademoiſelle *de L*— to read a Converſation made up of Grief and Tears, I reſolved, having conſulted firſt with myſelf for a long Time, to cut ſhort this new Correſpondence at its Source. I burned the Letters. They were addreſſed to the Servants of Mr. *des Peſſes* at *Paris*. From my Knowledge I had of them, I writ to them myſelf to enquire after News from their Maſter, that I might be in a Condition to purſue all their Steps.

I know

I know not from what hopes my Lord ſeemed to become more eaſy. The Careſſes and continued Attentions of my Lady had perhaps the Power of mollifying his Heart, unleſs rather the Expectation of an Anſwer from Mademoiſelle *de L*——, and the Conſolation he found in writing to her, might have a little ſuſpended his Troubles; for I could not remark that Conjugal Love had gained the leaſt Aſcendant over him, nor that his Cares for my Lady had from thence been the more eager. He loved nothing but Solitude. He lamented bitterly when he was interrupted. My Lady herſelf could not come near his Chamber but ſhe trembled, and although ſhe was ſo ſenſible to his leaſt obliging Behaviour, that the Satisfaction flowing from it always diffuſed itſelf over her Countenance, yet his Humour was ſo uneven, that he did not appear to be the ſame Man every Moment of the Day. We left *Dublin* about three Weeks after your Departure. His Reſidence in this Province made no change in the Conduct or Diſpoſition of my Lord.

In the mean time as nothing happened after the Adventure of the Letters, that could give me any room to carry my Obſervations further than Appearances, I was in hopes that Time would at length diſſipate theſe firſt Clouds. The Reliques of his Diſtemper ſeemed yet to colour his Coldneſs for his Wife, and it was a Matter well known in the Houſe, that under this Pretence he diſpenſed with himſelf even to that Time from bedding her. But recovering his Strength from Day to Day, it ſeemed to me impoſſible that at his Age he ſhould long continue faithful to ſo ſtrange a Reſolution. The Phyſicians adviſed him to the Diverſions of the Field, and I know not whether the Deſign of freeing himſelf from the Preſence of my Lady, had not as great a ſhare as his Health in his Submiſſion to their Orders. From Morning till Night he was on Horſe-back. I was at firſt ſurprized to ſee in him this Paſſion, which I had not known in him before. But I was not long deceived in it. Whilſt his Servants were in purſuit of the Stag, he would hide himſelf alone

alone in the moſt covered Ridings of the Foreſt, and it was always with the greateſt Marks of Vexation that he found himſelf diſcovered by thoſe, who through Uneaſineſs purſued him upon the Track. My Lady took a Reliſh for the ſame Exerciſe. It was plain to all the World, that her ſole Motive was a Deſire to follow and paſs the Day with him. He then became more eager than his Huntſmen in following upon the Tracks of the moſt ſavage Beaſts, and in hunting them down in Places inacceſſible, where the Niceneſs and Tenderneſs of his Wife would not ſuffer her to follow him. I wondered at all his Caprices.

One Day however, when either Fatigue or his Taſte for Solitude had made him quit his Horſe to reſt himſelf in the Shade, my Lady, who followed him perhaps with more Eagerneſs than ſhe had for an Exerciſe, in which ſhe would perſwade us ſhe placed all her Delight, joined him at a Time that he ſeemed leaſt to expect it, I was with him, and reſpect having obliged me to ſtep aſide ſome Paces, I eaſily perceived that in his firſt Surpriſe, he appeared for ſome time embarraſſed. She ſat down near him. His Reſource was to lament his Indiſpoſitions, from which he received no Eaſe by all the Applications of Remedies, and to rally the Phyſicians with a forced Smile, who had preſcribed him a Regimen proper enough to fatigue, but incapable of curing him. My Lady took Occaſion from thence to rail againſt hunting, and adviſed him to abandon it. She joined to her Advice a thouſand tender Marks of Inquietude and Affection. I liſtened to his Anſwers, which were kind and polite. She ſeiſed his Hand; he did not draw it back; but I obſerved that he bluſhed, as if this Liberty had alarmed his Modeſty. In the mean time their Converſation having continued in the ſame Tone, I had no doubt but his Heart had ſuffered itſelf to be ſurpriſed by ſome Impulſe of Tenderneſs; for he drew his Wife's Hand to his Mouth, and kiſſed it many Times with a paſſionate Air. As to her, into the Bottom of whoſe Heart thoſe ſimple Careſſes ſuddenly pierced, her Softneſs

neſs and Tenderneſs explained themſelves in a Manner leſs ambiguous. She ſeiſed again in her Turn the Hand of my Lord, and holding it on the Graſs, on which her Head was reclined, ſhe fixed her Lips to it for a long Time with a Silence more moving than all Expreſſions. But ſome Huntſmen appearing interrupted ſuch happy Beginnings.

Although all my Diligence could not give me room to obſerve, the Days following, that this Scene had produced the Effects I had promiſed myſelf from it, yet I was perſuaded more than ever, that it would contribute to the Happineſs of my Maſter in effacing thoſe grievous Ideas, that could leave no Repoſe to his Heart, as long as they ſubſiſted in his Memory. I formed the Deſign of making him intirely forget Mademoiſelle *de L——*, and the only way to this end that appeared infallible was to perſuade him, that ſhe was either Dead or Married. I pitched upon the latter as the moſt probable. My Lord, who was impatient to receive the expected Anſwers, had often ſent me to *Londonderry*, to which place he had directed them to be addreſſed. Having received a Letter myſelf from one of the Servants of Mr. *des Peſſes*, wherein I was informed, that his Maſter was in *Germany*, I pretended to have got Advice of his Return, and of the Marriage of Mademoiſelle *de L——*. This Imprudence, which was pardonable according to my Intentions, has probably coſt me my Fortune; but the moſt terrible Effect from it was the throwing my Lord into a Deſpair, that has daily gained Ground. He had nevertheleſs the Power to obſerve yet ſome little Moderation, until the Day marked out for my Ruin, and perhaps for his.

We were hunting, and my Lady alſo was with us; when the Stag driving towards *Londonderry*, we came to the great Road in order to croſs it. My Maſter thought he knew a Gentleman, who was advancing towards us attended by a Lacquey. He ſtopped to ſee who it was. I diſcovered as ſoon as he, that it was Mr. *des Peſſes*. What could I draw from this Meeting

ing but a bad Omen? Yet how was I capable of preventing the Effects of it? My Lord was already hung about the Neck of his Friend, and without regarding Decency, which perhaps ſhould have obliged him not to leave my Lady alone in the middle of the Road, he ſpent above an Hour apart with him. I was informed in the Evening from the Lacquey of Mr. *des Peſſes*, what the Subject of this important Converſation was. They had returned from *Germany*, and not imagining that my Lord was married, reſolved to have the Pleaſure of coming themſelves to *Ireland* to inform him, that Mr. *de L*—— was dead, and that his Daughter, ſtill filled with the ſame Love, was upon her Journey to *Paris* to offer him her Eſtate, and her Hand. He had Conſtancy enough to allow his Friend full Time to explain himſelf, and endeavour to read over a Letter from his Miſtreſs, before he ſuffered one Complaint, or one Sigh to eſcape him. But with what Violence did he immediately give himſelf up to the moſt unbounded Grief? He alighted from his Horſe with an Air of Deſpair, and throwing himſelf on the Ground, remained a long Time without even lending an Ear to Mr. *des Peſſes*. I came to him in haſte. My Artifice, which he had then no Difficulty to apprehend, and which my appearing called up to his Memory, inflamed him with a Paſſion ſo piercing, that he forbad me coming any more in his Sight. My Lady, who came up the ſame Moment, had no better Reception; and ſurpriſed, as well as his Servants were, to ſee him in ſuch Tranſports of Grief, from whence he did not recover, the Silence and Aſtoniſhment of all the Spectators formed a Scene as difficult to be repreſented in Words, as written.

In the mean time Mr. *des Peſſes* knew me, and having privately aſked me ſome Explanation, I informed him in a few Words of the Cauſe of his ſo great Trouble. He lamented his Imprudence; Remedies were hard to be found: But imploying all his Wit

to

to repair the Evil he had cauſed, he came up to my Maſter's Ear, conjuring him to pardon an Error, into which the Eagerneſs of a paſſive Friendſhip had precipitated him, and not to redouble the mortal Grief he felt by making the Cauſe of it too glaring. *Des Peſſes* at length conſtrained himſelf to remount his Horſe, and appearing with a good Grace before my Lady, he laboured to give a Colour to the Motive of his Journey to *Ireland*, and to the Diſorder occaſioned by his Arrival to my Lord.

I know not what Idea my Lady formed in theſe firſt Moments; but after ſome Marks of Inquietude, to which my Maſter ſeemed little ſenſible, ſhe aſſumed a Countenance more ſedate. Perhaps that was the time to diſpoſſeſs her of her Suſpicions with a little Prudence and Management. For three Days, that Mr. *des Peſſes* paſſed with my Lord, he ſpared no Pains to convince him of the Neceſſity of entring into ſuch reaſonable Views; but he could not make him reliſh his Advice. An obſtinate Silence, continual Sobbings, an Air of Diſtraction and Fury, that ſpread Grief and Fear over the whole Houſe, this was from that fatal Day the habitual Diſpoſition of my wretched Maſter. My Lady, who appeared many times the ſame Day at the Door of his Apartment, could not obtain leave to enter; and if afterwards he conſented ſometimes to receive her, it was always done with ſuch forced Politeneſs, that ſhe never returned without burſting into a Flood of Tears. As to me, who trembled to appear in his Preſence after he had forbidden me, I did not forbear to ſhew myſelf in doing my ordinary Services; which he received without ſeeming to remember his Orders; but I had a thouſand reaſons to judge that I was utterly loſt in his Mind.

My Lady, who could aſcribe ſuch a terrible Change to nothing but the Arrival of Mr. *des Peſſes*, diſcovered ſo openly, that the Preſence of this Stranger was diſagreeable to her, that it determined him to be gone. He ſaw my Maſter before his Departure; but whether it were that in this Interview he had received

ſome

ſome Reproaches, that diminiſhed his Affections for my Maſter, or whether he apprehended that he ſhould redouble his Grief by Letters, we had not the leaſt word from him after his return to *France*.

We might have flattered ourſelves nevertheleſs, that our Misfortunes were at their height, ſo long as my Lady, who was hitherto ignorant of hers, employed all her Labour to reſtore a Calm and Tranquility in the Houſe. If the Situation of her Huſband was to her a cruel Torment, ſhe yet ſhut up all her Sufferings in her Breaſt, and we could perceive nothing from them but Tears. But as ſhe was too little circumſpect to diſſemble for a long time the Malady of her Mind, ſhe but too eaſily procured Hints and Informations, which ſhe had done more prudent to have avoided during her whole Life. Her Jealouſies were changed into Certainties by an unfortunate Curioſity to read the Letter from Mademoiſelle *de L—*. She often ſaw this fatal Piece in the Hands of her Huſband. He left it open upon his Table without the leaſt Precaution. Nothing being ſo eaſy as to ſteal it many times in the Day, ſhe took it away with her, and being intoxicated with the mortal Poiſon contained in every Word, the firſt Motion of her Vengeance was to tear it in Pieces. Happy if at the ſame Time ſhe had wrung from her Heart that Arrow ſhe had juſt thruſt into it! But Appearances made us too eaſily apprehend, that the reading of this Letter was as fatal to her as to my Lord. During the firſt Day ſhe ſhut herſelf up in her Apartment, where ſhe admitted no Perſon near her. Scarce durſt her Woman attend to do her the neceſſary Services. She paſſed whole Days without Nouriſhment; ſhe wept without Intermiſſion. So that Deſpair ſeemed to have found two to prey upon in the lieu of one. They were each of them in their ſeparate Apartments, as it were buried in a kind of Sepulchre, from whence they took no further Notice of what was doing in the World; without ſhewing any Deſire of ſpeaking to one another, of ſeeing one another,

another, or of ſcarce informing themſelves of their mutual Situations, or of what employed them in their Solitude. My Lord, who in vain ſought for his Letter, could not be ignorant into whoſe Hands it had fallen; and if he durſt not ſhew too much Vexation at loſing it, I obſerved he was not free from Uneaſineſs at the Effects it might produce.

Mr. *Dilnick* came one Day to the Caſtle. He had Familiarity enough there to enter without any Precautions. Going immediately to my Lady's Chamber, his Aſtoniſhment muſt have been extreme to find her under a Sadneſs and Abjection of Mind, of the Cauſe of which nobody could give him an Account. He in vain queſtioned all the Domeſticks. Thoſe who apprized him of the Adventure of the Letter could not add any other Ecclairciſment. As to me, who was only capable of informing him, I pretended to know no more of the Matter than another, and being glad that my Lady had ſo much Power over her Mind as to truſt nobody with her Secrets, I drew a good Omen from this Moderation. Nevertheleſs having ſeen my Lord, he found him alſo in ſo great a Diſorder, that it was as difficult to diſcover any Thing from him, and he formed, no doubt, his own Conjectures upon theſe ſo ſtrange Appearances. I cannot ſay by what Steps he arrived at thoſe Suſpicions that offended my Maſter. Mr. *Dilnick* is rough and daring, Some Complaints that poſſibly dropped from my Lady, or her Tears alone, might have made him fancy ſhe was ill uſed. He obſerved too few Meaſures in opening himſelf upon this Point: I was preſent. My Lord, nettled to ſee himſelf accuſed of an Outrage ſo unworthy of him, took up the Matter in ſuch a Strain, as drew on him Reproaches yet more ſevere. They ran to their Swords, and all my Zeal could not hinder Mr. *Dilnick* from receiving in an Inſtant a Thruſt in the Arm, nor from returning one the ſame Moment, that wounded my Maſter in the Thigh.

I had

I had ſcarce parted them, when Mr. *Dilnick*, out of Countenance, no doubt, at his Paſſion, retired without opening his Mouth, and inſtantly left the Caſtle. My Lord was not hurt ſo dangerouſly as to require any other Help than mine. This Quarrel not being known to any Perſon, he ordered me to keep it a Secret, and in a few Days his Wound was healed.

Nevertheleſs it was to this fatal Wound that I attributed his moſt mortal Troubles, and perhaps his Departure, which has left us all here in a Conſternation for many Days paſt. It ill becomes me to dive into his Thoughts with ſo much Liberty; but if you can forgive ſomething to my Affection, I will not conceal from you what I have read many Times in his Countenance and Eyes. Before this Accident I only remarked in them Grief and Deſpair, but ſince that Time I ſaw there painted nothing but Indignation and Fury: I am confident he was perſuaded, that my Lady had carried her Complaints to Mr. *Dilnick*, and that it was at her Sollicitation he came to quarrel with him in his Chamber. Duty had till this Moment ſtruggled in his Heart; for to what elſe will you aſcribe the perpetual Diſorder in his Mind and Health? But I apprehend, that the Reſpect, which he could not refuſe to an amiable Woman by whom he ſaw himſelf adored, was enfeebled by this unfortunate Opinion. It is at leaſt true, that far from appearing dejected and languiſhing, as he had till then done, far from venting his Grief in Tears and Sighs, he from thenceforth ſhewed the Trouble of his Heart in nothing but violent Agitations. He forbore all at once from inquiring after the Health of my Lady. He leaves his Apartment to go into the Garden. He walks in it at a great Rate with haſty Steps and large Strides for two Hours together, and the Night very often overtakes him in it, before he appears to know any Thing of the Matter. This was at the Time that he received by Way of *France* a Letter that yet further augmented the Violence of his Agitations. He ſent an Anſwer to it with the utmoſt

utmoſt Expedition; but I was not pitched upon to carry it to the Poſt. I thought he had the Air of a Man who would fain ſurmount his Troubles by the Force of a furious Reſolution, and, if I may ſay it, by a Diſdain and Contempt of them. My Lady, who perhaps had before found ſome Conſolation in the Remains of Complaiſance which he ſometimes ſhewed by inquiring after her, no ſooner ſaw herſelf deprived of this Comfort, than her Melancholy began to increaſe. She was fain nevertheleſs to ſubmit to all the Rigour of her Fate, and make her Pride and Indignation give Way to her Tenderneſs. Without quitting at firſt her Apartment, ſhe ſent him Word herſelf that ſhe began to amend, and would be glad to receive from him a Viſit. He choſe the Time when her Women were employed in dreſſing her, and his Viſit was ſhort. The ſame Day he reſumed his Exerciſe of Hunting, and not returning till late, avoided the Neceſſity of going to her again. I obſerved the ſame Affectation during the following Days. My Lady, recovering perhaps ſome Hopes from the Change of his Occupations, or not being able to live without ſeeing him, deceived his Expectations by waiting conſtantly for his Return. So he was as it were obliged to entertain her ſome Moments; but the Pretext of Illneſs or Fatigue was a never failing Argument to deliver him quickly from this Conſtraint.

At length a Letter he received eight Days ago made him immediately take the Reſolution of getting on Horſeback. I yet flattered myſelf that he would order me to attend him. I ſoon ſaw by the Choice he made of another, that I had for ever loſt his Confidence. He departed with ſo much Precipitation, that he had ſcarce Time to take leave of my Lady. I doubt whether he informed her of the Motives of his Journey, or the Duration of his intended Abſence; for ſhe melted into Tears the Moment he departed, and her Inquietude hath from that Time appeared to increaſe every Day. She has been ſo ill ſince his Abſence, that ſhe has not a Moment left her Bed; which

which never happened her ſince the Time that the Letter of Mademoiſelle *de L*—— cauſed her ſo much Affliction. This Evening at the firſt Knock you gave at the Gate, all the Family fancied it was my Lord, and every one was in haſte to carry the News to my Lady. But if ſhe has received from ſeeing you any Conſolation, you muſt have remarked, that it did not come from the Bottom of her Heart, where lies the perpetual Source of her Misfortunes.

I was ſo moved with this Relation, that, as if I had not given Attention to one Part of theſe Diſaſters, I made him explain over again many Circumſtances that appeared to me obſcure, and particularly thoſe relating to the Quarrel between *Patrick* and *Dilnick*. I could ſcarce believe, that *Dilnick*, whom I knew to be full of Fire, but at the ſame Time a Man of Honour and Senſe, ſhould upon bare Appearances ſo forget himſelf as to fall to cutting his Friend's Throat, and inclining to believe that my Siſter-in-law had made ſome indiſcreet Diſcoveries to him, I was ſorry ſhe had given *Patrick* this Kind of Advantage over her. The Reflection of the Valet de Chambre was juſt: A Heart that ſtruggles for its Duty, and that ſuffers mortally by this Violence, lays hold but too eagerly on every Thing that carries only the bare Appearance of juſtifying its Weakneſſes. I was nevertheleſs far from aſcribing the Abſence of my Brother to this Cauſe; and inquiring whether he had made any Preparations for a long Journey, upon hearing he went away without any Precautions, I imagined his View was only to ſweeten his Malancholy by wandering abroad for a few Days. But ſtill I thought I foreſaw, that if he was irritated againſt his Wife, I ſhould have more Difficulty in giving him a Reliſh of thoſe Medicines, that I was deſirous to adminiſter for his Conſolation. Are you very ſure, ſaid I again to his Valet, that he has yet never paſſed a Night with my Lady? He anſwered this Quaſtion, by relating to me ſome Particulars that could not leave me in the leaſt doubt; and as to what related to *Dilnick*

nick, he repeated to me the Reaſons he had to believe, that Mr. *Dilnick*'s Paſſion proceeded from nothing but his own Suſpicions.

I commended the Zeal that had attached him to the Intereſts of his Maſter, and engaged to reeſtabliſh him in his Mind. A Night, in which the Fatigue of a Journey had made Reſt neceſſary for me, was to me the moſt cruel of all Torments. I could not cloſe my Eyes, but endured under a perpetual watching every Thing that Fear and Grief could heap on an overburthened Mind. It was on my Siſter-in-law that all my Reflections fell. I ſaw but too plainly, that with whatever Tenderneſs and Prudence I ſhould ſpeak to her of her Troubles, or receive her voluntary Overtures, I was going to engage myſelf into an Abyſs of Cares and Anxiety. I muſt expect that ſhe would commit to me all the Concerns of her Repoſe; that ſhe would interrogate me upon the Amours of my Brother; that ſhe would reproach me for having left her in Ignorance of them; that ſhe would heap on me an over Meaſure of her Complaints and Tears; in fine, that ſhe would impart to me all the Bitterneſs and all the Vexation of her Soul. I conſidered, if under Pretence of procuring ſome News of her Huſband, I had not better leave her the Day following. But I immediately rejected this Thought. It would be a cruel Inſenſibility that could make me capable of abandoning her under a Situation ſo ſorrowful. I ought rather to look upon my Arrival as an Order from Heaven to make me inſtrumental in her Conſolation; and that I ſhould devote myſelf to this Office of Charity, of which Religion and natural Affection created in me a Law almoſt equal. I might well excuſe myſelf from any Care of *Roſe*; ſhe was at leaſt in a State of Tranquility, that did not make Haſte and Diligence at all urgent. In fine I determined to go down to the Apartment of my Siſter-in-law as ſoon as ſhe was willing to receive me, and to foreſtal the Overtures of her Heart by opening mine to her.

I aroſe

I aroſe with this Deſign, and conſidered as I dreſſed myſelf, what Turn I ſhould give to my firſt Expreſſions, when Word was brought me, that *Dilnick* deſired to ſee me. His Reſidence being in the Neighbourhood, he knew of my Arrival the firſt Moment. I could not refuſe his Viſit. He embraced me with the utmoſt Affection, and without aſking me if I was informed of what had paſſed in the Caſtle, he prayed me to hear him. The Relation of my Brother's Coldneſs for his Niece, and the Hiſtory of his firſt Differences with her took up a long Time. He ſpoke to me of his Scuffle with him in Terms of Grief and Confuſion, I confeſs, ſaid he, that this Paſſion is not pardonable in a Man of my Age; but a ſudden Surprize of Fury ſometimes overclouds and darkens Reaſon, Beſides you will ſoon ſee, whether it be without Foundation that I ſuſpect your Brother of a Failure in his Fidelity.

He then related to me, that having writ into *Denmark* immediately after the Marriage of his Niece, in order to give the moſt early News to *Fincer*, it was not long before he received an Anſwer, that had given him as much Aſtoniſhment as Grief. During many Journies that *Fincer* had made to *Hamburgh*, he had ſtruck up an Acquaintance with Mr. *de L*——, who had retired there with his Daughter. Madam *Gerald*, Governante to this young Lady, being an *Iriſh* Woman, who gave way to an Inclination we naturally have for People of our own Country, and being familiar enough with her to aſk in the Courſe of Converſation, what it was that could inſpire ſuch an Averſion in Mademoiſelle *de L*—— for all the Matches her Father had propoſed to her, he had learned all the Hiſtory of the firſt Amours of *Patrick*. Madam *Gerald*, who pretended to make a Merit of her Zeal for a Gentleman of her Country, did not omit any Circumſtance of this Intrigue. She ſpoke of his Marriage as a certain Engagement, of which the Execution was put off only by the Caprices of the Father; and Mr. *de L*—— in Reality dying a few Days

Days after, ſhe did not conceal from him neither the Arrival of *des Peſſes*, nor the Departure of her Pupil, who had gone to *Paris* to meet my Brother there. *Fincer*, without opening himſelf upon every Thing he had heard, obſerved only, that he knew *Patrick* was in *Ireland*, and that he believed him even inclined to ſettle there. But, according to the Notions of Madam *Gerald*, ſhe told him, that her Pupil and ſhe were not ignorant that he had paſſed the Seas, and that his Affairs had detained him, for ſome Time, among thoſe of his Family; that he would be at *Paris* as ſoon as they; that he had diſpatched to them one of the beſt of his Friends, with Aſſurances of the Conſtancy of his Love, and of the Impatience he had to ſee them again; in fine, confounding Circumſtances, and not explaining from what Place *des Peſſes* had gone, ſhe imprudently raiſed in the Mind of *Fincer* the moſt injurious of all Miſtruſts: He fancied, that *Patrick*, of whom he underſtood, that his Marriage was not doubted of at *Paris*, could not eſpouſe his Daughter but with an Intention of raviſhing her Honour from her by an infamous Act of Treachery, and, it may be, to become Maſter of her Fortune. Examples of this Nature were not at all uncommon either in one Kingdom, or the other; and although a Man of my Brother's Birth ſhould not, upon light Grounds, be ſuſpected of ſuch an horrible Baſeneſs, yet the Prepoſſeſſion of a Father, trembling for his Daughter, might excuſe him for diving into the Cauſe of his Fears, before he ſurrendered himſelf up to them.

His Anſwer then to *Dilnick* was conformable to his Ideas. This odious Letter, which *Dilnick* preſſed me to read after his Relation, concluded with an Advice no leſs injurious to *Patrick*. Obſerve his Conduct, ſaid *Fincer*, ſtudy his Friendſhips, and take Notice in what Manner he behaves to his Wife. Give an Oppoſition to every Thing he ſhall undertake for changing the Nature of his Eſtate. In fine, his Exhortations ſuppoſed an indubitable Miſchief that

he ſpoke of leſs in the Way of Prevention, than of Reparation by great Vigilance and Care.

I leave you to judge, added *Dilnick*, of the Diſquiet and Trouble this Letter ought to raiſe in me. I have not imparted it to my Niece; but opening my Eyes upon a Number of Circumſtances that I had let ſlip without Reflection, I could not but eaſily perceive, that he has been always deficient in ſome Thing tending to her Tranquillity. I ſaw at the ſame Time the Arrival of a Stranger, with whom your Brother held ſome miſterious Intercourſes of Converſation. It appeared manifeſt to me, that this was the Meſſenger whom your Brother had charged with the Conduct of his Affairs at *Hamburgh*. They informed me ſoon of his Departure, and of the Diſorder his Abſence had produced in this Houſe. I preſently after ſaw my Niece. I found her drowned in Tears; and not having the Power to engage her to diſcover the Cauſe of them, I confeſs, that in the froward Imaginations with which I was filled, there eſcaped me ſome Expreſſions to your Brother too harſh, in Reply to the Warmth with which he anſwered me. We did not ſee one another ſince that fatal Day; but being gone to *Dublin*, where I know not what Affairs could have called him, his Abſence gave me the Liberty of ſeeing my Neice. I was ſurprized to find in her all the Tokens of a deep Deſpair, and I am the more ſo, as I cannot penetrate into the Cauſe of ſuch exceſſive Afflictions.

He further acknowledged, that he looked upon my Return as a happy Diſpoſition of Heaven, to make me inſtrumental without Doubt in re-eſtabliſhing Happineſs and Peace in our two Families; and aſſuring me of his Confidence without Reſerve, he turned over upon me the Management of all thoſe Difficulties, whch ſurpaſſed, as he ſaid, his Prudence and Underſtanding.

I was already diſpoſed to take this Care freely on me, and all I had juſt heard did not render the Task a whit more difficult. The Letter from *Hamburgh* bear-

bearing ſuch falſe Suppoſitions, it was eaſy to cure *Dilnick* of this Part of his Miſtruſt; but Sincerity obliged me to confeſs what was real Truth among the chimerical Ideas of *Fincer*. I apprized him in a few Words of the Attachment that my Brother once had for Mademoiſelle *de L*——, and the Obſtacles that ought to have made him drop all Hopes of marrying her. Being a young Man, who daily ſooth'd himſelf in his Deſires, he had not forſook this Intrigue until his Departure from *France*; but I would not take too much upon me, after this Confeſſion, to be reſponſible for him, that he ſhould be ſincerely affected to his Spouſe; yet notwithſtanding ſome Remains of former Weakneſſes, he was incapable of forgeting his Duty. The Accuſations of *Fincer*, added I, are ſo many Outrages; and if you will do juſtice to the Character of *Patrick*, you cannot ſuſpect him of ſuch a Baſeneſs, as could not enter into the Mind of any one but a profligate Wretch abandoned to all Wickedneſs.

Dilnick agreed, that he could not believe him ſo guilty as *Fincer* ſuppoſed, and drawing from what I had ſaid a very juſt Concluſion, he ſaid plainly to me, that he had hit upon the Truth. Your Brother, ſaid he, had his Heart filled with a very great Paſſion; Intereſt has had a greater Share in his Marriage, than any Reliſh for my Niece; and I am apt to fancy in his Favour, that perhaps he wreſtles with his former Inclination, and has not yet had Time to deliver himſelf from it. This Suppoſition, added he, will very well explain his uninterrupted Grief. Far from being inſpired with Contempt or Hatred for him, his Conduct obliges me to conceive an high Idea of a Character ſo honourable and delicate; and I cannot doubt but a little Time indulged to the Agitations of his Heart will ſoon make him ſuch a Huſband as my Niece can reaſonably wiſh for.

I embraced *Dilnick* in the Joy I was in to ſee him return to ſuch a reaſonable Opinion. Yes, ſaid I, you need not doubt, but that this Picture of my Bro-

ther is a faithful Repreſentation of him. This is the Point I was endeavouring to bring you to. I had obſerved, myſelf, the Embarraſment of his Situation before my Departure, and I ſhould not have abandoned him to his Difficulties, if invincible Reaſons had not obliged me to make a Voyage to *France*. But I ſhall not leave *Ireland* until I have wrought a perfect Cure on his Heart and Inclinations. Let us join, added I, in an Enterprize, of which the Succeſs is infallible. In Reality, I was ſo convinced that *Patrick* had Need of nothing but to be fortified by ſome forcible Exhortations, that I would have given my Life as a Pledge for his Virtue and Honour. I on the Spot changed my Reſolution of diſcourſing with my Siſter-in-law upon the Subject of her Tears, and I prayed *Dilnick* not to let any Thing eſcape him, that might give her a Suſpicion of our having penetrated into the Cauſe of them. Open Wounds, ſaid I, are always moſt eaſily healed. Let us wait the Return of my Brother; let us employ all our Pains in preparing your Niece to that Change I promiſe you, and reckon upon it, that Peace will ſoon ſucceed all your Alarms.

What mortal Chagrins did I not prepare for myſelf by this Confidence! Some Days paſſed, which we employed to Purpoſe in conſoling my Siſter-in-law. The Abſence of *Patrick* not having given me any other Notion, but that it was a Journey undertaken to diſſipate his Grief, I was on that Side free from all Diſturbance. I received a Letter addreſſed to me at *Coleraine*; I knew it to be under the Hand of my Lord *Linch*, having had the Opportunity of ſeeing many of his Writings during the Courſe of his Affairs.

He obſerved to me, in two Words, that after ſuch freſh Obligations, he was not capable of forgetting what Rights I had acquired to his Acknowledgments; but that he was juſt come from giving me a Proof of them, that I ought to carry to his Account; that without a Tie ſo powerful he ſhould have reſented an Inſult he had received from *Patrick*, and intreated me

to

to inſpire him with more Juſtice and Moderation, if I would prevent Extremities that would ſoon become inevitable.

I was with *Dilnick* when I received this fatal Advice. My Alarms were too powerful to conceal them altogether. The Fear of ſome new Violence, which *Linch* ſeemed to declare by his Menaces, made much leſs Impreſſion on me, than the Knowledge of the Place where I ſaw but too well I muſt look for *Patrick*. Oh God! cried I to myſelf, you open then the Pit under the Steps of thoſe who are labouring with all Diligence to avoid it! However, having thought, at the ſame time, that I ought not altogether to conceal from *Dilnick* the Cauſe of my Troubles, nor yet to diſcover all my Fears, I reſolved to reveal one Part of them, which would, at the ſame time, help to diſguiſe the other. I know now, ſaid I, where my Brother is, and the Circumſtances that accompany this News raiſe in me a juſt Fear. I continued to relate to him our late Quarrels with my Lord *Linch*; and not doubting at all but that what he had writ to me was a Conſequence of them, I explained his Letter in a Senſe favourable to this Notion. An Evil ſo preſſing, added I, demands a ſpeedy Remedy. I muſt immediately go to *Dublin*. This ambiguous Diſcourſe had all the Effect I promiſed to myſelf from it. *Dilnick*, ſtopping at Appearances, fancied that it was in *Dublin Patrick* had the Quarrel with my Lord *Linch*, and having not carried his Queſtions farther, he propoſed, with ſome Earneſtneſs, to go with me off hand himſelf, to add his Aſſiſtance to my Endeavours. No, anſwered I, my Profeſſion gives me a better Title, than to you, to repreſs Anger and Hatred. I will go alone; but do you take on you the Care of prepoſſeſſing your Niece, and giving a Colour to my Abſence. I count upon the Succeſs of my Journey, added I; *Linch* is ſtopped by ſome Reaſons, that will make him ſuſpend his Reſentment. You ſhall ſee me, in a few Days, with my Brother. He aſſured me, that I ought to be

eaſy for my Siſter-in-law; ſeeing that, ſoft and affectionate as ſhe always was, it would help to give her more Life to find, that I had got ſome Account of her Huſband, and that I was going to meet him in *Dublin* to bring him back forthwith to her.

I returned then by the Road I had come. My Diligence was equal to my Fear; I took no more Reſt by Night than by Day, and my Horſes were ſo little taken care of that they tired on the Road. This Incident was an irreparable Diſappointment to me. The Delay given of two Days in procuring others afforded Time to two blind Paſſions to carry themſelves to the laſt Exceſs, and the Loſs of twenty-four Hours became the deciſive Wound to a thouſand precious Intereſts. But does it belong to weak Men to reaſon upon the impenetrable Diſpoſitions of Providence? I arrived at *Angleſey*'s Caſtle. The Air of Grief with which I was received, gave me a Foreſight of one Part of what they were going to tell me. Mademoiſelle *de L*—— had gone off the Evening before with *Patrick*. The Departure of my Brother was become neceſſary by the Misfortune he had to wound mortally my Lord *Linch*, who had forced him to fight. He was gone to take Refuge in *France*, and Mademoiſelle *de L*—— had laid hold of this Opportunity to return to her own Country. *Angleſey*, who had for a long Time paſt intended the ſame Journey, reſolved at their Inſtances to bear them Company with his two Siſters.

It was *Angleſey*'s Mother that gave me this Account; and who having conſented with Regret to the Departure of her Children, preſerved yet an Impreſſion of Melancholy, which this Separation had raiſed in her. She added, that they left it in charge to her to inform me of all the Circumſtances; but in the Dejection ſhe was, ſhe would perhaps have deferred the fulfilling her Promiſe to a farther Time. Having aſked her the Cauſe and Circumſtances of the Misfortune of *Linch*, ſhe proteſted to me, that the whole of it was in the Dark as to her, and if one could build any thing upon bare Conjectures, ſhe imagined that Mademoiſelle *de L*——

was

was the innocent Cauſe of this Quarrel. How, ſaid I, have they concealed from you what has without Queſtion paſſed in your Houſe, or juſt under your Walls? Yes, anſwered ſhe, and I knew nothing of your Brother's Duel, 'till after their Departure.

I thus made myſelf Maſter of thoſe firſt Particulars, that raiſed my Surprize and Grief, in order to collect all the Lights neceſſary for the Regulation of my Conduct. But I conceived, I had little more to hope for from this old Lady, whom a lively and briſk Company of young People might not think a proper Confident of their Conduct and Deſigns. I only learned from her, and from ſome of the Servants, whom her Children had left behind, that *Patrick* arrived at the Caſtle a few Days after I had left it, that they there lived together in great Tranquillity and Delight, until the return of my Lord *Linch*; but he had ſcarce viſited there twice, before Conſtraint and Trouble had followed all his Viſits. That great and ſecret Animoſities were toſſed between them, 'till the Moment the Noiſe of a Duel was diſcovered, and that the Reſolution was immediately formed of going abroad; that *Angleſey* had to no purpoſe preſſed his Mother to accompany them, and that ſhe had made many unſucceſsful Attempts to ſtay her Daughters; that after long Debates, they at length mutually promiſed each other, they, to return to *Ireland* within a Year, if they ſaw no Appearance of an agreeable Eſtabliſhment in *Paris*, ſhe, to join them in *France*, if they ſettled themſelves ſo fortunately as to make them forget their Country.

This Detail not giving me the Inſight I deſired, I was reduced to implore the Compaſſion of Heaven, and to acknowledge before God with a Torrent of Tears, that his Protection and Aid were my only Hopes in the bottomleſs Abyſs, wherein I ſaw no Light. With what Bitterneſs did I open to him the Bottom of my Heart! With what Prayers did I not ſollicit his Compaſſion! And you know, ſaid I to Heaven that Moment, that my Petitions are not for

myſelf. But will you then abandon an unhappy Family, for whom I have ſo long addreſſed my Vows? What will you do with *Patrick?* He is loſt. His Conſcience, his Honour, his Fortune, I ſee all ruined in the ſame Wreck. What will you do with his Wife? I ſee nothing for her but dreadful Deſpair, from which all the good Qualities ſhe has received from you are the moſt ſtrong Reaſons to deliver her. O Heaven! cried I again, if it be in the Extremity of Danger that you are pleaſed to ſignalize your Power, why do you delay it? Are not the Misfortunes of my wretched Family heaped up to the full?

I ſtopped ſhort nevertheleſs in theſe Complaints, wherein I began to fear, that God would not conſider them but as the Effects of Impatience and Rebellion. The Remembrance of *Linch* repreſenting itſelf to my Mind, carried me to enquire, if he was in a Condition to be ſeen by any Body; and I flattered myſelf, that if could have a Moment's Diſcourſe with him, I might receive ſome Explanation of what I wanted to know. I heard he was at the laſt Extremity; but this did not hinder me from going to his Houſe, and giving him Notice that I deſired to ſee him. He ordered me to be called in. I found him employed in dictating a Letter, and was ſurprized to underſtand that it was intended for me. You ſee, ſaid he, with what Rigour Fortune has treated me. I never yet have formed an Enterprize that has ſucceeded; and at the Time wherein the Senſe of my Obligations to you, as well as a new Inclination, have carried me to ſacrifice the former Deſires of my Heart, I periſh by the Hand of your Brother. He could not finiſh without the Burſtings of ſome Sobs. I ſhewed a piercing Compaſſion for the ſorrowful Condition in which I ſaw him, and told him, that being but juſt arrived from *Antrim*, I was ignorant of what had paſſed in my Abſence. He recollected his Strength to give me this Account.

You cannot doubt, ſaid he, of the Aſtoniſhment I was in on my Arrival, to hear from my Servants, that

that you found the Means of deceiving their Vigilance, and that, by the Advice of *Angleſey*, they continued me in that Error, into which their firſt Account had caſt me. I am aſhamed of the Obſtinacy with which I refuſed to believe you. Nevertheleſs, I could not yet perſuade myſelf, but that it was your Siſter who had been carried away with you, and the rather as my Servants had not then changed their Opinions, and had always flattered themſelves in having executed my Orders faithfully. As they came to underſtand, from divers Informations, that it was into *Angleſey*'s Houſe you had retired with your Companion, I did not loſe a Minute in going there; and, I confeſs, that not being yet without Hopes, I haſtened ſo much the more, with a Deſire to turn the Moments of your Abſence to Account. I was undeceived all at once by *Angleſey*'s Servants; but underſtanding from them, that your Brother had been ſome Days in that Houſe, I had a ſenſible Pleaſure in ſeeing him, and I ſhewed, by my Careſſes, ſome Part of the Gratitude I owed you. He received me with more Openneſs than I had a Right to expect, after ſuch a Violence committed, of which I had no Doubt but he was informed. The unhappy Succeſs of my Enterprize was turned into Raillery, and obſerving, that they ſaw me without any Diffidence, I paſſed the reſt of the Day in a Company that I found perfectly agreeable. I tell you the Source of my Misfortune. The Charms of Mademoiſelle *de L*——— made the moſt deep Impreſſions on me, and I returned home pierced through and through with her Beauty.

Theſe new Sentiments did not take Poſſeſſion of my Heart without raiſing in me an extreme Surprize. But if you conſider, how my former Paſſion had cauſed me many unprofitable Torments, and what Diminution the Ruin of my late Deſigns had given to my Hopes, you would look upon this Change leſs as an Inconſtancy, than as a Mark of Deſpair and Laſſitude. Far from reproaching myſelf with it, I fortified this growing Inclination with my own

Reflections. I owed you my Gratitude. It would be an ill Return to your Generoſity, obſtinately to perſevere in troubling your Family by Pretenſions that I could no longer juſtify. No other Way was open to me to proſecute my Claim to them. I thought myſelf too happy to arrive without any Effort of mine to the Power of making the Intereſt of my Duty and that of my Repoſe agree. Although I had not before been known to Mademoiſelle *de L*———, I remembred ſome Circumſtances by which I came to the Knowledge of her Birth and Eſtate. She was free; Heaven ſeemed to have led me to her to heal all the Wounds of my Heart. I thought ſeriouſly to make my Application to her, and if ſhe continued to pleaſe me, I was reſolved to offer to her with my Hand a Fortune ſhe could not diſdain.

Can you condemn this Project? I was confirmed in it the Day following, and hugged myſelf for having found the Opportunity of entering naturally within certain Bounds, from which I am obliged to own, that the Force of my Paſſions had too long carried me aſide. I returned aſſiduouſly to *Angleſey*'s Houſe. My firſt Viſits were endured with Complaiſance, and my Love for Mademoiſelle *de L*——— increaſed every Day. But the Coldneſs of your Brother made me ſoon apprehend he had penetrated my Views, and that they did not accord with his. It was not nevertheleſs all at once that I diſcovered his Sentiments. Being married in *Ireland*, I could not ſuſpect him for being my Rival, and when I took him aſide to lay open the Bottom of my Deſigns, I imagined that my paſt Conduct having rendered me ſuſpected, the Remainder of an Attachment to a young Lady, whom he had loved, might make him fear ſhe might be in ſome Danger of hearing me, and might in one Word inſpire him with Diffidences, that I would willingly have diſſipated by my Explanations. He received them ſo haughtily that my Pride was piqued. I paſs over a Detail of Particulars that perhaps might have renewed my Reſentment; but from this firſt Overture

we

we ſhould not have parted without ſome Violence, if the Memory of your Favours had not obliged me to uſe Moderation in my Anſwers. I writ to you the Day following, and you might judge by my Stile, whether I had not a little Trouble to overcome myſelf. Nevertheleſs I was reſolved to lay theſe Reſtraints on my Paſſions untill your Return, and I promiſed myſelf that your Wiſdom would have made you approve of my Conduct and Sentiments.

I affected then to appear inſenſible of the Proceedings of your Brother; and not doubting but *Angleſey*, who is my Relation, would make me welcome at his Houſe, I returned at the Hour in which I uſually payed my Viſits. But I was vexed for the firſt Time to ſee Mademoiſelle *de L*——— diſappear at my Arrival. Your Brother not being preſent during the Time of her Abſence, I confeſs Jealouſy poſſeſſed ſo furiouſly my Heart, that I had a thouſand Torments to endure before I could make myſelf Maſter of my Tranſports. I returned to myſelf by forming divers Projects of Revenge. What was it the Day following, when going to *Angleſey*'s Houſe, I perceived them two together, who ſeemed to fly into the Park for no other Purpoſe but to avoid my Preſence, and turned their Heads at certain Diſtances, as if it were in hopes ſo to diſpoſe of themſelves, that I might not diſcover them? They had nobody with them but one of *Angleſey*'s Siſters. My Shame was too manifeſt. I would have declared upon the Spot the Vexations that wrecked me, if I had not apprehended that *Angleſey*, with whom I was, would have taken the Opportunity of watching me. I compoſed my Countenance, whilſt my Heart was cruelly tortured, and pretending to make a Game in ſurprizing them, I ſlipped behind the Trees, 'till I came to a Place where I could ſee and hear them. What I ſaw juſtified all my Suſpicions. Your Brother toyed familiarly with his Companions, and if he diſtributed to them equally his Careſſes, I could too well diſtinguiſh, it was to make the one a ſtepping Stone to come at the Favours of the

other, and that thoſe he addreſſed to Mademoiſelle *de L*—— were too much enlivened for any other Air than that of Love. She did not receive them at all as uneaſy or diſagreeable Liberties. My Eyes penetrated into the Bottom of their Hearts. Wretched Diſpoſition of mine, which makes me find my Puniſhment in the Happineſs of another! But what could I conjecture, when I intended only to have a little Raillery on your Brother, upon the Patience I had in wearying myſelf with *Angleſey* and his Mother? I could not reſiſt their Toying longer. I lifted up my Head, and laying hold of the Moment that he turned his Eyes towards me, I made him a Sign, which he found no Difficulty in apprehending. I do him Juſtice; he anſwered it like a gallant Man. Stepping aſide, as if it were without Deſign, he immediately found the Path I took at ſome Diſtance before him, and being entirely covered by the Trees, we met in a Place proper for my Deſign. Furious as I was, I began by Reproaches capable of ſtinging him. He made me no Anſwer but by drawing his Sword. Our Combat laſted only a ſhort Time. My Fury having taken from me all Meaſures of Defence, I received a Wound that has reduced me to the Condition in which you now ſee me.

I muſt confeſs to you, with Confuſion, that in the Rage of ſeeing myſelf overthrown at the Feet of my Rival, I thought to ſummon up all my remaining Strength to do his Work. I ſtretched my Arm towards my Sword, that lay ſome Paces from me, and I would then have given him a thouſand Wounds, if I could have laid my Hands on it. But perceiving what I aimed at, he kicked it ſpeedily away with his Foot, and promiſing to ſend me ſome Help, immediately releaſed me from the Torment of ſeeing him. It was yet more mortal to me to conſider, that he was going to enjoy his Triumph, and raiſe a new Merit from the Danger he had juſt come from ſharing. In the mean Time, being much weakened by Loſs of Blood, the Movements of Fury and Hatred gave Place

Place to ſome Sentiments of Religion, which came to my Aid. I was willing to be carried home, and judging, from the waſting of my Strength, that I was, perhaps, near my laſt Moments, I gave it in Charge to one of my Servants, to tell your Brother that I forgave him my Death.

For twenty-four Hours the Strength of my Conſtitution hath ſupported me againſt all Hopes. In a Situation, wherein all my Deſires and Reſentments are extinguiſhed, it came into my Mind to write to you, not only to aſk your Pardon for all the Vexations and Troubles I have raiſed to your Family, but to give you ſome Tokens of Friendſhip and Confidence, to perſuade you of the Sincerity of my Repentance. Having no Catholick Relations, with whom I have had much Friendſhip, I leave to you the Diſpoſal of the Treaſure which you cannot forget we viſited together. You will apply it to ſuch Uſes as are moſt agreeable to your Piety and Knowledge; whether it be that you will judge it proper to give it over to King *James*, to whom I have already offered it, or whether you will think it more fitting to employ it here on the Neceſſities of the Faithful. I think alſo I owe ſome Reparation to your injured Siſter, for all the Trouble and Vexation that my extravagant Paſſion has expoſed her to, and, above all, for the Obſtacles I have, perhaps, thrown in the Way of her Eſtabliſhment. The Jewels of my Mother were intended for her in my firſt Views. Accept them now in her Name, that they may help to make her forget the Reaſons ſhe has had to hate me. Alas! added he, with a deep Sigh, my Lot has always been to make myſelf hated by the very Reaſons that helped others to make themſelves beloved, and to be unhappy by the Ways that ſeemed neceſſary to conduct me to Happineſs.

In finiſhing a Diſcourſe, which the Exceſs of his Weakneſs made him break off twenty times, he ordered a Caſket to be brought him, that he prayed me to open. I found in it, together with the Diamonds and

and Jewels of his Mother, all the Memorandums relating to the Treaſure. Having forced me to accept them, he joined thereto a Writing ſigned with his Hand, and before prepared, which contained a legal Aſſurance of the voluntary Ceſſion he made me of all his Rights to thoſe Things he had turned over to my Care. The Phyſicians had already preſſed to have an End put to a Diſcourſe that conſiderably impaired his Strength; and his natural Fire not abandoning him in his laſt Extremity, he had rejected them with Impatience. But now, ordering them to be called in, he put himſelf into their Hands with more Temper, and requeſted of me, as an only Teſtimony of Friendſhip and Compaſſion, to continue about him, and receive his laſt Breath.

A Duty ſo juſt detained me with him two Days, which proved the laſt Period of his Life. With what Zeal and what Sentiments of Gratitude ſoever I was inclined to render him this laſt Office of Chriſtian Charity, yet it was an Affliction to my Heart to be ſummoned away by other Obligations, that could not be reconciled to ſo long a Delay. I ſuffered ſo much the more by this Thought, that being continually taken up in reciting the Prayers of the Church, I found myſelf even obliged to throw them aſide as a Diſtraction. In the mean time it was certain, that *Patrick* having taken his Journey at a Hazard, and without being ſure of finding a Veſſel at *Waterford* ready to ſail, I might hope with a little Diligence to overtake him yet, and it may be to ſtop him. Duels of Honour, fought without Fraud or Inequality, are not ſo rigorouſly puniſhed in *Ireland* as in *France*. He had beſides in *Ireland* a thouſand Ways to ſhelter himſelf from Purſuits; and the Danger, whatever it was, would always be a leſſer Evil, than a Voyage undertaken againſt all Sorts of Rights, and of which there ought to be great Conſideration had to provide againſt fatal Conſequences. I removed from me nevertheleſs all theſe Reflections, and relying upon Heaven for the Conduct of ſuch dear Intereſts, I made a Sacrifice of theſe Thoughts to Charity.

Scarce

Scarce had Death ſealed the Eyes of my Lord *Linch*, than I flattered myſelf to recover yet the Time I had loſt. I had uſed the Precaution of having many Relays of Horſes placed on the Road, that might forward me with all Expedition poſſible in a Country where the Cuſtom of riding Poſt is not yet eſtabliſhed. Without loſing a Moment I took the Road to *Waterford*, and could ſcarce have got there ſwifter with Wings. O new Source of Grief! My Brother was gone the ſame Day. Having ſought to no Purpoſe an Opportunity for a Paſſage, Impatience and Fear had made them hire the firſt Veſſel they could get at a great Price. I found at the Place they had lodged not only *Angleſey*'s Coachman, who was yet there with his Horſes and Coach, but *Patrick*'s Lacquey, who was looking for ſome Conveniency to carry him to the County of *Antrim*. He no ſooner knew who I was, than aſking to ſee me, he freely told me all thoſe Circumſtances that I had been impatient to know. His Maſter, obliged to withdraw himſelf by the Misfortune he had to wound mortally my Lord *Linch*, had given him Orders to carry this News to *Antrim*, and to rejoin him again at *Paris*. The Trouble of ſo precipitate a Departure had not given him Time to write either to me or his Wife; but he promiſed to ſatisfy this Duty on his Arrival in *France*. He recommended my Lady to my Care, and prayed her not to deliver herſelf up to an Exceſs of Affliction.

Theſe extraordinary Cares, and this Language appeared to me as ſo many Artifices, that concealed Inclinations and Views quite different. The Anguiſh of my Soul drew from me deep Sighs, and having no other Reſource than the Compaſſion of Heaven, I prayed the Almighty Power, that as a Reward of that Sacrifice I had made him at my Lord *Linch*'s, he would ſtop theſe raſh Deſigns of a Brother who was blindly running on his Ruin. I did not then purpoſe to paſs the Seas to follow him. Beſides the Uncertainty of the Road he had taken, and the Difficulty of finding a Veſſel, I was ſummoned by another

Care,

Care, which cruelly divided my Heart. I repreſented to myſelf what would be the Deſpair of my Siſter-in-law on receiving the firſt Advice of this new Misfortune, or rather foreſeeing already, that ſhe would ſoon know it from ſome other Intelligence, the Compaſſion I had for her Lot made me experiment beforehand one Part of her Troubles. It was to her then that I owed the firſt Efforts of her Zeal, to repair at leaſt in ſome Meaſure the Effects of an Evil that I could no longer prevent.

Thus condemned, from henceforth, to continual poſting from Place to Place, and fatigued as much in Mind as Body, I retook the Road to *Antrim*, with the only View of forwarding, to my Power, the Peace of my Siſter-in-law. I exacted of *Patrick*'s Lacquey, that he would truſt his Commiſſion to my Management. But this Precaution was uſeleſs. *Dilnick*, who immediately came to me on my Arrival, informed me, that his Niece was already acquainted with what I thought to conceal from her, and that her Health and Mind were under an equal Diſorder. The Moment ſhe underſtood I was gone for *Dublin*, ſhe miſtruſted that a Reſolution ſo little premeditated ſuppoſed ſome extraordinary End, and her Inquietude being redoubled by the affected Myſteriouſneſs of my Proceedings, ſhe had ſent one of her Servants to follow me at ſome Diſtance, with an Order to watch all my Steps, and ſpeedily inform her of every Thing relating to her Huſband. This *Argus* had ſo faithfully entered into her Intentions, that not having loſt Sight of me till my Arrival at *Angleſey*'s Caſtle, he knew my Brother's Duel and Flight as ſoon as I did. He had returned with the utmoſt Diligence to impart this News to his Miſtreſs, and not having taken any Caution in his Expreſſions, had caſt her into ſuch Alarms, as had put even her Life into the utmoſt Danger.

My Fear was immediately, that Mademoiſelle *de L* —— had not been forgotten in this Story; but *Dilnick* taking no Notice of this Particular, I imagined that the Haſte of the Meſſenger had hindered him from

from penetrating further than Appearances, and that the moſt dangerous Part of the Evil was yet unknown. I went in to my Siſter-in-law under this Confidence. She ſeemed to receive ſome Conſolation from my Viſit, and the Turn I gave to the Misfortune of her Huſband contributing a little to calm her Troubles, I was perſuaded, more and more, that ſhe had no Miſtruſt on the Score of her Rival. Nevertheleſs, a Propoſal ſhe immediately made me to conduct her to *France*, might have given me ſome Suſpicion, if I had not aſcribed it to an Impulſe of Love, the Exceſs of which I well knew, or thought, at leaſt, that ſhe muſt have ſome other Motive than the Foundation I knew for her Jealouſy. I at firſt oppoſed to her Inſtances the croſs Situation of her Health, and the Hopes I had of facilitating the Return of her Huſband; but coming, all at once, to think, that under the Forgetfulneſs of himſelf, in which I might ſuppoſe *Patrick* to be, nothing could have ſo great a Force to recal him to his Duty, as the Preſence of a virtuous Wife, the leaſt Regard of whom would be capable of covering him with Confuſion, I entered freely into her Way of Thinking; and without explaining what it was that wrought in me this ſudden Change, I only requeſted of my Siſter-in-law to re-eſtabliſh her Health enough to undertake ſuch a Journey without Danger.

A Motive ſo powerful had a greater Effect than all Medicines. I ſenſibly perceived, that every Day added ſomething to her Strength. She could not ſpeak of our Project without a kind of Complaiſance, that ſhe appeared to have imbibed with her Notions. So we mutually deceived each other; for if I did not make a Diſcovery of my Views to her, ſhe was far from confeſſing hers to me. As ſoon as I thought ſhe had gained ſo much Strength as to hope that the Time was drawing near for her perfect Recovery, I laid hold of the Interval that theſe Hopes gave me to viſit my Flock. I was received there with Tears of Joy, and if any Thing could ever balance in my Heart the

Obligations

Obligations of Nature, it was the Zeal I felt ſpringing up in it at this Sight.

But I was too much taken up with the Troubles of my Siſter-in-law to forget what I owed to her Conſolation. I found her at my Return not only fixed in her Reſolution to be gone, but ſo well recovered from her Sickneſs, that I could aſcribe this Miracle to nothing but Love. Her Preparations were already made for her Voyage, and I admired, as another Mark of her great Fondneſs, that ſhe took leſs Care of her own Wants, than of thoſe of her Huſband. The greateſt Part of her Equipage was made up of what had been appropriated to my Brother. Ingrate! I could not help ſaying to myſelf, how can you refuſe your Heart to ſo much Love and Virtue? Who knows under what Uncertainties and Wanderings we are going to find you, and whether the Pleaſure of ſeeing you, which ſhe propoſes with ſo much Ardour and Joy, ſhall not immediately throw her into an Abyſs of new Griefs?

The Care of every Thing my Siſter-in-law was to leave behind her was committed to *Dilnick*. He had himſelf approved of our Voyage, and the Opinion he had of my Fidelity, encouraging him againſt all the Fears that *Fincer* might have inſpired him with, he ſaw us go out without any Diſturbance. A Veſſel bound to *Dunkirk* tranſported us happily there, where we found all Sort of Conveniences for our Journey to *Paris*.

This Journey, which I had undertaken with leſs Repugnance than Joy, now made on me Impreſſions intirely different, in Proportion as we advanced near the End of it. I was ignorant in what Situation we were going to find *Patrick*, and forced to ſurrender myſelf up to a thouſand fatal Suſpicions, which could with more Eaſe be ſuſpended during my Abſence. I trembled leaſt all the Evils I had to fear were not already paſt Remedy. It ſeemed to me that the Preſence of my Siſter-in-law was likely only to irritate them. With what Eye could a guilty Huſband look on a Wife,

Wife, from whom he could expect nothing but Reproaches? Shame is often converted into Hardneſs and Obſtinacy to diſguiſe itſelf; and the Perſon, who had only ſurrendered to diſorder the one half of his Heart, will find Reaſons for abandoning himſelf to it without Reſerve, when he is forced to a Juſtification of himſelf. Beſides, having writ twice to *Roſe*, I had received no Anſwer. This was the Subject of another Vexation, which I had not ſo ſenſible a feeling of in *Ireland*, as now that I was approaching to *Paris*. So that Uncertainty and Fear ſeemed to go before my Steps; and, far from promiſing myſelf Satisfaction in ſeeing again what I held moſt dear, I had a ſorrowful Employment to arm myſelf with Strength for enduring, it may be, an Infinity of freſh Troubles.

My Uncertainties raiſed in me ſo much Vexation for the laſt Day of my Journey, that not daring, without ſome Precautions, to venture into ſuch a frightful Darkneſs, I choſe to ſtop at St. *Denys*, from whence I immediately diſpatched my Valet with divers Orders. It was eaſy to bring my Siſter-in-law into an Approbation of the Pretences for ſuch a Delay. The firſt Commiſſion I gave *Jacin* was to carry to the Count *de S*——— the News of my Arrival; but in ordering him to be told, that I had my Siſter-in-law with me, I did not think proper to acquaint him with my Alarms for the Conduct of *Patrick*. *Jacin* had Senſe enough not to confound Things, and as he was not ignorant of thoſe Particulars I ordered him to conceal, I thought him even capable of dexterouſly drawing from the Count what I was willing to have cleared up to me. From thence he was to go to our Houſe at *Saiſons*, if my Lord *Tenermill* and *Roſe* had retired there, as I imagined they had, or to that of the Count, if they yet continued there. I recommended to him to avoid, with the utmoſt Care, the Sight of *Patrick*, in whatever Place he might meet him, and to uſe all his Addreſs to ſee my Lord *Tenermill* without Witneſſes. What I gave him in Charge to ſay to him, was but four Words. Without mentioning my Siſter-

Siſter-in-law, he was to pray him to come to me to St. *Denys*, where I attended upon Affairs that required as much Diſpatch as Secrecy.

I let nobody living into my Views. Whatever Opinion my Lord *Tenermill*'s former Diſcourſes made me take up of his Principles, I could not perſuade myſelf but that Honour would inſpire him with other Sentiments, wh having ſeen my Siſter-in-law, and finding himſelf preſſed by her Tears, as much as by my Inſtances, to contribute to reſtore her Huſband to her, he ſhould be forced to acknowledge, that the View of his own Intereſt would lay him under a Neceſſity to join us in this Particular. For he muſt think, that the leaſt Infidelity in *Patrick* could not be long concealed from his Wife, nor that ſhe was of a Humour to ſuffer the Outrages of an ungrateful Huſband, who was indebted for every Thing to her Favours. Complaints as juſt as hers could not fail of being repreſented to the Publick; and upon whom would the Shame of ſuch a Clamour more directly fall than upon him, who had a thouſand Reaſons to huſband his Honour, as well as that of his Family, in a Country where his Hopes have not yet had any other Foundation?

I was taken up with theſe Reflections, when the Rattling of an Equipage, that ſtopped oppoſite to the Door, making me put my Head out of the Window, I knew it to be the Coach of the Count *de S*——, whom I immediately ſaw ſtep out of it. My Surpriſe at firſt fell upon nothing elſe but the Diligence of *Jacin*, who could not have loſt one Moment, and upon the Zeal of the Count, to whom Friendſhip ſeemed to have lent Wings. But I was feelingly moved at ſeeing my two Brothers ſtep out of the Coach after him; and in what Terms can I repreſent the Exceſs of my Trouble, when having all three turned their Faces towards the Boot, I ſaw them offer their Hands to two Ladies, who were Mademoiſelle *de L*———, and my Siſter.

I ſhould

I ſhould have ſent forth a Shriek for Grief and Aſtoniſhment, if the Goodneſs of Heaven had not placed, all at once, before my Eyes, the Intereſts I had to conduct. It was even a Miracle of Providence, that ſhe, for whom I was alarmed with ſo much Reaſon, had not the ſame Curioſity to aſk me, what it was I had ſeen, and that, given up to her ordinary Meditations, ſhe continued ſitting quietly at ſome Diſtance from the Window. Theſe Thoughts happily reſtored to me all my Preſence of Mind. I drew a Book out of my Pocket, which I had furniſhed myſelf with as a Remedy againſt the Tediouſneſs of the Voyage, and aſking Permiſſion of my Siſter-in-law to leave her a Moment, I preſſed her to read ſome Pages in it, of which I ſhould be well pleaſed to have her Thoughts. I immediately left her, without appearing to do ſo on any Deſign. But I had ſcarce ſhut the Chamber-door, when I ran down Stairs with a Speed equal to my Fears, curſing *Jacin*, whom I accuſed for having caſt me into ſuch a cruel Embarraſment.

The firſt Object I met was one of my Siſter-in-law's Servants, who having gotten a Sight of his Maſter, was running up Stairs to give us an Account of his Arrival. I ſtopped him angrily, and forbidding him to go into his Miſtreſs's Chamber, under the Penalty of being ſent back immediately to *Ireland*, I ordered him to ſtand at the Bottom of the Stairs, to make the ſame Declaration, as from me, to our other Domeſticks. I had not the leaſt Doubt, but *Patrick*, and all his Company, were informed by *Jacin*, that my Siſter-in-law was with me; and though I had not believed them to be fully informed by this indiſcreet Fellow, yet I could not imagine, that out of four Servants in her Retinue, there ſhould happen not to be one in waiting at the Door, and who had not been ſeen by his Maſter. In the mean time, not having ſeen *Jacin* appear, and obſerving that the Count and my Brothers were yet enquiring of the Servants of the Houſe the Way to my Chamber, I flattered myſelf, that I ſhould be

be able to get out of this Labyrinth, and I reſolved, in accoſting them, to wait for their Explanations.

After ſome warm Effuſions of Affection and Tenderneſs, which did not give any Light into what I wanted to know, I ſhewed them into a Chamber at a good Diſtance from that in which I had left my Siſter-in-law, and went in with them. During the Diſorder of our firſt Motions, I did not take my Eyes off *Patrick*, and I thought I ſaw diſtinguiſhable in his Countenance an Air of Embarraſment, which declared a guilty Heart. On the contrary, the Tranquillity that appeared in the Face of Mademoiſelle *de L*——— was a Token that ſhe did not believe herſelf to be any longer ſo unhappy, and I looked upon theſe two Diſpoſitions, ſo different, as the Effect of one and the ſame Cauſe. They ſat down. My Lord *Tenermill* took up the Diſcourſe. It appeared in his Countenance, that he had a thouſand Things to inform me of, and that he did not know with which to begin firſt. It is an Addition to our Joy, ſaid he, at length, to ſee you here to take Part in it. There is not one of us who has not a contented Heart, and delighted to have you a Witneſs of their Happineſs. *Patrick* himſelf, added he, looking on him with an Air of Correſpondence, that made him bluſh, will not diſclaim me, if I aſſure you, that he is content with his Hopes, and that, within theſe four Days, he has had room to be thankful for his Fortune. But what we have to acquaint you with, requires to be explained with leſs Obſcurity.

After much Uneaſineſs and Pining, added he, ſmiling, my Siſter is on the Eve of obtaining all ſhe deſires. The Count has demoliſhed all Obſtacles, that made us a long Time fear for the Succeſſion to *de Peſſes*'s Eſtate. He has gained his own Law-ſuit. He waits for the Concluſion of his Marriage, only the Expiration of a very ſhort Time, that is yet due to Decency. He dies with Impatience, and I believe *Roſe* is not a whit behind-hand with him. My Happineſs,

pineſs, continued he, is this; that King *James* hath taken favourable Sentiments for me. His Recommendation hath obtained me an *Iriſh* Regiment, which is commanded beyond Sea with the firſt Opportunity. He has added to it a Penſion of twelve thouſand Franks from his own Treaſury, and his Goodneſs makes me hope, that this ſhall not be the laſt of his Favours. What makes them yet more precious, is, that they have given me an Opportunity of happily employing my Cares to procure Satisfaction to *Patrick*. You are not ignorant that he is returned into *France* loaded with all manner of Grief. A forced Marriage, an odious Wife, the Fear of a Proſecution for the Death of *Linch*, and an invincible Repugnance to return into *Ireland*, although he ſhould find there all ſuch Condeſcenſions as he cannot hope for, and, not to diſſemble the Particular that is the moſt honourable, a Love for Mademoiſelle *de L*——, which will ſtand Proof againſt all Sorts of Obſtacles, and is well juſtified by the Merit and Sentiments of her who has raiſed it; ſo many Reaſons have made me enter into his Troubles, and obliged me to ſpare no Pains to eaſe them. I have imparted all his Misfortunes to the King. This Prince, who was uneaſy to hear he was married in *Ireland*, and eſpecially to the Daughter of *Fincer*, whoſe Name, you muſt know, is odious at St. *Germain*, has ſhewn a great Deſire to relieve him; and when he came to be informed, that, after a Marriage of ſo many Months, he has not yet had the leaſt Conſummation with his Wife, he was the firſt to think, that a Knot ſo ill tied might eaſily be looſened. I greedily laid hold of this Overture. A Conſultation was held on the Affair, four Days ago, by the beſt Advocates in *Paris*, and their Anſwer is ſo favourable, that we have now nothing elſe in our Thoughts, but to procure Informations and neceſſary Witneſſes from *Ireland*, to proſecute the Matter in Form of Law. But your Arrival, added *Tenermill*, will ſhorten one Part of our Trouble; for we cannot believe, that you will make any Difficulty of embarking

in

in ſo juſt a Project; and although *Patrick*'s Marriage was your Handy-work, yet you muſt acknowledge, that an Engagement ſo unhappy, is not approved by Heaven, and cannot be too ſoon diſſolved.

He held his Peace to hear my Anſwer. It was, doubtleſs, to Heaven I was indebted for the Power that made me maſter the Commotions of my Heart, and moderate my Expreſſions. I complimented them, in few Words, upon thoſe Parts of their Proſperity that did not injure any Rights of Religion, nor natural Equity; and looking with a ſteady Eye on *Patrick*, whoſe Bluſhes betrayed ſome Embarraſment, I demanded of him, with a mournful Air, and in a melancholy Tone, if it were from the Bottom of his Heart, that he gave the Name of Odious to an amiable Wife, and one paſſionately fond of him. He anſwered me, without Heſitation, that he never once made uſe of that Expreſſion, and that his Brother had not given a juſt Interpretation to his Sentiments; but that I was not ignorant alſo, that all he had yet felt for her being Matter only of Gratitude and Eſteem, he, from the firſt Moment, looked on his Marriage only as a Torment; and, beſides, he was confident, that, during his long Cohabitation with his Wife, he had always avoided even to touch her Hand. I know, ſaid I, interrupting him, that you have treated her with great Coldneſs; but your Faults cannot change her Merit, nor diminiſh any Thing from her Rights. It is making my Court very ill to you, added I, turning my Eyes to Mademoiſelle *de L——*; but I did acknowledge, Mademoiſelle, that you had as much Virtue, as Wit and Beauty; and when I took Part in your Troubles, I did not imagine you would already expoſe me to the Neceſſity of changing my Sentiments.

My View in thus diverting the Queſtion, was to pique her Honour, and fearing to engage myſelf too far with my Brothers, I was well pleaſed to take an indirect Way to declare freely my Inclinations. But *Tenermill*, affecting his ordinary Superiority over what he

he called my Delicacy and Scruples, got up with an Air of Sufficiency, and anticipating Mademoiſelle *de L*———, who appeared under ſome Embarraſment to make me an Anſwer. Truſt to me, Mademoiſelle, ſaid he, and do not fear: I promiſe you, that, before two Days, he will do us the Favour to think as the King does, as all Men of Worth at *Paris*, and as we do. You will ſee, added he, with an ironical Sneer, that, in the End, he will preſs us not to chuſe any other Hand than his, to give you the matrimonial Benediction; or, if he continues to perplex us with his little Objections, we will entreat the Favour of him to go and bury himſelf alone among his Books. Then, turning towards me, with a ſmiling Countenance, he repeated, that he was delighted with my Return, and that if I would believe it, we ſhould, all in a Body, take the Road to *Paris*, where I ſhould be a Witneſs of a thouſand things, that would flatter the Love with which I was filled for my Family.

Hold, ſaid I, with a reſolute Tone, the Minute he was inviting the Ladies to be gone, I little regard any Thing you have ſaid, that does not injure the Reſpect you owe my Character and Age. But be you ſenſible to Motives much more urgent. And not heſitating to inform them, that my Siſter-in-law was in a Chamber in the ſame Inn, I am curious to know, ſaid I to *Tenermill*, what Pretence for a Divorce your Imagination can be capable of furniſhing you with from a Woman, who joins to a thouſand natural Charms an irreproachable Virtue, and ſo much Love for her Huſband, that, without being deterred by his Ingratitude and ill Nature, ſhe has abandoned her Country, to go in Search of him through a thouſand Dangers. It will be a new Caſe for the Judges of *France* to find out a Name for a Crime, that proceeds from an Exceſs of Goodneſs and Tenderneſs, and from thence to draw a Pretence of Diſdain and Diſguſt. I have conſidered, added I, that by managing Matters with a little Degree of Prudence, I could lead you all to Reſolutions honourable and virtuous, and I ſhould

have hugged myſelf, in having concealed your Arrival here from my Siſter-in-law, with the Hopes, at leaſt, of diſpoſing you to receive her with Civility. But ſince you reject all ſorts of Compoſitions, it is your Buſineſs to take proper Cautions, before-hand, againſt her juſt Complaints. She ſhall not be condemned without being heard. She wants neither Courage nor Wit to repel an Injury. Her Wealth will raiſe her Protectors, if ſhe cannot hope for them from the Juſtice of her Cauſe; and I will not diſſemble the Matter with you, that, far from entering into your ſilly Projects, I will, to my laſt Breath, take Part with her Misfortune and Virtue.

The Embarraſment in which I ſaw them, for ſome Moments exhibited a Spectacle of Pleaſure to my Eyes. This was a very innocent Revenge, ſince the Benefit I hoped to reap from it, was only to inſpire them with reaſonable Sentiments. They appeared a long Time like People in a State of Irreſolution. To what do you expoſe us? ſaid my Lord *Tenermill* roughly; and taking the Count and *Patrick* aſide, they held Council together with extreme Precautions, leſt they ſhould be overheard. I laid them under no Reſtraint; but taking Advantage of this Interval, I gave ſome Reproaches to Mademoiſelle *de L*———, for the Trouble ſhe was about ſpreading in my Family. Is this you, ſaid I, whoſe Sweetneſs of Temper and Virtue have inſpired me with ſo much Eſteem? How can you forget yourſelf, to run into ſuch Exceſs? What can you hope for? Have you thought, that by undermining our Quiet, you expoſe your Reputation to almoſt infallible Ruin? For the Succeſs with which my Brothers flatter themſelves, is at a remote Diſtance. I will ſupport the Intereſt of my Siſter-in-law even to my Grave. It is a falſe Suggeſtion that has procured Opinions favourable to your Views. I will prepare Matters for the Information of the Judges. I will open the Eyes of all *France* upon you. She anſwered me, with a great many Tears, that ſhe did not wiſh either Ruin to our Repoſe, or Miſchief

to

to any Perſon in the World; and if ſhe was flattered with ſome Hopes, it was after my Lord *Tenermill* had aſſured her of the Protection of the King, and the Favour of the Judges. *Roſe*, who intereſted herſelf much in her Behalf, confirmed this Anſwer by her Teſtimony. She added, dexterouſly enough, every Thing ſhe imagined could conduce to her Juſtification. But in thoſe Things wherein ſhe ſeemed to declare againſt my Siſter-in-law, ſhe ſtood ſuſpected by me, and I ſighed bitterly, when I reflected, that I had not one Perſon in the World, in whom I could any more place a Confidence.

In the mean time my Brothers returned to me; and *Patrick*, who was pitched upon to explain their Opinions, prayed me to continue, as I had happily begun, to conceal from his Wife, that he had come ſo near her. We are going to leave you, added he, caſting down his Eyes, and we promiſe to ſee you again in *Paris*; but you muſt underſtand, that, under the Circumſtances we now are, Decency will not give us leave to ſee my Wife. Do you take Care, ſaid he further, to lodge her according to her Rank, without letting her know that you have ſeen me, or that you know where I am. I will explain myſelf further to you at the Count *de S*———'s Houſe, where you may find me almoſt every Hour of the Day.

Although every Word of this Diſcourſe, and, above all, the Fear of injuring Decency in ſeeing again his Wife, was capable of kindling up my Paſſion and Indignation, yet I did Violence to all my Sentiments; and conceiving, that, in Reality, I had gained ſo little Advantage by their knowing ſhe was with me, that I had more to fear than to hope from an Interview, that could not be held without ſome dangerous Explanations. I was willing to favour their Departure upon the Spot. Beſides, if I had any Hopes remaining, of reclaiming *Patrick* to his Duty, this could not be done in the Confuſion of a Company ſo numerous, if I was deſirous of embarking them in this great Enterprize; and I had no Fear of miſſing the

Opportunity of ſeeing him again in *Paris*. But there aroſe in my Mind two Objections, which I propoſed to him with great Gentleneſs. One, which related to the Difficulty of concealing from my Siſter in-law what was known to her Servants; and I related to him the Precautions I had been forced to uſe, to prevent her being already informed of his Arrival. In the ſecond Place, what Appearance will it have, to lodge her in a ſtrange Houſe, when we are all in *Paris*, and when it is well known that my Lord *Tenermill* and *Roſe* have here an Eſtabliſhment? I had Tears in my Eyes, and Bitterneſs in my Heart, in repreſenting to them this laſt Reflection. But they ſeemed to be embarraſſed only with the firſt. It is not the Cuſtom of *Paris*, ſaid my Lord *Tenermill* to me drily, for a Stranger to lodge with his Relations or Friends. As to the other Difficulty, added he, addreſſing himſelf to *Patrick*, it is your Buſineſs to conſider, whether you be diſpoſed to riſque a Viſit, from which it will, in Reality, be difficult to excuſe yourſelf, if it be true, that you have been ſeen. They began again to deliberate upon ſuch a preſſing Embarraſment, and the Concluſion was, that, under the Terms they yet were, this Civility was indiſpenſible. But *Patrick* could not reſolve to appear alone before her. He propoſed to the Count, and to *Roſe*, to accompany him, whilſt *Tenermill*, who was not known to any of our Servants, ſhould continue with Mademoiſelle *de L*—— in the Chamber we were then in. This Reſolution, which I was far from oppoſing, made them think of fore-arming themſelves againſt the Embarraſment upon the Point of Lodgings. It was agreed, that *Patrick*, for ſaving the Indecency of not concerning himſelf in this Care, ſhould indeed take upon him to ſearch out a commodious Lodging at *Paris*, and in the mean Time ſhould make uſe of this Pretext for ſhortening his Viſit. He ſhould pretend alſo ſome Remainder of Fear, that yet might happen to him from his firſt Duel, and which would oblige him to obſerve ſome Meaſures, and not

not permit him to appear ſo publick as to lodge with his Wife.

I hearkened with Compaſſion to this odious Contrivance, and I even admired, that after the Manner they explained it to me, they had ſo little Fear of making me a Witneſs to their Reſolutions. But this Thought comforted me, becauſe it ſeemed yet to leave me ſome Reſource in the Goodneſs of their Natures. It was a Comfort to obtain ſo much to hinder them from an open Rupture, under Circumſtances that might, perhaps, become irreparable. I preſſed them to execute what they had agreed upon. We left *Tenermill* with Mademoiſelle *de L*——, who appeared to act with Regret a Part ſo violent.

This unexpected Viſit of *Patrick*, and the Pleaſure which my Siſter-in law, without Doubt, found in it, having flattered her, that it was his Impatience had brought her Huſband thus far to meet her, put her, for ſome Moments, into the moſt agreeable Situation ſhe had experienced ſince her Marriage. She ran in great Precipitation to him with a kind of Tranſport, and in the Exceſs of her Joy could ſcarce find Expreſſions ſuitable to her Sentiments. He ſeemed embarraſſed in receiving her Careſſes. It was to deliver him from this Perplexity that he prayed her to ſit down, and not having Power to refuſe placing himſelf by her, he had the Cruelty to draw back his Hand, which ſhe many times laid hold of. If he did not reproach her for undertaking the Journey, he was ſo far from taking Notice of it with any Acknowledgment, that, aſcribing it to her Deſire of ſeeing *Paris*, he from thence took Occaſion, all at once, to entertain her with the Pleaſures of that Town, and with the Care he was going to take to procure her a Lodging in the moſt agreeable Quarter of it. But this ſerved to expoſe him to the Objections I had foreſeen. She anſwered him, that the Place where he lived ſhould always be the only one to pleaſe her; and that not having left *Ireland* but for the Pleaſure of meeting him, ſhe had no other Lodging to chooſe

but his. It was here he would have made thoſe Excuſes that he had before-hand prepared; but ſhe appeared ſo well ſatisfied to be with him, by her plain and natural Anſwers, that he would have fallen into the laſt Degree of Perplexity, if *Roſe* had not taken up the Diſcourſe to relieve him. Whether it was that ſhe feared to ſee him break all ſorts of Meaſures, or whether ſhe could not defend herſelf from a juſt Sentiment of Tenderneſs and Compaſſion for an amiable and unfortunate Woman, ſhe propoſed to her to go to *Saiſons*, where ſhe offered to wait on her, during which Time other Meaſures might be taken, to lodge her more commodiouſly at *Paris*. This Offer had, perhaps, a greater Effect than *Roſe* could have promiſed herſelf from it; in giving her to underſtand, that it was from a Want of Conveniences that *Patrick* had declined lodging with his Wife, ſhe diſperſed thoſe Suſpicions, that had already taken too ſtrong a Poſſeſſion of the Mind of my Siſter-in-law; who repairing, by this Mark of Friendſhip, the Air of Coldneſs and Conſtraint with which ſhe had hitherto, as it were, affected to keep Silence, ſhe took up a better Opinion of the welcome Reception ſhe might hope for from our Family.

In Effect, the Change I obſerved in her Countenance, made me judge that ſhe was encouraged by theſe two Reflections. During the Motions ſhe felt in her Mind at the Sight of *Patrick*, ſhe had given little Attention to the firſt Civilities of my Siſter, and not having, till now, had any Acquaintance with her, it is poſſible ſhe might not know who ſhe was. But not doubting now to whom ſhe ſpoke, after having heard her Words, ſhe got up to load her with Careſſes and Thanks for her Offers. I was attentive to all the Circumſtances of this Sight. In fine, quickly penetrating into the Service *Roſe* had done us, I added a thouſand Things, which laid *Patrick* under a Neceſſity of approving them; and to bind cloſer this new Knot, I preſented the Count *de S——* to my Siſter-in-law, as a Man who already was

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one of us by his Engagements, and who had too much Merit not to be ſenſible of the great Share of it ſhe had herſelf. He could not diſpenſe with himſelf from ſupporting this Compliment with all the Gallantries that are familiar to the *French*. Thus the Converſation being animated by Degrees, and taking a very obliging and tender Turn, I began to flatter myſelf that nothing could happen to trouble Appearances ſo peaceable and calm.

I was labouring to confirm them by every Thing I could imagine moſt affable and amuſing, when one of the Servants of my Siſter-in-law, he who had been ſent with the ſecret Commiſſion to *Angleſey*'s Houſe, came into the Chamber, and going up to the Ear of his Miſtreſs, whiſpered her ſomething, which ſhe ſeemed to liſten to with much Emotion. The Silence which this Incident threw us into, all at once, gave Time to *Patrick* (who ſat near enough to her, and whoſe Inquietude for Mademoiſelle *de L*——— made him miſtruſt ſomething) to over-hear the greateſt Part of what the Servant had been whiſpering, in which that young Lady was intereſted. I ſaw him much moved, in his Turn, even ſo far as to get up with a very briſk Motion, and leave us without ſaying a ſingle Word. My Siſter-in-law, alarmed at his ſo ſudden Departure, earneſtly prayed him not to go away without hearing her. He ran down without giving the leaſt Attention to what ſhe requeſted. Although, at the Diſtance I was, I could hear nothing capable of giving me the leaſt Suſpicion, yet I could not doubt but he was ſhocked with ſomething I was ignorant of; and obſerving, on the other hand, the Conſternation of my Siſter-in-law, which gave me room to fear ſhe would faint away, I conjured *Roſe* and the Count to follow the weak *Patrick*, and to prevent any Thing from eſcaping him that was indecent. They ſeemed to enter freely into my Views. I remained alone with the melancholy Companion of my Voyage, who immediately juſtified my Fears by falling into a deep Swoon. She continued a long time

in this Condition, and I haſtened to aſſiſt her with my utmoſt Diligence. While I was buſied about her, and that for avoiding any Noiſe to be made of the Accident, I had choſen not to call in any other Aid, but that of the Lacquey, who had been the Cauſe of this Diſorder. I heard the Count's Coach, which ſeemed to drive off from the Inn. The Suſpicion of ſome new Miſchief made me put my Head out of the Window. I ſaw indeed that he took the Road to *Paris*, and drove at a great Rate.

Into what an Exceſs of Trouble did I not fall all at once? Nothing could give me Light into the Bottom of ſuch a cruel Adventure; but the very Obſcurity of it was a Torment ſo painful to me, that I thought myſelf ready to fall down into the melancholy Condition, in which I juſt then had ſeen my Siſter-in-law. I demanded Eclairciſments, in vain, from this miſerable poor Lady, who was come into the midſt of us, to ſuck in nothing but Poiſon and Death. She appeared trembling with Fear and Grief, but refuſed abſolutely to give me an Anſwer. I ordered the Servant to go down, at leaſt to inform himſelf exactly who went away in the Count's Coach, and deſpairing to recover my Siſter-in-law's Spirits, without the Aid of her Women, I was obliged to have them called.

Nevertheleſs, in a little time ſhe came to herſelf; but her Eyes opened only to pour out a Torrent of Tears, and her Mouth to iſſue the moſt bitter Complaints. She aſked what was become of her Huſband. Her Servants, who were gathered about her, could not conceal from her that he was gone. They had been Witneſſes with what Precipitation he went down Stairs, and having obſerved him with ſo much the more Curioſity, as they had already been informed of what we were deſirous of concealing, they had ſeen him deliberate a Moment with his Companions, and then get, as it were by Stealth, into the Count's Coach with them. My Siſter-in-law, being yet more u ck with this Account, redoubled her Tears, crying out that ſhe was a loſt and undone Woman. I

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was as much ignorant of what was capable of afflicting her to this Exceſs, as I was of what made my Brothers and Siſter take a Reſolution ſo extraordinary. I prayed her to clear up the Matter to me. Ah! ſaid ſhe, you do not know that he deteſts me, and that he has not yet had for me the leaſt Sentiment of Tenderneſs. He is paſſionately in Love with another Woman. It was leſs his Duel, than his longing to follow her, that made him come over into *France*. I knew it all, and I have had the Power of concealing it from you. But why ſhould he inſult me? continued ſhe, why join this Outrage to his Treachery? Do you believe, that while he came to amuſe me here by a falſe Reſemblance of Complaiſance and Zeal, he has been labouring to annul our Marriage? Have you ſeen a Woman who was here to accompany him? That was his Miſtreſs; he was not aſhamed to bring her with him.

She, moreover, ordered her People to tell me what they had learned from the Count's Servants. Theſe Wretches, the greateſt Part of whom are as little capable of Diſcretion, as of Fidelity and Honour, had indeed entertained themſelves with the Affairs of their Maſters; and one of ours, in whom my Siſter-in-law had placed a Confidence, made haſte to give her an Account of all he had diſcovered. I moreover conceived, that *Patrick*, who had lent an Ear to what he whiſpered, had not Power longer to bear the Preſence of a Woman, whom he had injured, and that getting again with *Tenermill* and the Count, they had concluded together, that after the Hints ſhe had received, he had no further Meaſures to keep with her. All the Reflections that occurred to my Mind not bringing any Aid to the preſent Evil, I employed all my Efforts in comforting her. Whatever Precautions *Patrick* had taken in flying away, I did not fear but I ſhould, in a ſhort Time, find him out again. So I confidently promiſed my Siſter-in-law, that we ſhould ſee him again in leſs than twenty-four Hours. Repoſe yourſelf, ſaid I, upon my Honour

and Zeal. The Misfortune with which you think yourſelf menaced, ſhall not be the Work of one Day. I have Reſources that I will not yet explain to you. If the Hope I yet have, to reclaim my Brother to his Duty, ſhall not ſucceed upon my firſt Trials, I engage my Word to you, that thoſe I have reſerved for the laſt Extremity, ſhall be more infallible.

In Truth, the Indignation with which I was filled, raiſed in me, all at once, a Number of Expedients, of which the Succeſs appeared to me to be certain. But the preſent Difficulty was to determine upon the Place where we ought to alight at *Paris*. In the mean time the Arrival of *Jacin*, and the Impatience I was in, to load him with Reproaches, made me ſuſpend this Deliberation. I went briſkly to meet him, as well to follow the Motions with which I was agitated, as to conceal from my Siſter-in-law this new Scene. The Confuſion with which he accoſted me, gave me room to judge that he knew a Share of the Evil he had cauſed. His Repentance not being a ſufficient Satisfaction, I received him with an Air of Anger, and treated him with the moſt harſh Expreſſions. I own my Fault, ſaid he, though you will find me excuſable, if you will hearken to me. But, added he, before I tell you with what Fidelity I have executed your Orders, I ought to acquit myſelf of a Commiſſion, which is yet more urgent. He continued to tell me, that he had met the Coach of the Count *de S*——, and that coming to the Boot of it, my Siſter had ordered him privately to make the greateſt Haſte to me, and to conjure me, from her, not to chuſe any other Lodgings for my Siſter-in-law, than *Saiſons*. She promiſes you, added he, not to loſe a Moment in being there. I looked upon the Care he took to begin with a Declaration ſo agreeable, as upon a very dexterous Turn to appeaſe me. This News, indeed, gave me ſo much Satisfaction, that it diſſipated, at once, my Reſentment. Having preſſed him, nevertheleſs, to finiſh, he told me, that out of Fear to depart from my

my Orders, he had concealed from the Count, not only the Arrival of my Sister-in-law, but the Commission I had given him to find out my Brothers. This was that unhappy Excess of Precaution, which had raised all our Trouble; seeing that having gone to *Saisons*, where he had hoped to find them, the Count, to whom he did not recommend Silence, and who might much sooner find them out than he, since they were at *Paris*, and in his Neighbourhood, had imparted to them immediately all he had heard. They came away, on the Spot, for St. *Denys*; insomuch, that not being able to be informed but at *Saisons*, that it was to *Paris* he must return to look for them, he had the Vexation to find them gone when he came there. Thinking properly that all his Diligence to get before them would be useless, he had employed his Time in getting an Account of the Situation of their Affairs. Fortune was propitious to him, he said, but he trembled to tell me that my Brother was to marry Mademoiselle *de L*———. That such a strange Piece of News making him immediately mount his Horse, he had thought it would be a sorrowful Interview between *Patrick* and my Sister-in-law; and what he had learned, added he, from the Servants, who attended the Count's Coach, had but too well confirmed his Conjectures.

Without making any Answer to this Story, I made him immediately return to *Saisons*, to prepare there all necessary Conveniences. This Account gave me some Trouble, to see our Affairs too well known to our Servants, and to learn, from thence, that the Publick was half informed of them; but this Vexation was so advantageously compensated by the Joy I felt from the Attention of *Rose*, that I hastened to my Sister-in-law, to console her with this News. I could scarce conceive, that *Rose*, after having appeared so affected by her Misfortunes, could resolve to abandon her all of a sudden, and I had Reason to imagine that she was forced to it by *Tenermill*. As to the Count, I was sure, that not being capable of taking any other

Part but with *Roſe*, I ſhould find it an eaſy Taſk to make him enter into our Views, if ſhe could be brought over to favour them. I made all theſe Reflections to my Siſter-in-law, and exhorting her to hope for every Thing from the Protection of Heaven: You are too much dejected, ſaid I, coming up to her, and you ought, at another Time, not to put your Truſt in Appearances. I was willing to arm her with a little Reſolution and Courage to bring her to anſwer my Views. I know not, added I, what juſt Reaſons you have to complain; but do you not magnify your Jealouſies without Foundation? What I have to inform you is, that I will wait on you to *Saiſons*; and *Roſe*, who has intreated me to conduct you there, would not have given me this Invitation without the Participation of your Huſband. I ſucceeded luckily enough, by this Method, to make her moderate her Tranſports, which ſhe herſelf repented of having diſcovered ſo clearly to her Domeſticks. We took the Road to *Paris*. I took Care, during our Journey, not to entertain her with any Thing that might not contribute to her Tranquillity. She appeared to give herſelf up to my Reaſons, and as I had not requeſted her more than at leaſt to know how to compoſe herſelf outwardly, I ſhould have been contented with the Condition in which I ſaw her, if ſhe had had the Power of maintaining herſelf in it.

But in croſſing *Paris*, in order to get at the Gate that leads to *Saiſons*, an unfortunate Chance made us drive through a Street very much crouded, in which our Coach was ſtopped, for ſome Moments, by a Train of a great Number of others. I opened our Boot to enquire the Cauſe of this Diſorder. About twenty Paces from us, I perceived at the Window of a very fair Houſe, Mademoiſelle *de L*—— and *Patrick*, who were entertaining one another with great Attention. My firſt Motion was to ſhut the Boot, and lie cloſe before the Window, to prevent my Siſter from ſeeing this Sight; but her Eyes were too ready to do her this bad Office. She had diſcovered, what I would fain

fain have concealed, as ſoon as I did, and her Imagination being filled with all the Terrors that Love and Jealouſy are capable of inſpiring, ſhe gave a looſe to the moſt bitter Senſations of Grief. Her Agitations were ſo violent, that in any other Place, I ſhould have choſen to have made her alight to take Care of her Health. But the Fear of ſome Scene yet more miſchievous, made me preſs the Coachman to make what Speed he could to *Saiſons*.

The Deſpair of my Companion having increaſed during the Remainder of our Journey, ſhe found herſelf ſo ill at her Arrival, that ſhe was obliged to go to Bed. I eaſily obſerved, that ſhe was in a more dangerous Condition than ſhe imagined herſelf; and, pierced even to the Bottom of my Heart at the Misfortune of this amiable Woman, I beſtirred myſelf with the moſt eager Haſte to give her Comfort. She perceived my Zeal, and it was at this Moment that, opening her Heart with as many Sighs as Words, ſhe voluntarily related to me the whole Hiſtory of her Troubles. Though there was nothing new to me in her Recital, the Exceſs of her Affliction redoubled my Pity. I promiſed her moſt faithfully to make, from henceforth, my deareſt Intereſt hers, and even to come to an open Rupture with her Huſband, if he continued obſtinate in ſwerving from his Duty. To the Objection that ſhe raiſed, as to what little Advantage ſhe could hope for from Violence, ſince it would only ſerve to eſtrange from her, more and more, a Heart, which never had for her the leaſt Sentiment of Tenderneſs, I anſwered, that ſuch an Ingrate did not deſerve to have any Meaſures obſerved with him, and that ſhe ſhould not fear to employ Rigour, when all the Efforts of Love and Goodneſs were found to be of no Uſe. I was fuller of Indignation than ſhe, and in ſome Moments was reſolved to go immediately to St. *Germain*, to caſt myſelf at the King's Feet, and ſollicit his Authority in Favour of Innocence, againſt the laſt Exceſs of Cruelty. I had given Orders, upon our Arrival, to ſend haſtily for a Phyſician. The Noiſe

Noiſe of a Coach in the Court made me judge that he was already come. But how great was my Surpriſe, to ſee coming towards me *Roſe* and Mademoiſelle *de L———*, who were already at the Foot of the Stairs.

I ſtopped them. How, ſaid I to Mademoiſelle *de L——*, with an Impulſe of Indignation that I could not forbear, dare you appear in a Place, that you have filled with Grief and Bitterneſs? What do you do here? Do you come to inſult over the Misfortunes you have cauſed, and which you ought to reproach yourſelf with? My Siſter, embarraſed by ſo harſh a Compliment, anſwered me in *Iriſh*, that I did wrong to accuſe her Companion without hearing her, and preſſing me to go into the next Room, ſhe prayed me to be ſeated, and to hear her. Mademoiſelle *de L——* threw herſelf into an Elbow Chair at ſome Diſtance from us. I obſerved that her Eyes were moiſtened with Tears, and that, placing her Elbow on a Table, ſhe hid her Face with her Hand, to weep more freely.

You would have been more cautious in your Expreſſions, ſaid my Siſter, if you had known the Motives that brought us here. Mademoiſelle *de L——*, upon whom you caſt all the Evils that are here lamented, is come for no other End but to repair them. She has entered, of herſelf, into the Reaſons that ought to make her abandon her Hopes, and rejecting all the Condeſcenſions they have yet made to her to give them Succeſs, ſhe has conceived, that Decency and Juſtice ſhould impoſe on her other Laws. I aſked *Roſe*, if ſhe ſpoke ſeriouſly. Yes, replied ſhe, and I anſwer you, that I ſhall not yet learn to lie. This is a Violence that Mademoiſelle *de L——* has the Courage to do to her Inclinations. Generoſity and Honour have gained the Aſcendant over Love. But I will not warrant you ſo boldly, continued ſhe, that the Mind of my Brother will be ſo eaſy to reclaim. He has juſt Subjects for Complaints; and if his Wife be ſo paſſionately fond of him, as ſhe ſeems to wiſh he ſhould think,

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it is ſtrange, that, to touch his Heart, ſhe ſhould have employed ſuch evil Ways as Violence. He will with Difficulty pardon her the Adventure of *Dilnick*. It is upon this Foundation, added *Roſe*, that I myſelf have lent my Hand to the Projects of Divorce; and I muſt confeſs to you, ſaid ſhe, letting her Voice fall, that notwithſtanding all the Compaſſion ſhe inſpired me with at St. *Denys*, I ſhould not have changed my Opinion all at once, if Mademoiſelle *de L*—— had not been induced of herſelf to ſacrifice to her all her Inclinations.

The Story of *Patrick*'s Valet de Chamber was too glaring in my Eyes not to make me recal immediately the Judgment this Boy had given of the Quarrel of his Maſter, and I ſhould have began, from that Moment, to form a more favourable Opinion of my Brother, by ſeeing, that the Extremities into which he was deſirous of coming with his Wife, had at leaſt ſome Colour of Juſtice and Reaſon. As it was eaſy for me to ruin this Pretence by the united Teſtimonies of *Dilnick* and my Siſter-in-law, I ſhould have thought the Peace ready to be renewed, and ſhould have given myſelf up, all at once, to this Hope, if I had not been ſtopped by other Difficulties, over which my Siſter paſſed too ſlightly. After ſo many Proofs of a Paſſion ſo lively as that of Mademoiſelle *de L*—, I could not perſuade myſelf, that in one Moment ſhe could have been able to carry away, over herſelf, ſuch a certain Victory. I ſhould have been willing to have known all that paſſed between her and *Patrick*, ſince their Departure from *Ireland*. I was curious to learn why they had parted ſo ſuddenly from St. *Denys*, and how any Body could pretend to reconcile the Reſolution of renouncing one another with theſe Signs of Tranquillity and good Underſtanding, with which I ſaw them entertain each other at the Window an Hour before. In fine, if it were true, that the Diſpoſition in which Mademoiſelle *de L*—— had been repreſented to me, was ſincere, what Need was there for her coming to *Saiſons*, and why ſhould ſhe mix herſelf in an Affair,

Affair, to which ſhe ought no longer to pretend an Intereſt?

I was going to preſs *Roſe* upon all theſe Heads, when they brought me Word the Phyſician was come. The Care I owed to the Health of my Siſter-in-law, made me wiſh to hear his Opinion on her Diſtemper. Riſing to go to her Chamber, I was aſtoniſhed to ſee that Mademoiſelle *de L*—— and *Roſe* were preparing to follow me. No, ſaid I to my Siſter, in the Condition I juſt now left that Lady, for whom I cannot have too great Conſideration and Reſpect, it would not be pardonable in me to preſent to her the Cauſe of all her Grief. Whatever Idea I ought to have of the Deſign that brought Mademoiſelle *de L*—— hither, I ſhall not ſuffer her to appear before my Siſter-in-law. As to you, continued I, addreſſing myſelf yet to *Roſe*, you may follow me into her Chamber; and if you have any Thing agreeable to tell her, I do not doubt but you will be more inſtrumental in reſtoring her Health, than all the Medicines of the Phyſician. I perceived the Chagrin this Repulſe gave to Mademoiſelle *de L*——. She returned melancholy to her former Poſture. *Roſe* embraced her, and uſed ſome Expreſſions of Friendſhip to her, which I could not hear, and ſhe conſented to continue alone a Moment.

The Perplexity of the Phyſician, and his equivocal Jargon, alarmed me in Earneſt for my Siſter-in-law. I took him aſide, as much to aſſure myſelf of her Situation, as to leave *Roſe* at Liberty to comfort her, by Aſſurances ſo much the leſs ſuſpicious, as they could not appear to be concerted. The Phyſician very ingeniouſly diſputed, that her Diſtemper did not proceed from an ordinary Cauſe; and, not concealing the Danger from me, confeſſed, that if ſome Means were not found to ſtop the Diſorder in its Source, he could little hope for any good Effects from the Help of Art. We reaſoned a long time upon the Symptoms he had obſerved, while my Siſter laboured to conſole her by Exhortations and Careſſes. But, far from

reſtoring

reſtoring to her more Tranquillity, ſome Words that eſcaped her indiſcreetly upon the Project of the Divorce, of which ſhe believed her well informed, augmented her Grief and Trouble. The Phyſician coming to her Bed-ſide, found her labouring under ſuch dreadful Symptoms, that I thought ſeriouſly of giving *Patrick* Notice of it. I went down with this Deſign, having firſt deſired my Siſter privately to put off, to a more favourable Moment, an Explanation, that could not make ſo great an Impreſſion on her from any other Mouth as from her Huſband. We left her in the Hands of her Woman. *Roſe* followed me to rejoin her Companion, and I promiſed to follow her a Moment after, to dive into the Matter that ſhe had only began to explain to me. But a great Shriek, which ſhe caſt out upon putting her Foot into the Room, having made me turn immediately to the ſame Side, I ſaw there Mademoiſelle *de L*—— ſtretched out without any Sign of Life. My Fright was equal to hers. Luckily the Phyſician was within Call. He uſed many Operations, which were, for a long time, of no Uſe, and we ſuffered above half an Hour's Uneaſineſs before we began to have any Hopes. You have Reaſon to be under Apprehenſions from your Siſter-in-law, ſaid the Phyſician, but I have no better Opinion of this young Perſon, and I am miſtaken if ſo ſudden an Alteration will not reduce her ſoon to the ſame Extremity. He ordered that ſhe ſhould be immediately put to Bed, and that every Thing ſhould be removed that might trouble her Reſt, which was abſolutely neceſſary for her.

Although the ſorrowful Condition in which I ſaw Mademoiſelle *de L*— did not ſuffer me to heſitate in giving her all ſorts of Aſſiſtance, yet I was ſenſible to what I ſhould expoſe myſelf in giving her a Bed under the ſame Roof with that of my Siſter-in-law. Not diſpenſing with myſelf from ſending for *Patrick*, I was plunged again into the ſame Pit, from whence I had juſt had Hopes of getting out. I imparted my Fears to *Roſe*, who acknowledged they were juſt. Nevertheleſs, as there were not two ſides of the Queſtion to deliberate

liberate upon, I muſt yield to Neceſſities equally urgent. I ordered Mademoiſelle *de L*—— to be placed in an Apartment the fartheſt diſtant from that of my Siſter-in-law, and in haſte ſent to my Brothers, to come to *Saiſons* without Loſs of a Moment's Time.

In reaſoning with *Roſe*, upon the unexpected Accident of her Companion, I learned a Number of Circumſtances, that diſpoſed me very much in her Favour. Without yet engaging herſelf in a Detail of Particulars, that I wiſhed to know, my Siſter related to me, that, a few Weeks before, my Lord *Tenermill*, who ſought to favour the Paſſion of my Brother, had propoſed to Mademoiſelle *de L*——, to accept of an Apartment in the Houſe he lived in with *Roſe* and *Patrick*. She was carried by Inclination to comply with this Requeſt, ſeeing ſhe paſſed moſt of her Time with them; but a Delicacy of Honour made her conſider, that Decency would be wounded by ſuch a Compliance; and from this Reflection ſhe came to be ſo rigorouſly circumſpect over herſelf, that ſhe conſtantly refuſed to receive *Patrick* alone in her own Houſe. I made ſome Objections to this Account, which naturally occurred to me. She made him come from one End of *Ireland* to the other, ſaid I to my Siſter, to paſs near three Weeks with him in *Angleſey*'s Houſe; ſhe returned into *France* in the ſame Veſſel; ſhe has received his Courtſhip continually; ſhe has entered into all his Projects formed againſt my Siſter-in-law; and without Doubt ſhe has aſſiſted therein as much out of her own proper Deſires, as from a Complaiſance to thoſe of her Lover. Will you give the Name of Decency to ſo free a Conduct? This very Day, added I, have I not ſeen them both at the ſame Window, under a Forgetfulneſs of themſelves, which perhaps cannot be aſcribed to any Thing but to their being intoxicated with Love? It is true, they adore one another, replied my Siſter, and the Misfortune that has divided two Hearts, which I think made for one another, is one of thoſe Strokes from Heaven, that

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we muſt not attempt to explain. But do not ſuſpect them of any Thing exceeding the Bounds of Innocence. I was with them when you ſaw them at the Window; and if you would judge of the whole from the Subject of this Interview, you would perhaps have a better Opinion of their Principles. They were both under a Conſternation at the unexpected Arrival of your Companion, and with whatever Hopes they had flattered themſelves, an unſeaſonable Moment, ſo little expected, quite ſtaggered their Reſolutions. Mademoiſelle *de L*—— apprehended, that even the Reaſons that were ſufficient to break my Brother's Marriage, would yet not be capable of juſtifying the Engagements he would fain have entered into with her; in one Word, that the moſt juſt Complaints would paſs for ſo many Pretences and Artifices, whilſt one ſought to ſhake off an uneaſy Yoke only to gratify a violent Paſſion. The Alarms of Honour, the Fear of a Noiſe that might rob her of her Reputation, and perhaps, the Doubt of Succeſs, diſturbed her ſo much, even to make her keep a ſudden Silence, which caſt my Brother into mortal Inquietudes; and when he preſſed her to explain herſelf, ſhe did not open her Mouth, only to demand of me a private Interview, of which ſhe made even a Difficulty of ſuffering him to be a Witneſs. Nevertheleſs, not being able to reſiſt his Inſtances, ſhe proteſted to me, in his Preſence, that notwithſtanding all the Force of her Paſſion, ſhe was reſolved to contradict her Inclinations. The Grief painted in her Eyes made me judge, that experiencing already a Share of the Torments, to which ſhe expoſed herſelf, ſhe would be capable of ſupporting them with Conſtancy, ſeeing ſhe did not appear to be terrified by them. All the Compaſſion I felt for *Patrick*, could not hinder me from praiſing ſo noble an Effort. He ſeemed as much dejected at this Sentence, as if it were that of his Death; when ſhe ſpoke of going away immediately, in order to fly from him, his Sobs would have ſtopped his Breath, if *George*, who came in, and before whom he had not

not the Power of containing himſelf, had not calmed this Tempeſt by another Propoſal. If, ſaid he to Mademoiſelle *de L*——, you abſolutely quit the Deſign of breaking the unfortunate Chains of my Brother, what ſhould hinder you to live, at leaſt, with us, and to ſeek your Conſolation in a Society full of Charms? You will have, as a Recompence for your Loſs, the tender Friendſhip of my Siſter, the Affection of the Count *de S*—— and mine, the Company of a Man who is dear to you, and, doubtleſs, the Eſteem of a Woman, who will be feelingly ſenſible of what ſhe owes you, when ſhe knows what Sacrifice you have made to her Honour and Repoſe. Dread theſe violent Reſolutions, continued *George*; they may expoſe you to bitter Repentance: Inſtead of which, without, in the leaſt, altering your Principles, or, perhaps, your Sentiments, you may make ſure, to yourſelf, of a thouſand Pleaſures, which, by another Conduct, you will infallibly regret the Loſs of. He moreover laid down the Plan of a Commerce, which might, indeed, become a Source of Delights for all our Family. Mademoiſelle *de L*—— was to live with me, when I ſhould be married to the Count. We ſhould be all reconciled to our Siſter-in-law. *Patrick* ſhould force himſelf to live, upon good Terms, with her: He has promiſed that himſelf, when he ſaw it was the only Means of retaining Mademoiſelle *de L*—— with us. In fine, it is upon his Word Mademoiſelle and I are now come here, to make the firſt Overtures of our Reconciliation; and although the Troubles ſhe is in now, may make in her ſome Alteration, yet I know ſo well the Integrity and Honour of her Heart, that I can be anſwerable to you for all her Thoughts.

Roſe looked upon me with a contented Eye after this Diſcourſe; and knowing her ſo well myſelf, I did not doubt but ſhe was perſuaded of what ſhe had told with ſo much Confidence. But I retained too faithfully, in my Memory, the Maxims and Diſcourſes of *George*, to give up myſelf, with as much Credulity as ſhe did, to Hopes, that could only fill her Imagination. Theſe

Projects

Projects of living in Society, with which ſhe was ſo much affected, were to me only an odious Maſk, under which *George* thought to conceal thoſe baſe Views, which he had confeſſed to me without bluſhing. Your Goodneſs blinds you, ſaid I to *Roſe*, you do not miſtruſt an Evil, of the Nature of which, perhaps, you are ignorant. Mademoiſelle *de L—*, as credulous as you, ſees no longer the Precipice, down which ſhe ſuffers herſelf to be hurried. Would you contribute to her Ruin? No, but it is he, not you, that has fallen upon this Humour, ſo as to think, that all your Meaſures ought to have no other End. O! that I could believe, with as much Confidence, that *Patrick* is not more guilty than you!

The Aſtoniſhment of my Siſter perſuading me yet more, that ſhe did not deſerve my Reproaches, I concluded, by explaining to her the Suſpicions that diſturbed me, and I conjured her, by the Honour of our Family, as much as by her own, not to intermeddle in ſo raſh a Combination, from whence we could expect nothing but criminal and fatal Conſequences. I ſhould, perhaps, have vanquiſhed her Prepoſſeſſions, and had already explained to her how uncertain ſhe was as to me, when I was told that *Patrick* was come with *George*. It was of more Importance to go and meet them, and to make myſelf ſure of their Intentions, than to gain over the Mind of *Roſe*. I made Haſte to join them, before they could receive the leaſt Information from the Servants. *Patrick*, whom I embraced firſt, appeared to me to be under an extraordinary Agitation. I aſked him, what it was that was capable of diſordering him to ſuch a Pitch. He began again to embrace me, and the Motion, with which he accompanied this Careſs, gave me ſtill a better Idea of his Trouble.

I could have wiſhed to have had it in my Power to have taken him aſide, to have avoided, upon the whole, the captious Reaſonings of *George*, from which I foreſaw I ſhould have a good deal of Trouble to defend myſelf. But their Eagerneſs ſeeming to be equal, I was obliged to endure, ſucceſſively, all

all their Queſtions. They would know if I had ſeen *Roſe*, and if ſhe was accompanied by Mademoiſelle *de L*——; what they had ſaid to my Siſter-in-law; in what Manner they were received by her: In fine, all that had paſſed in a Viſit, of which they confeſſed they mortally apprehended the Succeſs. They had left them, without giving them any Notice of their Deſign, and what Appearance ſoever of a Conſent *Patrick* might have given to their Reſolutions, he could not hear without a piercing Alarm, that they had followed upon our Heels.

I ſet aſide the Notions of Mademoiſelle *de L*——, by an Anſwer capable of rouſing all the Attention of *Patrick*. Heaven, ſaid I, has brought you here happily, or rather, added I, with an Air of Softneſs, I cannot believe you capable of giving the Name of Happineſs to a Sight which you are going to ſee, and I do not give that Name to it myſelf, but from the Circumſtances of your Arrival. Your Spouſe is in a Condition that makes me tremble for her Life. Come and conſole her by your Preſence. If you are here with that Deſign, I ſhall, without explaining myſelf, render to you my Eſteem and Friendſhip. But if Affection and Duty make you ſenſible of nothing upon this Occaſion for a Wife, to whom you are bound by all the ſacred Ties of Love and Gratitude, I look on you as a Monſter, and will be the firſt to deteſt you. Come, dear *Patrick*, continued I, taking him by the Hand, liſten one Moment to the Goodneſs of your own Heart; think that there can be no Pleaſures without Honour and Virtue; and for once make an Eſſay of thoſe which Heaven has put into your Hands. *George* interrupted me. He will ſee his Wife freely, ſaid he; and if you knew the Reſolution he has taken, you will have no further Occaſion to complain of his Intentions. Ah! anſwered I, without obſerving any Meaſures with him, every Thing that comes from you is ſuſpicious; and when he ſhall take up a Reliſh for his Duty, I will not give the Honour of it to your Advice. This Anſwer was ſhocking; but,

but, far from being offended at it, *George* received it with a Sneer, which ſeemed to ſignify, that he thought himſelf above my Reproaches.

We were at my Siſter-in-law's Door. *Patrick* did not refuſe to go in: He even went to her Bed-ſide, with an Air of Fondneſs, which I ſhould have looked upon as a good Omen in leſs tumultuous Conjunctures. He embraced her, and his firſt Expreſſions were, at leaſt, Teſtimonies of his Politeneſs. She, who did not ſtay to diſtinguiſh between Sincerity and Appearances, ſhe who, far from expecting ſo much Complaiſance, had dreaded ſome fatal Declaration when ſhe ſaw him appear; ſhe, in fine, to whom every Thing was ſo dear and precious, that came from a Huſband ſo tenderly beloved, gave herſelf up to the Pleaſure of finding him again ſuch, at leaſt, as ſhe had ſeen him before thoſe unhappy Proofs of his Ingratitude. I obſerved the Effect that this Thought produced in her, and willing to draw, from a Diſpoſition ſo favourable, all the Advantages that I might hope for her Recovery, I laid hold of that Moment, to venture at ſome Explanations that *Patrick* could not diſavow. Without naming Mademoiſelle *de L*——, I ſpoke of the firſt Incident that had troubled their Repoſe, as of a known Evil, of which the Imprudence and Vivacity of *Dilnick* was only to be accuſed. I attributed their mutual Pains to this miſchievous Cauſe; and, reuniting all the Hints I could gather upon their Conduct, I engaged them to confeſs, he, that he ſhould never have been brought to theſe violent Reſolutions but by the falſe Idea he had taken of his Wife's Sentiments; ſhe, that excepting this Error, ſhe had never found in her Huſband any Thing but good Humour and Complaiſance, in the very midſt of the Infirmities and Languors in which he had lived after their Marriage. I added theſe laſt Words dexterouſly to prevent other Objections. Your Chagrins, added I, are then ſo many Chimeras, which may be deſtroyed and repaired in one Moment. My Brother, added I, addreſſing

dreſſing myſelf to her, comes here to promiſe you all the Fidelity and Tenderneſs that he owes to his Engagements, and I am ſure you will not ſuſpect his good Faith in a Return ſo free and voluntary.

Whether it were that the Force of Circumſtances made a true Impreſſion on the Heart of *Patrick*, or whether it were that he was only ſenſible to the Fear of loſing Mademoiſelle *de L*———, whoſe Reſolutions, perhaps, more ſtrongly preſented themſelves to his Imagination, but he ſeconded my Diſcourſe with ſuch Marks of Sincerity, as did not appear to me to be ſuſpicious. His Wife, ſoftened even to the Bottom of her Heart, made an Account of his leaſt Complaiſances; and this Facility of ſuffering herſelf to be perſuaded, proceeded rather, without Doubt, from the Ardour of her own Sentiments, than from the Teſtimony ſhe received of the Sentiments of others. But, in fine, I ſhould, as well as ſhe, have relied upon the Diſpoſitions of *Patrick*, if I had not apprehended for him another Trial, that I had no hopes to make him avoid. It was impoſſible to diſguiſe from him the Viſit and Accident of Mademoiſelle *de L*——. *George*, who did not follow us into the Chamber of my Siſter-in-law, was already informed of it. What a Subject of Inquietude, in the midſt of all the Hopes with which I began to flatter myſelf! I imagined, nevertheleſs, that if he had any Thing to promiſe himſelf from the Goodneſs of Heaven, it was at the Moment when the Heart of my Brother had appeared ſenſible to its Duty. I ſhould not leave him time to cool. Inſtead of having Recourſe to Pretences, of which the Succeſs was uncertain, I reſolved to conduct him, upon the Spot, to the Chamber of Mademoiſelle *de L*——, and to aid them both with new Sollicitations, to enable them to carry away a Victory over themſelves, which I thought far advanced.

BOOK VII.

THE Arrival of the Count *de S*——, who followed close after my Brothers, and whom I met upon quitting my Sister-in-law's Apartment, encreased the Confidence I already had in the Resolutions of *Patrick*. I fancied that the Sight of so many Witnesses would prove a Stay to his Weakness, and as it were a Caution of the Promises, that I would fain draw solemnly from his Mouth. *Rose* and the Physician had not yet left Mademoiselle *de L*——. I thought *Tenermill* was with them; and I engaged the Count to accompany us, by declaring to him openly what I had to hope from the Virtue of *Patrick*.

But a mournful and melancholy Beck, by which my Sister seemed to forbid our Entrance, gave me room to think, that the Situation of Mademoiselle *de L*—— was become more dangerous. I had brought *Patrick* and the Count without giving them any Precaution. Their Surprise, as much as the Impossibility of concealing from them Circumstances that proclaimed themselves, obliged me to inform them of the almost sudden Accident that had reduced Mademoiselle *de L*—— to the last Extremity. *Patrick* scarce gave me time to finish the Account. He slipped from me with so open and undisguised a Transport, that I thought I saw in it the Ruin of all my Hopes. If there remained in him any Discretion, it was only for the Repose of a Person, in whose Life he had wrapped up his own, and whose Condition he thought even worse than I had represented it. I observed the trembling Air with which he accosted his Sister. He took her by the Hands, and without hearing him, I could too easily judge of what he enquired of her in a

Poſture the moſt moving and moſt paſſionate: The Trouble I felt from it hindered me from going in after him; I remained with the Count at the Door of the Apartment under an extreme Impatience to ſee this Scene ended.

Roſe, in finiſhing the Account of what he had not the Power to hear from me, ſaid to him, apparently to flatter his Grief, that he might go to the Bed-ſide of Mademoiſelle *de L——*, and judge of her Heavineſs by her Eyes, provided he did not provoke her to ſpeak. The Phyſician not impoſing on him any other Law, he laid hold of the Conceſſion at the firſt Word, and threw himſelf upon his Knees near her. How well did I learn to diſtinguiſh in one Moment the Cares and Ardours of Love, from the bare Inclinations of Duty! How vaſtly different did I now find him from what he appeared to be near his Wife! The Hand of his Miſtreſs lay on the Side of the Bed; he ſeiſed it, notwithſtanding an Attempt ſhe ſeemed to make to draw it back. He glewed on it his Lips and on it ſeemed to unite all the Powers of his Soul; and if he was faithful to the Condition impoſed on him of not ſpeaking, a thouſand Sighs, which he had no thoughts of keeping in, taught me well enough what my error was, when I judged him prepared to vanquiſh his Paſſion, or at leaſt reſolved to combat it: All the Weakneſs and Dejectedneſs of Mademoiſelle *de L—* did not hinder her from opening her Eyes to look on him for one Moment. I obſerved ſhe ſqueezed his Hand, and making ſome Efforts to ſpeak; do not afflict yourſelf too much, ſaid ſhe to him, Return to your Spouſe, and live happily with her; but never forget, that I have loved you ſo well as to die for Grief, becauſe I could not be yours. Here the Complaints of *Patrick* burſt out with his Tears; they would have had perhaps other Conſequences, if the Phyſician had not abſolutely commanded him to retire, complaining at the ſame time, how badly he had obſerved his Promiſe.

I received him at the Door, where I yet ſtood with the Count, and preſſing him to grant me a few Moments Converſation, I retired with him at a diſtance into an Alley in the Garden. He ſuffered himſelf in a manner to be dragged along, and at firſt appeared as deaf to my Careſſes as Reproaches. But conjuring him at length to hear me, and fixing my Eyes on him; the Trouble of your Heart, ſaid I, is already ſubjected to your Reaſon, I foreſee we ſhall be too happy, if your Honour can eſcape the ſame Danger. Nevertheleſs can a Diſorder ſo dreadful be the Work of one Hour? I have lately ſeen you take a Reliſh to your Duty: Do not deny it; my Eyes have not deceived me: The Misfortune of your Spouſe hath moved you, and you have ſincere Thoughts of rendering what you owe to her Tears and Virtue. Other Affections have hurried you away, and I ſee you offering them up a Sacrifice to new Conſiderations, which are not more powerful than thoſe you hath ſurmounted. He interrupted me, and I muſt indeed confeſs, that an Air of Fury, which diffuſed itſelf all of a ſudden over his Face, raiſed in me as much Conſternation, as his Anſwer. I had known him from his Infancy for the moſt ſweet-natured and tractable of all Men, and in all the Exceſs into which his Paſſion had hurried him, I had not yet been a Witneſs of any thing that had abſolutely given the Lye to this Character. Even in the midſt of the Conſternation, into which the dangerous State of Mademoiſelle *de L*—— had caſt him, I thought I remarked more of Commiſeration and Pity, than Anger, and I ſhould rather have ſuſpected, that he would have given no Attention to my Speech, than that he would have meditated one, the End of which was only to revile me. Nevertheleſs with more Paſſion than I could think him capable of, he upbraided me for having ruined him by my Counſels; and adding to this Reproach the moſt odious Names, he ſwore, that my Life ſhould anſwer for that of his Miſtreſs. To ſome Words, which I timorouſly replied for my Juſtification, he

continued to anſwer by a Torrent of abuſive Language, and his laſt Words were a terrible adieu, by which he for ever renounced to ſee or hear me.

He took his Way to the Houſe, making me a Sign with his Hand to have a care how I followed him; and having obſerved him till he was out of Sight, I did not doubt but he was gone again into the Appartment of Mademoiſelle *de L*——.

I remained immoveable. Words ſo harſh, and Menaces ſo furious, coming from *Tenermill*, would have cauſed me but little Aſtoniſhment. But from *Patrick*, from the Mouth of ſo dear and loving a Brother, to whom the Relation of Blood had attached me leſs than Eſteem and Friendſhip, I thought the Impreſſion of them was more ſtrong than my Patience, and in the firſt Motions of my Grief I was capable of nothing but falling into Tears.

In the mean time an Intereſt, much more grievous than mine, made me look on this Dejection of Mind as a Weakneſs. I did not flatter myſelf, that I could maintain the leaſt Aſcendant over Minds, that had revolted againſt my Tenderneſs and Cares; but I took two Reſolutions, from whence I thought neither Fears nor Intrigues ſhould ever be capable of removing me; the one was, to oppoſe myſelf openly againſt all their Enterpriſes, to which I ought to be attentive after the Tranſports of *Patrick*; and the other, to devote myſelf reſolutely to the Intereſt of my Siſter-in-law, and to do her all the Services I owed to her Virtue. I thought of nothing but going to her, indifferent from henceforth about the Conduct of Mademoiſelle *de L*——, except for the Conſequences of her Sickneſs, and even indifferent about returning to my former Zeal for my Brothers; for that I imagined their Ingratitude had extinguiſhed in my Heart all the Affections of Nature.

I had not ſeen *Tenermill* ſince his Arrival. He was not in the Apartment of Mademoiſelle *de L*——, when I went into it with *Patrick*, and I had no thoughts of

of enquiring what was become of him; but in the way to my Siſter-in-Law's Chamber I learned, that he had aſked Permiſſion to ſee her, and that having even a Deſire to talk to her without Witneſſes, he had ſent aſide all the Servants in Attendance: His Views appeared to me ſo ſuſpicious, that I was ready to go in boldly and interrupt him. But not thinking him capable of inſulting a Woman in cold Blood, who had never given him Offence, nor of failing in the Reſpects he owed her Sex, I feared that my Preſence, and the Reproaches I ſhould with Difficulty refrain, would ſerve only to inflame his natural Diſpoſition, and I therefore choſe to wait till he thought proper to come out of himſelf. My Reſolution was only to know from his own Mouth, what new Concern had carried him into a Place, to which he with Difficulty ought to be admitted. I waited a long Time; at length ſeeing him appear, I accoſted him with ſo much Inquietude, that I could not but fancy he muſt have diſcovered a Share of my Diſturbance in my Countenance. My Diſorder ſerved only to augment the Confidence he was going to repoſe in me. He prevented me with an undiſturbed Air by Aſſurances, that notwithſtanding all the Warmth he had ſhewn in the Service of *Patrick*, he had pitied my Siſter-in-law, and that it was with Joy he ſaw their Reconciliation. I am come here, continued he, to ſignify theſe Sentiments to my Lady, and the Diſcourſe I have had with her has only ſerved to augment them. He added, that his Brother was too happy in being the Huſband of ſo amiable a Woman, and that he would find him out that Moment to talk in the ſame Language to him.

This unexpected Change diſſipated all the Bitterneſs of my Heart. *Tenermill* was much more formidable to me than *Patrick*, who in the Exceſs of Paſſion, to which he had been juſt before tranſported, I already thought he would have obſerved more Reſpect, if he had not reckoned always to have his Brother in his Intereſt. With the Haughtineſs and

falſe Maxims, which I have a thouſand Times deſcribed, I knew *Tenermill* had an Integrity ſuperiour to Artifice and Diſſimulation. If he ſhould once take part with my Siſter-in-law, I was perſuaded he would openly declare for her, and that would be to vanquiſh *Patrick* by taking from him a Prop, without which he could never have Power to ſupport himſelf. In theſe Thoughts, which immediately ſpread a Calm over my Mind, I embraced him with Tears of Joy, and without Heſitation added to what he ſaid every Thing the moſt moving for the Advantage of my Siſter-in-law, that my Memory could furniſh me with. He gave his Approbation to every Circumſtance I had obſerved. I gave myſelf up to the Hopes of having gained him over intirely; and not thinking of any Thing but to prepoſſeſs him with the new Freaks of his Brother, I related to him what had juſt happened between us in the Garden, as if I had already believed him as ardent and as much affected as myſelf to make *Patrick* return to his Duty.

He hearkened to me with different Marks of Aſtoniſhment. I thought I diſcovered alſo in his Eyes an Air of deep Reflection, that did not directly relate to the Subject of our Diſcourſe, and which took Poſſeſſion of him much more than all the Circumſtances I had related to him. At length coming as it were to himſelf, I muſt confeſs, ſaid he, that the Love of my Brother for Mademoiſelle *de L*—— is extreme: And when I ſaw him yield ſo readily to our Projects of Reconciliation, I had a Diffidence in the Sincerity of his Heart. My Lady is to be pitied, added he after a Moment's Conſideration; I can ſee no happy Omen for her from all theſe Changes; and if ſhe were capable of opening her Eyes.—— He interrupted himſelf. I will ſee my Brother, added he in a Heat, and aſk him what he propoſes by ſo many Caprices; I will inform you of his Situation. In taking his Leave, he prayed me, if I went in to my Siſter-in-law, to aſſure her, that what

what he had ſaid to her was exactly conformable to the Sentiments of his Heart, and which he was determined to make good by all his Conduct.

The Obſcurity, in which he left me, made me go into her Apartment with great Impatience. I immediately found that ſhe was herſelf much ſatisfied with his Viſit and Diſcourſe. There appeared on her an Air of Joy, which produced almoſt as great an Effect towards the recovering of her Strength, as what ſhe had obtained from ſeeing again her Huſband. She did not wait to hear the Satisfaction I ſhould have ſhewn at this Alteration. Her firſt Words were made up of Acknowledgments for my Pains, to which ſhe aſcribed the happy Change in her Fortune; and I ſaw how eaſy it was to flatter a tender Heart by the Returns of the moſt ordinary Hopes. I took care not to undeceive her. But taking Occaſion to handle every Thing that might confirm the Opinion *Tenermill* had given me of his Change, I began anew to promiſe myſelf, that the Frenzy of *Patrick* would be extinguiſhed as eaſily as it had been kindled, or at leaſt would ſooner or later give way to the reunited Efforts of all his Family. It would not coſt me much Trouble to bring back *Roſe*, and the Aſſiſtance of the Count *de S*—— was no leſs certain. Ungrateful, fickle Brother you are to us, I was ready to exclaim, we will in Spite of you reſtore you both to Virtue, for which you are better formed than you think yourſelf, and to love, which has more Happineſs in Store for you than you dare expect.

It remained nevertheleſs for me to diſcover, what had brought about ſo happy a Change in the Notions of *Tenermill*. I mentioned nothing of it before my Siſter-in-law; it was not ſeaſonable to obſerve to her, that the Cauſe of her Joy had filled me with ſome Surprize. But having met the Count *de S*——, whom I thought from henceforth more worthy of my Confidence than my Brothers, I made no Difficulty of talking to him with an Openneſs, which

the Circumſtances of Affairs had not permitted me to do ſince my Return. He knew as little as I did of the Sentiments of *Tenermill*, but thinking it incumbent on him to anſwer my Friendſhip by an equal Sincerity, he confeſſed, that what he had juſt heard gave him Room to believe the Reconciliation of *Patrick* leſs ſincere, and conſequently at a greater Diſtance than ever. After he had left the Garden, he returned to the Apartment of Mademoiſelle *de L*——, and abandoning himſelf to all the Tranſports he had held back in my Preſence, he ſwore, that not only his Death ſhould be the infallible Conſequence of hers, but that if ſhe could place Confidence enough in his Affection to wiſh to live in Favour of a Lover ſo tender and faithful, he would not breath but to be hers, by breaking through all Obſtacles that could ſtand in his Way. He ſpoke of his Divorce, as of a Reſolution firm and immoveable as his Love, and of his Wife, as of a fatal Burthen, from which he would deliver himſelf at all Sorts of Hazard. All the Virtue my Siſter had aſcribed to Mademoiſelle *de L*—— was not Proof againſt theſe Proteſtations; and the Accident, that had put her Life in Danger, began to diſſipate itſelf ſo happily, that it was eaſy to perceive ſhe had no other Malady than a Deſpair for her Love, and had need of no other Remedy than the Careſſes of her Lover.

Supported, as I juſt before had been, by Hopes from the Aſſiſtance of *Tenermill*, I was alarmed ſo little at the Count's Relation, that in the Confidence, with which my Heart was filled, I began to take on me the Defence of the weak *Patrick*. I apprehend, ſaid I to the Count, that at the Sight of what he loved, and trembling at the Danger I repreſented to him myſelf with too few Precautions, he might have been deficient in Point of Moderation. Love is an unhappy Paſſion, with which you have all ſhewn me that you have been acquainted in its full Extent. But far from taking up ſuch a croſs Opinion of what

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may happen, I rejoice, added I, that the Change in the Diſorder of Mademoiſelle *de L*—— gives us better Hopes of her Recovery; which, when ever it happens, ſhe cannot but be immediately ſenſible, that Decency will oblige her to return to *Paris*; and we cannot want the Means of reminding her of it, ſhould ſhe ſeem to forget it. *Patrick*, then given up to our Advice and Inſtances, will make but little Reſiſtance, when he is ſeparated from her, and ſees all his Family reunited to oppoſe him. The Queſtion only is to flatter him with Addreſs, and to avoid for ſome Days every Thing that may hurry him into violent Reſolutions. The Count approved my Thoughts, but ſeemed to doubt of the Succeſs I promiſed myſelf from them.

I haſtened to communicate theſe Conſiderations to *Roſe*, and having brought her into my Deſigns, I requeſted, that during the Term neceſſary for Mademoiſelle *de L*—— to recover her Health, ſhe ſhould take care never to let her Brother have the Liberty of being alone with her. Whatever Opinion I was willing to entertain of their Virtue, I could ſcarce perſwade myſelf, that with ſo much Love, and the Opportunity of ſeeing each other without Difficulty, they ſhould conſtantly remember within what Bounds they were obliged to contain themſelves, and I thought that the greateſt of their Diſaſters would then be to forget one another.

The Conduct I propoſed to obſerve was, to ſhut myſelf up in my Chamber, and to live there with little Correſpondence from abroad, waiting till the Clouds came to diſperſe, and the Darkneſs clear up. The Phyſician, who ſoon perceived the advantageous Change in both his Patients, altered his Story upon the Subject of his firſt Fears, and ſpoke to me no more of them but in a Tone proper abſolutely to remove all mine. But there was one Apprehenſion remaining that might poſſibly revive all my Fears. The Comfort of my Siſter-in-law ſeeming to reſt intirely on the Complaiſance of her Huſband, I ap-

prehended, that ſhe would not ſuddenly reliſh the Privation of ſo powerful a Remedy. I could not hope for that in a Conjuncture, wherein the moſt Happineſs I had to expect for her was to diſſemble the new Outrages committed againſt by her Ingrate. But *Tenermill*, to whom I opened my Alarms, by affecting to conſult him, as if I had thought him abſolutely in the Intereſts of my Siſter-in-law, undertook voluntarily to ſupply by his Pains the Duties of his Brother, and even to colour his Abſence under ſome Pretence, that would carry no Suſpicion of his Want of Love. Experience only muſt teach me what Foundation I might lay upon this Promiſe, and I thought moreover to neglect nothing on my Side to ſecond his Zeal.

Two Days paſſed over, in which I found nothing that did not ſquare with my Hopes. It is true *Patrick* ſcarce ſeparated himſelf a Moment from Mademoiſelle *de L*——, and abuſing the Liberty, in which he himſelf perhaps was ſurprized to find himſelf, under my Eyes, and in ſome Sort under the Eyes of his Wife, he ſeemed to forget that he had other Intereſts than thoſe of his Love, or other Cares on his Hands than to conſole and ſerve his Miſtreſs. In lamenting this Exceſs of Blindneſs, I quickned myſelf to Patience, by the Hopes of being forthwith releaſed from a Scene ſo odious, and even to make it help in forwarding my Deſign, by taking Occaſion from a ſtraying of this Nature to make my weak Brother ſenſible of all the Shame of his Conduct. *Roſe*, who was faithful in not loſing Sight of them, and the Count *de S*——, whom the Pleaſure of being with her made no leſs aſſiduous about them, conſtantly aſſured me, that Prudence and Honour regulated all their Diſcourſe, and even their Careſſes and Familiarity. Charmed to ſee themſelves without Reſtraint, and able to repeat every Moment, that they would live for one another, it ſeemed, ſaid my Siſter, that they had no further Aim or Intention in their Deſires. She compared them to

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two tender and innocent Children, who found a Pleaſure and Sweetneſs in ſeeing one another, without enquiring why they were pleaſed, and without pretending to any Thing more than the Satisfaction of a mutual Love. You yourſelf, ſaid ſhe, you would be charmed to ſee ſo much Love mixed with ſo great Simplicity and Innocence.

I had no Difficulty in fancying how this Sight might appear ſo pleaſureable in the Eyes of *Roſe*, and I ſhould have been more alarmed at it, if the Condition of Mademoiſelle *de L*—— had not been apt to remove my Fears. All my Apprehenſions then turned on the Side of my Siſter-in-law, on whom I foreſaw it would be difficult to impoſe long. What Pretence could there be to excuſe the Abſence of her Huſband under ſuch Circumſtances, wherein nothing could diſpenſe with from being about her? And if he was not capable of ſeeing her at leaſt from a Principle of Complaiſance, what Means could there be to ſupport her in the Notions of a Reconciliation with which he had inſpired her? This Reflection raiſed in me ſo much Timorouſneſs and Embarraſment, that I ſcarce had the Courage to appear in her Apartment; and knowing that *Tenermill* continued to viſit her aſſiduouſly, I began to repoſe on him the Conciliation of ſo great Intereſts. I affected even to keep my Chamber for ſome Days, under the Pretence of a ſlight Indiſpoſition, and I confined myſelf to an Enquiry only into what paſſed about me.

At length even Reſt and Repoſe, in which they ſeemed to be lulled on every Side, became as much ſuſpected by me as the Troubles of which I apprehended the Effects. Whilſt my Tenderneſs and Zeal held me under a mortal Inquietude, I ſaw myſelf neglected, and neither my Siſter-in-law, who had ſo much Intereſt in preſerving my Affections, nor *Tenermill*, who could not be ignorant of my Indiſpoſition, expreſſed by any Mark of Attention that they took the leaſt Share about my Diſorder. *Roſe* and the Count were the only Perſons, from whom

I received a Viſit; but in apprizing me, that they did not remark any Change in the Conduct of *Patrick*, nor much more in the Situation of Mademoiſelle *de L*—— to permit her to return to *Paris*, they confeſſed, that they had been ill informed of the Circumſtances of my Siſter-in-law's Condition. *Tenermill*, whoſe Diſpoſitions they themſelves acknowledged were much changed, had deſired them to confine their Cares to *Patrick* and his Miſtreſs; and told them, he had reſerved to himſelf the Conduct of healing the Diſquiet, and minding the Health of my Siſter-in-law. Whether he deceived her by Chimeras, or whether his Addreſs ſurpaſſed mine, he had found out the effectual Method of calming her Mind, or at leaſt moderating thoſe Troubles, that had impaired her Health. He was almoſt without Intermiſſion about her; and during the Interval of his Viſits, ſhe called for nobody but her Brother, with whom ſhe had often very long Converſations.

Although the Bias of my Heart induced me always to judge favourably of Appearances, yet I now took upon me to penetrate in ſome Sort into this Obſcurity, to find in it, or to ſpread over it ſome Light. *Tenermill*, to whom I immediately addreſſed myſelf, ſeemed to receive my Viſit with ſome Embarraſſment. He made Excuſes for having paſſed an intire Week without ſeeing me, and caſting his Neglect upon the continual Aſſiduity he thought himſelf obliged to have about my Lady, he proceeded all at once to relate to me the Succeſs of his Pains. He told me, that the Averſion of *Patrick* was a Caprice he could not comprehend; and ſome Days of Acquaintance having diſcovered to him all the Merit of our unfortunate Siſter-in-law, he had found ſuch ſtrong Reaſons to eſteem her, that he would at all Sorts of Hazards procure her a more happy Lot. He had began by diſſipating a little the Trouble of her Imagination, in remarking from what Prepoſſeſſion it proceeded, and what Zeal he would hereafter have for her Service. She had been ſo ſenſible to the

the Joy of ſeeing him enter into her Intereſts, that he eaſily diſpoſed her to reliſh the Pretences with which he had coloured the Abſence of her Huſband; and from that Time to this had continued her in the ſame Calm, by aſſuring her that he ſhould employ himſelf in nothing but to procure her Happineſs, which he durſt anſwer he would eſtabliſh after a Manner not to be ſhaken. In Effect, continued he ſtill with an Air more embarraſſed, I can offer her an infallible Way to this, and if I am tardy in propoſing it to her, it is to give her Time to recover by Degrees from her tedious Troubles. Poſſibly ſhe may not reliſh this Method yet; but ſooner or later ſhe will acknowledge, that in her Situation ſhe can hope for nothing more advantageous.

This Diſcourſe ſurprized me greatly. How can you doubt, ſaid I haſtily, but ſhe will greedily embrace every Thing that may ſecure her an End of her Troubles? If any Thing be capable of ſtaying you, it muſt ariſe on the Part of your Brother, whoſe Reſiſtance I apprehend more than ever. On the contrary, replied *Tenermill* bluſhing, *Patrick* approves my Views, and my Perplexity is only to make my Lady reliſh them. You will ſecond us without doubt, added he, in an Enterprize that equally imports the Honour and Repoſe of our Family. His Bluſhes, that ſeemed to me to encreaſe, and the Difficulty he ſhewed in diſcovering himſelf, making me ponder inwardly, to find out the Meaning of a Diſcourſe ſo miſterious, he drew me out of this Diſtraction by intreating me with more Submiſſion and Condeſcenſion than he ever before had ſhewn for me, to continue ſome Days yet without ſeeing my Siſter-in-law. Every Thing, ſaid he, that you can think to propoſe to her, can only tend to render her eaſy; ſhe is already ſo by my Care. Your Diſorder is a Pretence that may yet continue, and which I will improve with her to help you to an Excuſe.

He left me repeating his Requeſt with many Intreaties; and although this Eagerneſs could not but augment my Doubts, the Confidence I had at leaſt in his Honour drew from me a Promiſe, which was intended in Conjunction with his to produce ſuch happy Effects. Meditating upon our Diſcourſe, what I could imagine moſt likely was, that *Patrick*, in order to ſubmit to his Duty, was to wait till Mademoiſelle *de L*—— was reſtored to her Health, and had quitted our Houſe. But if I ſhould explain by this the Difficulties that *Tenermill* apprehended on the Side of my Siſter-in-law, how could I imagine that from thence he had ſo little to fear on the Part of *Patrick*, when I ſaw him more than ever infatuated by his Love, and ſo indifferent for his Spouſe, that all the Care he took about her was, to inform himſelf whether ſhe appeared to be in a way of Recovery.

In the mean time her Diſorder and that of Mademoiſelle *de L*—— not being ſo very preſſing as to give us the ſame Alarms, the Count *de S*——, whoſe Paſſion had never cooled amidſt ſo many Storms, propoſed to me to conclude his Marriage with my Siſter. She came into my Chamber a few Moments after him, and though her coming appeared to be accidental, yet I eaſily perceived that this Viſit was made by Conſent. Never had love a Right to declare itſelf with more Openneſs. It was conducted by Honour and Moderation; and not having had either Diſorder or Weakneſs to reproach itſelf with, it had nothing to wait for but juſt Praiſe. So I did not make them aſk twice for my Conſent. Come, ſaid I to *Roſe*, embracing her, and if you know any thing that can augment your Happineſs, do you make it mine, by letting me know, that it is from me you may receive it. She anſwered me modeſtly, that ſhe had no other Will than that of the Count, and that ſhe ſhould be ſatisfied, when he had nothing to wiſh for. He was of Opinion himſelf, that in the midſt of Inquietudes that yet troubled our Repoſe, he ought not to think of any glaring Solemnities. What he requeſted of me might

might be executed without Noiſe, and without going out of our own Doors. I left to him the Care of thoſe Forms that depended on the Eccleſiaſtical Authority, and his Credit procured them to be ſhortened. In fine, the happy *Roſe* received into her Arms one of the moſt amiable Men in the World, as the Price of her Love and Virtue.

The Count having his Houſe at *Paris*, I was a little out of Countenance in reſiſting the Haſte and Eagerneſs he ſhewed to go there with his Spouſe, that he might ſubmit to her the ſame Empire over all his Subſtance, that ſhe long had been in Poſſeſſion of over his Heart. He was ſo ſtraightly lodged at *Saiſons*, that it was a ſtrong Reaſon for me to conſent to his Departure. But I foreſaw, that his Preſence would one Day be neceſſary to our Domeſtick Intereſts, and I began to fear, that ſuch a Time was not far off. All the Precautions of *Tenermill* had not prevented my Siſter-in-law from diſcovering that her Rival was at *Saiſons*. She went down into the Garden without any other Company than her Chamber-Maid, and by Chance *Patrick* was there alſo taking a walk alone. Fear rather than Shame obliged my poor weak Brother to take to his Heels; and Love or Reſentment made his Wife purſue him upon the Track. He fled into the Apartment of Mademoiſelle *de L*——, which was the firſt he found in his way; and although my Lady was too much provoked at his Flight to attempt to overtake him whether he would or not, ſhe nevertheleſs curiouſly enough obſerved from without the Place he entered to find that it was a Woman lodged in it. She diſſembled her Suſpicions, but they were verified the ſame Day by the Confeſſion of *Tenermill*, who had not Power to defend himſelf againſt her Inſtances; or perhaps flattering himſelf, that from this Acknowledgment, he might draw ſome Advantage to his own Views.

I was at firſt ignorant of this Incident; but the Tears and Diſorders of my Siſter-in-law gaining Strength made me ſuſpect, that ſomething extraordinary

nary had happened. As there had been no Thoughts of concealing from her the Marriage of *Roſe*, I took Occaſion from this Ceremony to ſee her. *Tenermill*, with all the Addreſs he employed to avert the Overtures that he feared would be between us in this Viſit, could not ſuppreſs either in the Mouth of my Lady, or mine, any one of thoſe unmeaning Expreſſions which daily eſcaped from the Vivacity of his Thoughts. She underſtood then enough from me to judge, that it was not without ſome Reaſon that I was prevented from ſeeing her; and I apprehended alſo from thoſe Complaints, that ſhe had not Power to ſmother, as much as from a Sadneſs in her Countenance, that there had happened her ſome new Subject of Melancholy, which ſhe in vain laboured to diſguiſe. *Tenermill*, from whom I had demanded other Explanations, told me of the Adventure of the Garden, but without adding to it any Overture of his Deſigns; and by the ſame Reaſons he uſed for engaging me to obſerve certain Cautions in my Viſit, he perſuaded me that it was not ſeaſonable to open himſelf further to me. The Ceremony of my Siſter's Marriage was concluded, and the Condition of my Lady diſpenſed with her from being preſent at it; inſomuch that as well on the Part of *Patrick*, who affected more than ever to ſhun coming near me, as on the Part of *Tenermill*, who ſeemed wholly taken up with ſome extraordinary Project, and even on that of my Siſter-in-law, whoſe Troubles were viſibly increaſed, I had room to apprehend ſome new Revolution, which would make me wiſh for the Aid or Advice of ſuch a Friend as the Count.

His Wife, to whom I muſt no longer give any other Name than that of Spouſe of a Husband ſo valuable, took part with thoſe Inſtances by which I laboured to ſtop this new Diſorder; and both her Huſband and ſhe ſubmitting themſelves to the Force of my Reaſons, ſhe joined to them one, which ſhe reproached herſelf with not having revealed to me ſooner. In the private Interviews that *Tenermill* had held with *Patrick*,

Patrick, they had not always uſed Precautions enough ſo as not to be overheard. Curioſity having ſometimes made the Counteſs lend an Ear to their Diſcourſe, ſhe heard from their own Mouths, that far from having abandoned their late Project of Divorce, *Patrick* coveted nothing in the World with ſo much Impatience, as he had a great Deſire alſo to ſee Mademoiſelle *de L*—well enough recovered to enable her to leave *Saiſons*, under the hopes of terminating more eaſily that unhappy Enterprize. But I had already obſerved from other Teſtimonies beſides that of my Siſter, that *Tenermill*, notwithſtanding the Compaſſion and Zeal he ſeemed to affect for ſome time paſt, and that he had teſtified to me himſelf for my Lady, had entered with more Ardour than ever into the Reſolutions of his Brother, and in Concert with him had been ſeeking the moſt proper Means to aſſure them of Succeſs. This was all my Siſter had learned, and ſhe confeſſed to me with Shame, that the Fear of chagrining *Patrick* had hindered her from giving me earlier Notice of it.

I ſhall not give the Name of Chriſtian Charity to thoſe Impulſes with which I felt myſelf fired at hearing this Account, Horror for the Impoſture and Treachery had need of no other Motive than natural Probity, and I did not raiſe my Zeal beyond that. Theſe Shifts and Stratagems had put me out of my Biaſs. I went in queſt of *Tenermill* immediately, and accoſting him without any Precautions; Have you turned your Back then, ſaid I, to all Remains of Humanity and Honour? Falſhood and Perfidy are not Crimes black enough to inſpire you with Horror, or to raiſe in you Remorſe. You in vain expect to impoſe on me, added I, ſeeing ſome Appearances of Trouble on his Countenance, I know all, I have been appriſed of every Thing; my wretched Siſter-in-law ſhall this Moment be acquainted with your Treachery. Thus, added I with the ſame Warmth, It was not ſufficient for you to have ſided againſt her before you ſaw her, and to have perſecuted her without knowing her, but

nary had happened. As there had been no Thoughts of concealing from her the Marriage of *Roſe*, I took Occaſion from this Ceremony to ſee her. *Tenermill*, with all the Addreſs he employed to avert the Overtures that he feared would be between us in this Viſit, could not ſuppreſs either in the Mouth of my Lady, or mine, any one of thoſe unmeaning Expreſſions which daily eſcaped from the Vivacity of his Thoughts. She underſtood then enough from me to judge, that it was not without ſome Reaſon that I was prevented from ſeeing her; and I apprehended alſo from thoſe Complaints, that ſhe had not Power to ſmother, as much as from a Sadneſs in her Countenance, that there had happened her ſome new Subject of Melancholy, which ſhe in vain laboured to diſguiſe. *Tenermill*, from whom I had demanded other Explanations, told me of the Adventure of the Garden, but without adding to it any Overture of his Deſigns; and by the ſame Reaſons he uſed for engaging me to obſerve certain Cautions in my Viſit, he perſuaded me that it was not ſeaſonable to open himſelf further to me. The Ceremony of my Siſter's Marriage was concluded, and the Condition of my Lady diſpenſed with her from being preſent at it; inſomuch that as well on the Part of *Patrick*, who affected more than ever to ſhun coming near me, as on the Part of *Tenermill*, who ſeemed wholly taken up with ſome extraordinary Project, and even on that of my Siſter-in-law, whoſe Troubles were viſibly increaſed, I had room to apprehend ſome new Revolution, which would make me wiſh for the Aid or Advice of ſuch a Friend as the Count.

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I ſhall not give the Name of Chriſtian Charity to thoſe Impulſes with which I felt myſelf fired at hearing this Account, Horror for the Impoſture and Treachery had need of no other Motive than natural Probity, and I did not raiſe my Zeal beyond that. Theſe Shifts and Stratagems had put me out of my Biaſs. I went in queſt of *Tenermill* immediately, and accoſting him without any Precautions; Have you turned your Back then, ſaid I, to all Remains of Humanity and Honour? Falſhood and Perfidy are not Crimes black enough to inſpire you with Horror, or to raiſe in you Remorſe. You in vain expect to impoſe on me, added I, ſeeing ſome Appearances of Trouble on his Countenance, I know all, I have been appriſed of every Thing; my wretched Siſter-in-law ſhall this Moment be acquainted with your Treachery. Thus, added I with the ſame Warmth, It was not ſufficient for you to have ſided againſt her before you ſaw her, and to have perſecuted her without knowing her, but

but you now daily abuſe her Confidence, the more effectually to make ſure her Ruin; and it is under the Shadow of Friendſhip, that you cruelly thirſt to glut your Hatred. I caſt on him a Look of Indignation, and would have left him, my Deſign being really to go into my Siſter-in-law's Apartment, and inform her who it was ſhe ought to miſtruſt. He ſtopped me with an eager Haſte. His Eyes, though agitated by extraordinary Motions, yet diſcovered nothing to me that had the Appearance of Indignation or Paſſion. The very Tone of his Voice was not ſo ſtrong, as the Reſentment of my Accuſations might render it in a Character ſuch as his. He preſſed me to hear him. I judge by your Reproaches, ſaid he, that you are badly informed of my Deſigns, and that you have yet leſs Acquaintance with my Thoughts. Do not precipitate any thing; and let us take ſome time to explain ourſelves.

This Moderation, ſo little expected, having diſpoſed me to hearken to him, he took me by the Hand, as if he had been apprehenſive that I had yet thought of nothing but quitting him to repair to my Siſter-in-law. I never had any Hatred for my Lady, ſaid he with an Air ſo mild, that in another I ſhould have taken it for Timorouſneſs, and what you call my Perſecutions have never been other than a Deſire to do Service to my Brother. I lament that he is ſo little ſenſible of the juſt Value of the Treaſure he poſſeſſes. He ſlights a Happineſs that a thouſand others would purchaſe with all their Blood. I do not ſpeak to him in any other Language, and you may know it from himſelf, when he ſhall be diſpoſed to open himſelf to you. As to my Lady, I have laboured to conſole her by the Hopes of a better Fate. I have made her Promiſes that are ſincere, and which have had the Power of calming her Imaginations. There is nothing but the Adventure of the Garden that has confounded my Undertaking. She thought my Brother was at *Paris*; I have had occaſion to uſe a thouſand Efforts to juſtify him, or, if you would rather chooſe it, to deceive.

deceive her. For with the few Aſſurances I have given her of being ſome time or other able to reclaim her Huſband, you may well imagine that it is only the Force of holding her in Errors that can reſtore to her Repoſe. Nevertheleſs I flatter myſelf that even theſe Illuſions will turn to her Advantage; and you will not give the Name of Perfidy to my Conduct, when you will find it happily juſtified by the Succeſs.

In ſo looſe an Explanation I ſaw nothing but a new Artifice to conceal what he had a Mind to hinder me from diving into; and ſuſpecting every thing he ſaid, even to the Tone of his Voice with which he had pronounced it, I did not heſitate a Moment in giving him an Anſwer. Is it true, ſaid I, that notwithſtanding all the Art you have uſed in wrapping up your Expreſſions and Deſigns, you have again joined with *Patrick* in the Reſolution of annulling his Marriage? This is the Point upon which I demand a preciſe and categorical Anſwer. All that is different from it is an Intrigue, into which I do not deſire to enter, and which does not regard me, but as it relates to the End that I would have cleared up to me. This Queſtion made him ſpeechleſs for ſome Moments. At length ſeeming to rouze himſelf out of his Perplexity, he ſwore in the moſt forcible Terms of Religion and Honour, that he had no Thoughts but of making my Lady and *Patrick* happy in an honourable and ſatisfactory Marriage, which ſhould re-eſtabliſh the Repoſe of our Family. I was the Bubble of this equivocal Anſwer. He perceived, that the Opinion I yet had of his Probity had diſpoſed me to embrace the Error, in which he was deſirous to engage me; and haſtening to draw ſome other Advantage from it; If you can, ſaid he, truſt our true Intereſt to my Conduct, leave my Zeal for ſome Time to its own Influence, and moderate a little the Motions of yours. The Retirement you have lived in for ſome Days paſt has already forwarded the Progreſs of my Views, and you can deſire no better Proof of it than the Tranquillity in which I have maintained my Lady's Mind.

Diſpenſe

Diſpenſe with yourſelf from ſeeing her until the Departure of Mademoiſelle *de L*——. I promiſed to diſcover to you at that Time the true Intereſt of our Family; or, if you think that Decency will not allow you to remain here without having ſome Intercourſe with her, promiſe me, that you yourſelf will ſpeak to her of my Enterprize in a manner that may ſerve to augment her Confidence and forward her Repoſe. For once build upon my Word, added he, with a ſoft Air, and do not doubt, but that Honour and Virtue are as dear to me as to you.

The Proof he drew from the real Succeſs of his Pains, joined to the Idea I in truth had of his natural Principles, made me ſmother a thouſand Objections, which yet ſprung up in my Mind. Without giving myſelf up intirely to thoſe Hopes, of which he did not diſcover to me the Foundation, I choſe rather to riſque ſomething upon his Word, than to inſiſt upon Suſpicions, that I could not maintain without believing him the moſt profligate Man in the World. I even perſwaded myſelf in his Favour, that the Counteſs, his Siſter, had not well conceived the Diſcourſe ſhe reported to me, and that I had taken the Alarm upon too light Grounds. In fine, having but little Apprehenſion, that he could proceed to certain Extremities without my Participation, I determined to leave him all the Liberty he deſired, and for once, as he ſaid, to place ſome Confidence in his Conduct. In declaring to him this Reſolution, I added to my Words all the Teſtimonies of Eſteem, that might further engage him to obſerve his Promiſes, content enough to find him inclined to afford me his Friendſhip, and to reckon upon mine as ſomething. He appeared ſo well ſatisfied with my Complaiſance, that I ſeriouſly began to have a good Opinion of his Intentions.

I am ignorant indeed by what Addreſs he ſucceeded in curing the new Alarms of my Siſter-in-law; but, as if he had drawn more Strength than ever from my conſenting to his Projects without knowing them, he lulled her into a Situation that gave me as much

Amazement

Amazement as Joy. Not being able to diſpenſe with myſelf from viſiting her, I found in her that Air of Satisfaction, which diſcovers Happineſs, or the Certainty of obtaining it. She ſpoke to me of the Services of *Tenermill* in Tranſports of Gratitude, and, although ſhe was not ignorant that Mademoiſelle *de L*— was yet lodged in the ſame Houſe, ſhe ſhewed no Uneaſineſs but at the Duration of her Diſtemper, the end of which ſhe expected as a beginning to her own Happineſs. This Language was ſo obſcure to me, that from the Fear of producing ſome Diſorder to her Views, which I could not penetrate, I thought I could not confine myſelf to Congratulations looſe enough, which ſeemed nevertheleſs to confirm her in all her Notions. If there eſcaped from her any Complaints for the Abſence of her Huſband, they were uttered with a Sentiment of Compaſſion, which did not appear to be mixed with any Bitterneſs, and I even ſaw her ſoftened and melted down at the Idea ſhe formed of his Situation. All theſe Circumſtances not having any thing in them abſolutely contradictory to the Promiſes of *Tenermill*, I waited for an Ecclairciſment of them with extreme Impatience. He was with me in all my Viſits, and the Embarraſment I daily expected to be expoſed to, not permitting me to make them long or frequent, obliged me of myſelf to diminiſh much of his.

Five Days had already paſſed without any Change that might give me more Light, and I admired with what Patience every one contained themſelves within the Bounds preſcribed them. On the Part of Mademoiſelle *de L*—— and *Patrick*, there was ſuch a total Forgetfulneſs of every thing that paſſed about them, that I had ſometimes a Difficulty to find it probable. Whilſt they appeared to be ſo taken up with one another, that their Curioſity ſcarce extended without their Solitude, I could not be perſwaded but they were often diſturbed from a Fear of my Siſter-in-law. If I muſt have aſcribed their Security to the Intrigues of *Tenermill*, this was another Subject of Aſtoniſhment, which

which yet cauſed me a greater Admiration. The Count and his Spouſe, to whom I without ceaſing recommended not to quit them one Moment, gave me the ſame Account of their Diſpoſitions and Amuſements. It was conſtantly the ſame Innocence, and the ſame Tranquillity. Mademoiſelle *de L*—— was rid of her Fever, but yet continued weak, and the Phyſician was of Opinion ſhe could not quit her Bed without Danger. *Patrick* having paſſed the whole Day with her, retired in the Evening with much Precaution to avoid being perceived by his Spouſe or me; as if he had been apprehenſive of ſome Danger in meeting us. He inquired after our Healths; but, as if he were indifferent what we thought of him or his Conduct, he never had brought himſelf to the Paſs of aſking, if we had been curious to know why he avoided us. Our Houſe was not ſo grand as to conceal him always from my Sight, if I had purſued the Inclination I often had of ſurprizing him in his Paſſage; but ſeeing nothing on every Side but Tranquillity, and accuſtoming myſelf more and more to build really on the Promiſes of *Tenermill*, I waited in my Solitude only till the Time which he had appointed me was come.

It was haſtened by an Event that I was far from expecting, and of which meer Chance threw the firſt Intelligence in my Way. One Day as I went down alone to the Gate, I ſaw a Man drive up towards me in a Hackney Coach, whoſe Face I thought I remembered. I was examining his Countenance, when he knowing me more eaſily by my odd Figure, came up and ſaluted by my Name, and the *Iriſh* Language, in which he addreſſed me, made me preſently recollect that he was *Fincer*. The Joy I ſhould have felt at ſeeing him in any other Place was converted into Fear and Grief, when one Moment of Reflection upon the Circumſtances of our Domeſtick Affairs, made me think, that I could not introduce him into our Houſe without Imprudence. What Pretence nevertheleſs could I find in ſending him away;

away; and on the other hand what hope had I of concealing from him any Time the Diſorder of my Family, and eſpecially with the Reaſons I had of ſuſpecting, that this perhaps was the only Cauſe of his Journey? It came preſently into my Mind, that *Dilnick* had without doubt informed him of the Reſolution his Daughter had taken of following her Huſband into *France*, and that not hoping for a more lucky Opportunity of ſeeing her again without Danger, he had left *Denmark* with this View. I thus pleaſed myſelf in giving the moſt favourable Turn to his Journey; for it would have been too diſmal to ſuppoſe him fully inſtructed in every Thing that I feared I could not conceal from him long enough.

His firſt Compliments would have removed my Fears by the Air of Openneſs and Friendſhip that accompanied them, if the other Embarraſment had not remained on my Mind intire. In the mean time, whilſt he was aſking me News of his Daughter, and that the Manner in which I anſwered him gave me Liberty enough to conſider upon the Cares with which I was filled, I took the only Choice I had to make in ſo preſſing an Extremity. I do not know, ſaid I, who could have directed you to a Houſe, in which I have not the Liberty to receive you. You ſhall ſee your Daughter at *Paris*, the Diſtance is ſo ſhort to it, that far from making any Stay here, I am of Opinion it would be the beſt way to take the Road to Town this very Moment; and offering him my Hand to ſhew him into his Coach, I went in after him, giving Orders to the Coachman to drive to the Count's Houſe.

I could not by theſe Means deliver myſelf from one Embarraſment, without at the ſame time running the Hazard of an infinite Number of others; but I thought I had avoided the moſt dangerous. The Fear I was under of giving the leaſt Suſpicion to *Fincer* of what we had left behind us, made me often preſs the Coachman to drive on faſter; and ſeeking to divert from us all thoſe Notions I dreaded, I took

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an Opportunity from the Count, whoſe Houſe I had named, to ſpeak of the late Marriage of my Siſter. The Merit and Riches of her Huſband, the Honours and Advantages that my Family would draw from this Alliance, the Difficulties and Delays we met with to ſurmount; in fine, every Thing that might avert the Diſcoveries I feared was brought upon the Stage with an Affection of Eagerneſs, that hindered the Converſation from flagging, *Fincer* entered ſo naturally into my Views, that his Readineſs ſurpriſed me. He reckoned upon the Hopes of ſeeing his Daughter at *Paris*, and if he aſked me any ſlight Queſtions, they were not ſufficient to raiſe in me any Embarraſment.

In the mean time my Inquietudes increaſed in Proportion as we came near the Count's Houſe, and nothing preſenting itſelf to my Mind to alleviate them, I arrived at the Gate under as much Confuſion as when I left *Saiſons*. The Sight of the Porter, who came to receive us augmented my Trouble. I was not ſure he knew me; luckily he was acquainted with my Face, although he had never ſeen me but once before, and the Eagerneſs he ſhewed in receiving my Orders, made me think him diſpoſed to execute them. Nothing nevertheleſs more ſeaſonable came into my Mind, than to aſk him whether his Maſter was at Home; and having anſwered me that he was in the Country, I did not leave him Time to tell me, that he was ſurpriſed at my Queſtion. Let us alight, ſaid I to *Fincer*, they will be here this Evening, and we cannot do better than wait for them, The Porter imagined that his Maſter would return the ſame Day from *Saiſons* with all his Family. We were no ſooner got out of the Coach, than the racket I heard through all the Houſe made me judge that they were ſetting the Apartments in order under that Suppoſition.

Chance had luckily enough ſtood by me till now; but every Moment of the Time to come, into which I was about entering, was not leſs obſcure than the paſt,

paſt, I ſaw nothing by which I might regulate my Reſolutions. I ſcarce durſt aſk *Fincer* the leaſt Queſtion, from a Fear of falling, whether I would or not, upon the Circumſtances or Motives of his Journey. I continued to amuſe him by all the Shifts and Subterfuges that my Wit was capable of inventing. I made him admire every thing in the Count's Apartments, and being mortally diſturbed at the Bottom of my Soul, I tortured myſelf at the ſame time to find out what Choice I might reaſonably take. I was many times upon the Point of begging leave to retire a Moment; my Thoughts were to write to my Brother, and to impart to them an Embarraſment, which at leaſt they ought to ſhare with me. I ſhould have propoſed to them to come both to *Paris*, and by their Cares and Submiſſions to prepoſſeſs the Mind of a Man, to whom they owed this Reſpect. I ſhould have added, that it was as much for our Honour as Intereſt ſo to prepare my Siſter-in-law, that ſhe might not diſcover to her Father the juſt Subjects ſhe had for Complaint, and that they ought with ſo much the more Pains, to bury our Diviſions, as *Tenermill* had given me room to hope, that it ſhould not be long before they were ended. In fine, I ſhould have obſerved to them every Thing, that Heaven and the Love of Peace could have inſpired me with, and not thinking them leſs ſenſible than myſelf to the Honour of our Family, I ſhould have left them the Liberty to aid my Views with what their Prudenee and that of the Count ſhould judge moſt ſuitable to the preſent Circumſtances. But another Notion fixed at once all my Irreſolutions. *Fincer* having ſpoken to me of the Place where he lodged at *Paris*, I chid him for chuſing any other Reſidence than the Houſe of *Tenermill*, or that of the Count; and obſerving to him, that the Houſe we then were in did not want room to lodge him commodiouſly, I preſſed him inſtantly to ſuffer his Luggage to be brought there. He yielded at length to my Inſtances, having a long time

held out; and, (which ſtarted in me the moſt lucky Project I could pitch on,) he would not truſt any body but himſelf with the Care of removing them. I did not conſider at all whether Politeneſs obliged me to wait on him. I ordered ſome of the Count's Domeſticks to attend him, and reſolved to take Advantage of his Abſence to go in all haſte to *Saiſons*.

A light Chaiſe, and two of the Count's beſt Horſes that were ready in a Moment, made me hope I ſhould diſpatch this Trip in as ſhort a Time as *Fincer* could have Occaſion to employ on his Affairs. While I was on the Road I took up my Time in conſidering whether I ought to look on his Arrival as an Evil ſo dreadful, as I had fancied in my firſt Surprize. But not knowing his Motives, it was impoſſible to form any Judgment that could be ſatisfactory. Even his Silence left me another Subject of Diſquiet; for notwithſtanding all the Efforts I had made to ſtave off his Explanations, it ſeemed to me, that his Ardour in enquiring after them from me might have prevailed over my Precautions. Was it natural for a Father, who had expreſſed ſo many Fears for the Fate of his Daughter, to be thus eaſy and undiſturbed at the very Time he was about ſeeing her; and would his Curioſity be ſo ſerved, if he had not had ſtrong Reaſons for moderating it? I arrived at *Saiſons* full of thoſe Thoughts, and the firſt Thing I did was to give *Tenermill* Notice that I wanted immediately to ſpeak to him.

He was in the Apartment of my Siſter-in-law, from whence, as I have already remarked, he was ſcarce ever abſent. Underſtanding I had come back in poſt haſte, before he heard of my Departure, the Uncertainty of what I had to impart made him as he approached aſſume an Air as diſquieted as he might have diſcovered mine. I had not one Moment to loſe, and therefore ſpoke to him ſtanding. Do you know, ſaid I, that *Fincer* is at *Paris*, that he was here at *Saiſons* two Hours ago, that I had ſtood in need of the Aſſiſtance of Heaven to remove him from hence,

hence, and that in fine, having conducted him to the Count's Houſe, I am as ignorant what is the Cauſe of his Journey into *France*, as what Conduct I ought to obſerve towards him? I have ſtolen away luckily, added I, to conſult with you upon an Incident, that has reduced me to the laſt Embarraſment: You conceive my Fears; ſee if among your Projects, and in the miſterious Conduct you have affected a long Time paſt, any thing may be found to remedy all the Evils I apprehend. *Fincer* enquires for you; he enquires for his Daughter, for *Patrick*, for me; in one Word, he will be here this Evening, or we muſt be at *Paris*.

I obſerved, as I ſpoke, that *Tenermill*'s Countenance was diſturbed, and every Word of my Account augmented his Confuſion. He continued mute ſometime; at length reaching me a Chair, he ſat down by me, and conjured me to hear him without Interruption.

It is no longer Time, ſaid he, to conceal from you what you will ſoon know whether I will or not; but I would make a Merit of my Confidence in diſcovering to you my Sentiments, which it would be eaſier to diſguiſe from you than my Conduct. After this Introduction, he called Heaven to Witneſs, that in the Part he took againſt the Marriage of *Patrick*, he never had any other View than the Happineſs of his Brother, and the Repoſe of our Family. He was ſcarce known to the Daughter of *Fincer*; what Reaſon then had he to hate her? What I had informed him of her Generoſity and Love on the contrary had prepoſſeſſed him in Favour of her Character. But he thought the Intereſt of his Brother ought in his Mind to weigh down that of a Stranger. He would not, added he, enter ſo deep into this Detail as much to juſtify the Rigour of which he was guilty in regard to my Lady, as to make me more readily comprehend the incredible Revolution brought about in his Situation. He had been ſurpriſed and confounded at it himſelf; but nobody could reſiſt their

Deſtiny, and his Example was a Proof, that Men have no Acquaintance with the Nature of their own Hearts. He confeſſed to me then, that ſeeing my Lady near at hand, in hearing her tender Complaints, and in ſeeing her Tears flow, he was pierced with a thouſand Sentiments, that he never before experienced, and of which he did not think he had been capable. He had not Power to defend himſelf from admiring her gentle and modeſt Virtue, which the Rigours of her Huſband might eaſily reduce to the extremeſt Dejection, but which were not capable of making her loſe that Air of Moderation, that made her Grief ſo moving, and which added ſo many Charms to her unhappy Beauty. Compaſſion had thus prepared his Heart for Love, and when he began to examine into his own Sentiments, he found himſelf a Prey to a Paſſion ſo piercing, that he had no hopes left of delivering himſelf from it by any Efforts he could make. Since that Time it had increaſed without Intermiſſion; he had made it the whole Delight of his Life, and far from thinking ever after of defending himſelf againſt it, he was reſolved to employ all his Thoughts and Cares to render her happy. Notwithſtanding the Promiſe I had made of hearkening to him without Interruption, yet I ſtopped him ſhort here bluntly. The firſt Part of his Diſcourſe had given me great Joy, and I ſhould have interrupted him gladly to commend the Intereſt he took in the Tears of my Siſter-in-law. But aſtoniſhed afterwards at the Birth of his Paſſion, I had been ſtill more prepared to interrupt him by upbraiding him for not having better watched over the Motions of his Heart, which I would have treated as Criminal and Unlawful. But hearing from him that he hugged himſelf upon them, and inſtead of combating ſpoke of nothing but of nouriſhing them with Complacency, and ſeeking ſooner or later the Gratification of them, the Reſentment to ſee myſelf ſo little regarded, as to place in me ſuch an unworthy Confidence, as much as the Intereſt of Virtue,

made

made me aſſume a Voice, which I ſhould even have affected to have made more harſh, if I could have found out any one more proper to expreſs my Indignation. How? ſaid I, having abandoned yourſelf to a ſhameful Paſſion for the Wife of your Brother, do not you bluſh to make me a Confeſſion of it? Do you believe me then capable of enduring or approving it? Yes, I perceive now the Fruits of your deteſtable Maxims. After having once dared to adviſe your Brother to violate his Marriage Vows for a Commerce ſo infamous, I am not aſtoniſhed to ſee you all at one Stroke familiarize yourſelf with Inceſt and Adultery. Hideous Corruption of Principles and Opinions, cried I, without affording him Time to explain himſelf! By what Steps have you then climbed to this Exceſs of Debauchery? One might excuſe Love, added I, and may give it a Name that would transform it almoſt into Virtue. But what abominable and fatal Paſſion is this, which loſes all its Horror for the Sin, and carries with it the Impudence of placing it even on the Foot of Honour! In the bitter Zeal that animated me, I ſhould have continued to heap on him Reproaches, and ſhould not have failed to have joined to them the moſt ſevere Menaces, if he had not caſt himſelf at my Feet to renew his Inſtances of hearing him. I nevertheleſs ſtill interrupted him: No, ſaid I, turning away my Head, you ſhall not force me longer to hear your unworthy Propoſals. I tremble too much to liſten to them. You muſt not hope to find the leaſt Indulgence to the Crime from me; if this be the Project, upon the Faith of which I have had the Credulity of ſuffering myſelf to be lulled aſleep, I deteſt and abhor it, and I ſee nothing more in you than that you are an Enemy to all Honour and Virtue. Nevertheleſs as his Efforts for obtaining an Audience did not diminiſh, and as his Embarraſment, joined to the humble Poſture in which I ſaw at my Feet a Man ſo haughty, had ſome Power to bend me, I conſented at length to hear him, under this only Condition, that

he ſhould not mix any Thing in his Words like what had raiſed in me ſo much Indignation.

Whilſt he reſumed his Seat, I obſerved from the Conſternation ſpread over his Face, that his Pride was mortified at the Part he had to ſuſtain. He began by lamenting the Vivacity that had made me confound his Explanations. You are ignorant of Love, ſaid he mildly, if you cannot pardon a Lover for inſiſting a little on the Force of his Paſſion; but what I have told you of mine, concerns little the Bottom of my Project; and that it is ſuch as I have juſt deſcribed to you, or as you would wiſh it to be, you will preſently agree with me, that with the Reſtrictions I add thereto, it can neither wound my Duty nor your Delicacy. I adore my Lady (ſuffer me yet this once to uſe ſuch an Expreſſion, the Senſe of which will be preſently unveiled to you) and it is in Truth upon the Sentiments, with which ſhe has inſpired me, that all the Views I have formed for her Happineſs and mine do roll. But with ſo much Penetration, as I know you to have, how happens it, that you have not all at once unravelled by what means I think to obtain my Happineſs? I muſt therefore apprize you without going about the Buſh, that reflecting on the Caprice, which has hurried my Brother into ſuch Affections for Mademoiſelle *de L*——, and upon the little Appearance that he will ever return from it, I have thought of a Method to conciliate the Honour of my Lady with the Satisfaction of *Patrick*, and the Intereſt of our Family; that is to purſue the Plan of Divorce, to which the King has given his Conſent, but without robbing my Lady of the Name ſhe bears, nor you of the Quality of her Brother-in-law. In one Word, leaſt I ſhould find this to be yet obſcure, he openly informed me, that his Deſign was to eſpouſe *Patrick*'s Wife, and by that Means afford his Brother the Liberty of marrying his Miſtreſs.

Nothing

Nothing being leſs in my Mind than the unraveling this Plot, the ſole Novelty of ſo ſtrange a Repreſentation had put me on my Guard againſt his firſt Impreſſions, and from the Fear of engaging myſelf unſeaſonably, I ſhould perhaps have continued without giving him an Anſwer. But *Tenermill*, who had not ſo long nurſed his Project without taking all the Informations that might render it plauſible in his own Eyes, made haſte to foreſtal my Objections by a great Number of Examples, which ſeemed indeed to remove all the Difficulties. The Approbation of the Church, and the Deciſion of the civil Magiſtrate, had conſented a thouſand Times to give a Sanction to Actions of this Nature. I could not doubt of the Truth of the Facts, and the Confidence, with which I heard *Tenermill* ſpeak, made me judge, that in theſe Particulars he did not at all rely on his own Underſtanding. I even thought I had a Glimpſe of his having brought my Lady to reliſh his Sentiments and Views; and this Conjecture helped all at once to explain, as well the Tranquility ſhe had lived in for ſome Weeks, as the Facility with which I had ſeen her receive his Applications. All theſe Ideas, ranging themſelves in Order before me, readily led me to wiſh for the common Repoſe of *Fincer*'s Family and mine, that a Project, wherein I could ſee nothing that appeared to wound any Law, and which drew along with it the Happineſs of ſo many Perſons dear to me, could be executed to the Satisfaction of all the World. If any Embarraſment remained, it was on the Side of *Fincer*; for the Trouble, that from his Name, and the firſt News of his Arrival, had appeared to me to have been raiſed in *Tenermill*, was a Proof, that he himſelf had apprehended from thence ſome Obſtacle. I confined myſelf to this Objection, and I ſaw it made him thoughtful. His Anſwer laid before me other Explanations, which made the Hopes, that I had taken up upon too light Grounds, immediately vaniſh.

He confeſſed he had writ to *Fincer*, and impatiently waited his Anſwer; but that this Diligence in coming to *Paris*, without having given Notice of his Journey, raiſed in him not a few Alarms. With the Deſire and Hopes of bringing him over to his Intereſts, he had been induced to write to him by very powerful Reaſons. In the mortal Dejection and Sadneſs, wherein he had ſeen my Lady, he thought, ſaid he, that to dry up her Tears, as much as to diſpoſe her inſenſibly to the Project he had formed without her Participation, it was neceſſary not only to hold her in the Error, into which the ſpeedy Appearances of *Patrick*'s Return had caſt her for ſome Moments, but even to fortify the Illuſion, of which he had remarked the happy Effect, by furniſhing her with all the Probabilities ſhe was capable of receiving. It was moreover in Concert with his Brother, whom he had brought into an Approbation of all his Deſigns, that he had at firſt pretended, that important Reaſons, which were the Conſequences of his Duel in *Ireland*, had obliged *Patrick* to go aſide ſuddenly, and keep himſelf concealed at *Paris*, in a Retreat more ſecure than our Houſe. Without this firſt Precaution, ſaid he, it would have been impoſſible to make my Lady comprehend, that her Huſband, who was ſo near, and yet neglected to ſee her, was in Reality in ſuch a Diſpoſition as ſhe had began to flatter herſelf with; and her Troubles that were abſolutely capable of ruining her Health, would have returned with more Force than ever. That having by this Feint reſtored her to ſome Tranquillity, and the Meaſures he had taken convincing him, that ſhe could not be eaſily undeceived, he had accompliſhed the calming of her Mind, by ſwearing to her, that he was employed in an Enterprize that ſhould ſoon finiſh all her Troubles, and not any longer give her room to fear the Infidelity of *Patrick*. He proceeded, that he had not deceived her, ſince he had written at the ſame Time to *Fincer*, to propoſe to him the Diſſolution of an unhappy Marriage, and to approve

of

of his ſucceeding to the Rights and Engagements of his Brother. The Adventure of the Garden happening unexpectedly at the Time of theſe Circumſtances, he had ſtood in need of a great many new Efforts to repair ſuch a miſchievous and unſeaſonable Accident, and Heaven without doubt had ſeconded his Trouble, ſince he could not conceive himſelf by what lucky Fortune he had brought it to a good Iſſue. But the Aſcendant he had obtained over her by the continual Proofs of his Attachment, and the Confidence with which he had inſpired her by his Promiſes, had prevailed over her moſt juſt Suſpicions. He had moreover aſſiſted himſelf with a new Artifice, by acquaintlng her that he had written to her Father, that he ſoon expected an Anſwer, and by the Meaſures he had taken he could peremptorily aſſure her of Tranquillity for the Remainder of her Life; and without having ever had the Boldneſs of diſcovering to her the Bottom of his Projects, he had accuſtomed her to look on him as the only Man in whom ſhe could put her Truſt, and from whom ſhe could expect Succours ſuitable to her Misfortunes.

This Relation becoming too tedious for my Impatience, I interrupted him with the Zeal of a thouſand Thoughts, that crouded on my Heart at every Circumſtance. It ſufficed me to have underſtood, that my Siſter-in-law was ignorant of all thoſe glorious Projects, by which they diſpoſed of her with ſo much Confidence, and that ſhe would look on them as ſo many extravagant Imaginations which would vaniſh on the firſt Explanation. I could not impute a Crime to *Tenermill* in his Intentions, and on the contrary rejoiced to find in him ſo declared an Inclination for her, that gave me no room to fear he would ſeek to give her any further Vexation. Ah! from what, ſaid I, do you flatter yourſelf, that my Lady approves your Enterprize and Inclinations? I ſee you diſpoſe of her Heart, of her Fortune, of her Hand; but have you conſulted her, or at leaſt, anong all your Shifts and Doublings have you any ſo powerful as to promiſe

miſe you to bring about a Change in her Inclinaons? He caſt down his Eyes at this Queſtion. You ſpeak, anſwered he, of the thing that cauſes all my Inquietude and Torment. This is the only Point that leaves me under Embarraſment. And is it not alſo the eſſential Point, replied I, the Point without which all your Enterprize muſt paſs in your own Eyes for nothing but a mere Chimera? I will not conceal from you my Opinion, continued I in a yet more ſteady Voice, the Caſe is too clear to give me the leaſt doubt. If you had by your Addreſs or Applications prevailed on my Lady to reliſh your Project, I ſhould confeſs in the Anguiſh of my Soul, that conſidering the Diſorders of our Family, there are few Remedies from whence we could hope for greater Advantages. But without this Condition, which is as neceſſary to juſtify us in the Sight of God as before Men, I cannot approve of your Views, which I find condemned by all the Lights of my Underſtanding, and I promiſe Heaven to oppoſe with all my Power thoſe odious and deteſtable Mediums, which I cannot in the leaſt diſtinguiſh from Violence.

I got up and turned my Back to him, to take ſome Turns about the Chamber; and the Air I affected convinced him as much as my Expreſſions, that his Endeavours would be fruitleſs to inſpire me with other Ideas. He continued in a State of Irreſolution for ſome Moments. His Silence and Embarraſment repreſented a Sight, which was a Novelty to me till that Time. Seeing him ſo ſubmiſſive and humble, I could not but admire the Power of the Paſſions, and that they ſhould have a greater Empire one over the other, than all the Light of Reaſon. He nevertheleſs took up the Diſcourſe with Mildneſs, by repreſenting to me, that independent of her Taſte, my Siſter-in-law would not fail ſooner or later to open her Eyes to her proper Intereſts; that the Offers he had to make her, being thoſe from whence ſhe might hope for the greateſt Happineſs in her Situation,

tuation, it was impoſſible ſhe ſhould reject them, when made ſenſible of their Neceſſity; that if the Conſent of her Father ſhould be added to mine, ſuch a Conſent only as I ſhould willingly agree to, ſhe would find herſelf as it were dragged away by the Force of Authority; finding moreover that her Huſband had deceived her by falſe Appearances of a Reconciliation, Indignation and Spite would finiſh what Duty and Reaſon had began. I have but one Fear, added he, and that is what the Arrival of *Fincer* has given me. He has not ſent me an Anſwer. The Reſolution he has taken of coming to *France* without prepoſſeſſing us of it by his Letters, makes me doubt whether he be not offended at my Propoſals. The Silence he has obſerved with you augments my Diffidence. In fine, I am ignorant how to conduct myſelf towards him, and I even fear to ſee him, if you do not firſt prepare him for my Explanations, which it will be impoſſible for me to avoid in our firſt Interview.

Far from refuſing this Commiſſion, I hugged myſelf in finding in him for the firſt Time ſo much Docility and Confidence in my Pains. Your Hopes ſhall not be deceived, ſaid I; and when you embrace the Side of Honour and Reaſon, you ſhall never have any Cauſe to complain of my Zeal. The Miſtery you have diſcovered to me of your Deſign retards a Service that I ſhould already have done you; but being myſelf ſurprized at the Arrival of *Fincer*, I thought of nothing but getting him away from this Place, and I have had need of all my Skill to diſguiſe from him my Embarraſment. *Tenermill* confeſſed, that in his Letter he had not only requeſted him to conceal his Project from me, but precautioned him againſt my Curioſity, from his Fears of finding in me an Oppoſition to his Views.

Whatever Eagerneſs I had to return to *Paris* with theſe Ecclairciſments, I thought myſelf under no leſs Obligation to prepoſſeſs *Patrick* with an Accident, that ought to oblige him to obſerve ſome Diſcre-

tion and Caution, to which he had become in a Manner inſenſible, at leaſt until the Time of his Divorce, with which he flattered himſelf even more than his Brother. *Tenermill*, charmed at my Moderation in receiving his laſt Overtures, promiſed to put him in Mind of what he owed to Decency; and not doubting, after what Manner ſoever *Fincer* ſhould take thoſe Things, but he would deſire ſpeedily to ſee his Daughter, was the firſt to acknowledge, that under ſuch delicate Circumſtances we ſhould not venture his finding Mademoiſelle *de L*—— under the ſame Roof with my Siſter-in-law. There was nothing in the Manner of her coming there that could give us any Reproach, and her Sickneſs had laid us under the Neceſſity of ſuffering her to continue in the Houſe; but although he aſſured me ſhe was not yet recovered, the Motion from a Journey ſo near as *Paris* could not be as dangerous as her Departure was neceſſary. *Tenermill* engaged to make her reliſh this Reflection, and warranted, that it ſhould be no leſs approved by his Brother.

I parted with theſe Hopes. The Count *de S*——, to whom the Impatience of *Tenermill* ſcarce ſuffered me to ſpake a Moment, would accompany me to *Paris*, to ſhew in his own Perſon the Honours of his Houſe to *Fincer*. We made great Speed under the perpetual Fear, leaſt *Fincer* ſhould entertain ſome Suſpicion of my fair Dealing. We found him at the Count's Houſe, whither he had conveyed his Luggage. He was walking about under great Diſturbance. Having given Thanks for the firſt Civilities of the Count, he aſked his Leave to take me aſide for an Inſtant. As I did not expect he would be beforehand with me, this Haſte appeared to me to cover ſome Myſtery, the Explanation of which I waited for with as much Impatience as he had to give it me.

Fincer, during the Interval of an Hour's Abſence had learned, that all my Family was at *Saiſons*, when he went to it, and conſequently ſuſpected me

of

of ſome Artifice in the Care I took to remove him from it. This Thought joined to the Prepoſſeſſions *Tenermill* had inſpired him with againſt me by his Letters, and poſſibly to the former Miſtruſts communicated by him to *Dilnick* in *Ireland*, diſpoſed him not only to look on me in general as a dangerous Man, but to think me particularly intereſted in the Ruin of his Daughter. He knew nevertheleſs that it was under my Conduct ſhe had come from *Ireland* to *France*; but putting no Bounds to his Jealouſy, he imagined, that I had not perſwaded her to leave her Country, but for the Sake of ſucceeding more eaſily in her Ruin, when ſhe ſhould find herſelf without Defence and Advice in a ſtrange Realm; and from whatever Source he drew the Scheme of Revenge, which he aſcribed to me, he ſuppoſed in my Hatred all the Paſſion and Malignity, of which People commonly accuſe Church-men. With this frightful Idea of my Character, his Reſolution to manage me with ſome Addreſs was a Violence he did himſelf for the Intereſt of his Daughter; and in the private Converſation he demanded, he had no other Deſign than to ſound my Diſpoſitions, by laying me under a Neceſſity of explaining my Thoughts on the State of my Family. I, who believed I had as ſtrong Reaſons to wiſh to hear him, thought much leſs of foreſtalling him by my Overtures, which might have been ſomething different from his Notions, than to give him full Time for apprizing me with what he had at the Bottom of his Heart.

The Tone he aſſumed at the Entrance into his Diſcourſe had nothing in it either paſſionate or bitter; but his Inquietude and Vexation were viſibly painted in his Eyes. You cannot be ignorant, ſaid he, of the Motives that have brought me into *France*. The Misfortune of my Daughter has reached my Ears. I know ſhe has found nothing but a perpetual Source of Affliction and Bitterneſs in a Marriage, from whence ſhe might have expected all the Happineſs

pineſs of her Life, and the juſt Tenderneſs I have for her does not permit me to be indifferent about her Situation. Then, without touching on *Tenermill*'s Project, he entered into a Detail of all the Subjects of Complaint, that my Siſter-in-law had received from *Patrick*. *Dilnick* had informed him of every Particular that had paſſed in *Ireland*; and *Tenermill*, apparently to give a greater Force to his Propoſals, had painted to him the Diſguſts of his Brother, with ſuch Touches and Lineaments, that I could not have any Difficulty in knowing the Picture.

Judge, added he, looking at me with a ſteady Eye, what ought to be my Alarms. A Father does not confine himſelf to Fears alone for his Daughter; he muſt ſee her ſatisfied, or muſt revenge her. But you, continued he, whom your Age and Character ſeem to bind to the Care of preſerving Peace and Order in your Family, how has it happened, that you have not ſtopped theſe Evils, which have taken their Birth under your Eyes? Why do you endure that they ſhould be perpetuated? What has my Daughter done to you? I ſhall ſee her without doubt: I I ſhall learn from herſelf what her Crimes are. But if you have unreaſonably made her unhappy, do not you fear the Reſentment of a Father injured in the Perſon of her, whom he holds moſt dear? He would have continued in the ſame Tone, if ſuch injurious Reproaches had not made me forget the Reſolution I had taken not to interrupt him. Far removed, as I was, from penetrating into his Reaſons, I ſtopped him with ſuch Motions of Grief, as ought to have been ſufficient to have given him a more juſt Opinion of me; but his Mind was not in Freedom enough to give him room to diſtinguiſh thoſe Marks of Integrity and Innocence. He gave but little Attention to my Trouble; and riſing from his Chair, while I was labouring to juſtify myſelf, he walked at a great Rate about the Chamber, as if he diſdained to hear my Excuſes. I continued nevertheleſs to lay before him every Thing that might help to bring

bring him back in my Favour. I traced over in few Words the Hiſtory of his Daughter's Marriage, and every Thing I had done in it to compleat her Happineſs. I laid a Streſs on my Councils, my Fatigues, and the continual Loſs of my Repoſe. I appealed to the Teſtimony of his Daughter herſelf, who would do Juſtice to my Intentions, and from whom I had the Vanity to think that Eſteem and Friendſhip were due to my Services. He heard me, notwithſtanding the Affectation he ſeemed to ſhew in turning from me his Face, and ſhutting his Ears to my Juſtification. Drawing near again, he interrupted me in his Turn, and the Queſtions he aſked gave me an Opportunity of ſpeaking to him of *Tenermill*. The Heat in which I was engaged in my own Defence, did not prevent me from reflecting, that I had not yet drawn any Light upon the principal Intereſt that I ought to unravel. You will ſooner or later know me, ſaid I, in order to force him at length to open himſelf, and you will know from *Tenermill* himſelf, in whom you acknowledge ſo much Love and Zeal for your Daughter, whether I have any Reproach to fear from her, or from thoſe who intereſt themſelves in her Happineſs.

This Incident appearing to me to awaken his Curioſity, I took advantage of his Silence to add, that *Tenermill*, who already knew of his Arrival, deſired impatiently to ſee him, and that he had imparted to me his Views for re-eſtabliſhing the Peace of our two Families. But that by which I had thought proper to inſpire in him more Confidence for me, appeared to him a new Proof of my Diſſimulation. He could not call into his Mind, that *Tenermill* himſelf had exhorted him to be upon his Guard againſt me, without imagining that from ſome Notion of his Deſigns, I was endeavouring dextrouſly to penetrate into his Secret. He did not anſwer me a Word on this Head, and caſting on me a Look of Indignation that made me comprehend how far removed I was from touching his Heart; if my Lord *Tenermill*, ſaid he, knew

where

where I am, he would not be ſo ſlow in coming to me, and I ſhould without doubt have ſeen my Daughter with him here. Apparently there are Reaſons for hindering me from ſeeing them; but I know how to overcome the Obſtacles. He then quitted me haſtily to return to the Count, who continued in the next Chamber. I followed with an Intention of ſtopping him, and not being able to overtake him, I made a thouſand uſeleſs Efforts to perſwade him, that he had ſome Intereſt in granting me yet a Moment's Converſation. He addreſſed himſelf to the Count, who appeared ſurprized at our Agitations; and without giving the leaſt Attention to my Requeſt, he aſked him in a conſtrained Voice, if he might have any Hopes of ſoon ſeeing his Daughter. The Count was embaraſſed at this Queſtion. Without being ſufficiently inſtructed in all Circumſtances he knew well enough what had paſſed at *Saiſons*, to imagine eaſily that the Preſence of *Fincer* could produce any thing but Trouble. His Anſwer was, that my Lady beginning to recover, ſhe would not be long before ſhe came to *Paris* to embrace her Father.

I again laid hold of this Moment to renew my Inſtances. Come, ſaid I friendly to *Fincer*, I have a thouſand Things to tell you, that will diſſipate your Inquietude. Put a Confidence in the Promiſes of an honeſt Man. And ſeeing that nothing could move him; ſuffer me, added I, to ſpeak to you openly before the Count; he is devoted to the Intereſt of our Family; our Secrets cannot be placed in better Hands. He ſeemed to be under Apprehenſions leaſt I ſhould in Reality explain myſelf in the Preſence of the Count, and begging me to keep within myſelf all the Motions of my Zeal, he fell upon indifferent Matters, which in ſpite of me, gave a new Turn to the Converſation.

During more than an Hour of ſuch trifling Converſation, I could not but admire, how capable he was of ſo much Conſtraint, and I aſked of myſelf in what

what it might end. Nevertheleſs I was in hopes it would continue till Night; and my Reſolution then was to return to *Saiſons*, and give an Account to *Tenermill* of the ſorrowful Succeſs of my Cares. I was determined alſo to open the Matter to my Siſter-in-law, and I flattered myſelf that I ſhould intereſt her in the unravelling of an Adventure, from whence I began to fear ſome unhappy Conſequences In the midſt of the Trouble that all theſe Ideas raiſed in me, a Lacquey came to give us Notice of the Arrival of my Lady and my Lord *Tenermill*. I heard indeed the Ratling of a Coach coming into the Court. A Thunderbolt, falling at my Feet, would not have given me leſs Fear. I got up in the greateſt Hurry to meet them, and did not conſider whether I gave *Fincer* room to accuſe me of want of Manners.

I had hopes to learn from *Tenermill* what might bring him to *Paris* without my Knowledge, and above all with my Siſter-in-law, in regard to whom it was of Importance not to expoſe her with ſo few Precautions to the Queſtions and Shiftings of her Father, and to prepoſſeſs him of the Diſpoſition of *Fincer*, from which I could promiſe myſelf nothing more favourable for him than for *Patrick*. But he had ſcarce perceived me, till without ſinking his Voice, and without ſtepping aſide from my Lady, whom he led by the Hand, he conjured me to go inſtantly to *Saiſons*, where my Preſence was neceſſary, and to turn over to him the Care of managing *Fincer*. I opened my Mouth to lay before him my Difficulties. He did not give me Time to finiſh what I had to ſay, and paſſing by me haſtily without making an Anſwer, he threw himſelf into the Arms of *Fincer*, who followed at my Heels with the Count.

The Tone of his Voice, in which he prayed me to be gone, was ſo earneſt, that I did not once deliberate, whether I ought to have ſo much Complaiſance for him. What Opinion ſoever I always had of his Character, I conſidered he was more intereſted than I in the unravelling of ſo ſtrange an Adventure, and

and would not have ſo raſhly engaged himſelf in it, without ſome Reaſon to reckon upon the Succeſs of his Enterprize. The Commiſſion he charged me with was no leſs obſcure; but I knew at leaſt with whom I had to treat, and in whatever Diſpoſition I might find Mademoiſelle *de L*—— and *Patrick*, I had nothing to fear but the Difficulties I might find in oppoſing myſelf to their Tenderneſs or Reſolutions. I went away. My Reflections while I was on the Road did not roll upon any Thing but the Motives that could engage *Tenermill* into ſo precipitate a Step, and my Attention not hitting upon the Reaſon that might have appeared naturally to me, I arrived at *Saiſons* under all my Uncertainties.

Patrick was not ignorant either of the Departure of *Tenermill*, or the Arrival of *Fincer*. I found him at the Gate of our Houſe, and the Joy he diſcovered on ſeeing me made me judge of the Impatience he had in waiting for me. He cleared up all at once my Doubts, by apprizing me, that in my Abſence his Brother had received an Expreſs from *Fincer*, deſiring him to go to him immediately to the Count's Houſe with his Daughter, and that he had treated him in his Letter with ſo much Confidence and Friendſhip, that he had not the leaſt Heſitation in going there upon this flattering Appearance. My firſt Queſtion related to my Siſter-in-law. Is ſhe gone without ſeeing you, ſaid I to *Patrick?* She believed I was gone myſelf, anſwered he, and although I neglected to learn from *Tenermill* by what Art he had ſettled her Mind, yet her Countenance, which I privately obſerved at her Departure, carried in it no Marks of Inquietude. But added he, with an Air of Satisfaction that he had not ſhewn for a long Time before, ſhe was not the only Perſon here who had cauſe to abandon herſelf to Joy. I was informed by my Brother, that he has communicated to you the Deſign with which Heaven has inſpired him for our Happineſs. You know it, added he, embracing me with Tranſports; this is the Way to repair all the

Evils

Evils you have done, and to make me for ever the Happieſt of Men. I had a Difficulty to diſengage myſelf from his Arms, in which he yet hugged me cloſe. I looked on him for ſome Time without making him any Anſwer, and the Air with which I held my Eyes fixed on his ought to have made him ſenſible, that my Mind was not in as much Freedom as his. At length, opening my Mouth with a Sigh; under the perpetual Trouble, ſaid I, into which you have coſt me, I am ignorant myſelf what I have to condemn, or what to approve: And laying hold of his Hand to lead him to take a Turn in the Garden, I began to aſk, what Part he had taken in his Brother's Projects, when I found another Subject of Surprize by diſcovering Mademoiſelle *de L*——, who advanced nimbly towards us with my Siſter. Her Face appeared ſo plump, and of ſuch a lively carnation Colour, that I could ſcarce perſwade myſelf ſhe was juſt recovered from a Fit of Sickneſs ſo dangerous as they had repreſented to me. I never in my Life before ſaw her in ſuch a good Plight of Body, and with ſuch a Freſhneſs and Clearneſs in her Complexion. *Patrick* and *Roſe*, who perceived my Amazement, looked on one another with a Smile, which made me ſuſpect ſome Part of the Truth. I explained myſelf enough to oblige them to confeſs, that Mademoiſelle *de L*—— had been a long Time recovered, and that the Continuation of her Sickneſs had been a concerted Feint, to give them a more free Enjoyment of the Pleaſures of ſeeing her.

What frivolous Amuſements were theſe under our Circumſtances, and what Omen could I draw to ground their Conduct on! I was no leſs out of Countenance at the Air of Joy that reigned among them. Was this a Seaſon to give themſelves up to ſuch Unſettledneſs and Wandring; and did not they owe me at leaſt other Regards and Management, when they could not doubt but my Diſpoſition was intirely different from theirs? I was yet ignorant in what particulars *Tenermill* thought my Preſence and Cares neceſſary;

ceſſary; but I ſaw only too much Occaſion they had for a Guide; and I trembled that they had not Prudence enough remaining among them all to perceive the Advantage they might draw from my Advice. In fine, not hoping to procure myſelf (as ſoon as I deſired) a private Converſation with *Patrick*, and flattering myſelf yet leſs, after the Experience I had of his Wilfulneſs, that I ſhould be able to aſſume any Empire over him, I contented myſelf to demand of them, what their Views, and what they promiſed themſelves from the Arrival of *Fincer*, and the Departure of my Lady. *Patrick* anſwered, that his Hopes appeared from henceforth to be too well eſtabliſhed to make a Secret of them to me; that my Lady, urged by the abſolute Command of her Father, would not refuſe her Conſent to their Divorce; and that *Tenermill*, who placed his whole Happineſs in eſpouſing her, being in a Condition to afford her thoſe Pleaſures which ſhe had not found in her firſt Marriage, nobody in the World could condemn a Step, that would appear grievous to himſelf, if he had ſought any thing by it but his own Intereſt.

But ſuppoſing the Conſent of my Siſter-in-law, I could in reality find nothing abſolutely condemnable in this Anſwer. But, what Appearance was there, that ſhe would ſurrender herſelf ſo eaſily to the Commands of her Father, and even what Certainty that *Fincer* was diſpoſed to lay ſuch rigorous ones on her? I well knew that ſhe had been amuſed with a thouſand falſe Hopes by the Addreſs of *Tenermill*, who nevertheleſs propoſed to himſelf after this Manner, both to alleviate ſome part of her Grief, and inſenſibly make a Progreſs in her Heart, by rendering himſelf Maſter of her Confidence. She had ſuffered herſelf to be perſwaded of the Abſence of her Huſband, which ſtill continued a Pretence. She had believed that the Preſence of her Father would contribute to the Eſtabliſhment of her Repoſe; and upon the News of his Arrival, ſhe had eagerly wiſhed to go to *Paris* to ſee him. But can the Illuſion endure a long Time? And ſince *Tener-*

mill

mill had himſelf confeſſed, that in all the Familiarity he had with her, he never aſſumed the Boldneſs once to pronounce the Name of Love, ought I to imagine, that he would find her diſpoſed to hearken to him, as ſoon as he ſhould open his Mind freely enough to propoſe to her his Hand.

Nevertheleſs this Care leſs immediately regarding me, as long as ſhe was under the Protection of her Father. I gave *Patrick* an Anſwer, that flattered his Sentiments without betraying my own. Do not doubt in the leaſt, ſaid I, but that your Happineſs, and that of your Brother, are equally the Object of my Views. But let us take Care, that nothing enters into them, that may be to us a Reproach. My Lord *Tenermill* has preſſed me to leave *Paris* to rejoin you. I am deceived if he did not think, that the Reſidence of Mademoiſelle *de L*—— at *Saiſons* is not ſo proper for her, ſince you only are here alone with her. No, no, interrupted *Patrick*; if my Brother has requeſted you to come to us, it is with another View, the Explanation of which we have agreed together to defer to another Seaſon; and we have thought, added he, that your Preſence and that of my Siſter will be ſufficient here to ſhelter us from all Suſpicions of Slander. I know not, replied I, to what end my Preſence may ſerve, but I think my Siſter is under an abſolute Neceſſity to go to *Paris*. I inſiſted upon this Neceſſity from the Perſwaſion I was in that Decency had been but too long violated by an Evil that I would feign now put a Stop to; and repreſenting to my Siſter all the Reaſons which ought to induce her immediately to follow her Huſband, I added, in order to give more Force to my Advice, that I could not myſelf anſwer what Time I ſhould paſs at *Saiſons*. At length they ſubmitted to my Reaſons. Mademoiſelle *de L*—— went away with my Siſter, who undertook to ſet her down at her own Houſe. I had an extreme Difficulty to with-hold *Patrick*. He was afraid of wounding good Manners and Love in letting his Miſtreſs go away without waiting on her as far as *Paris*.

Weak

Weak Brother! With what Compaſſion did his Weakneſs inſpire me! But was I leſs to be pitied than he; I, who was become as it were the Sport of inconſiderate Youth, and who had juſt endured the Affronts and Scorn of a Man, whom I knew ſo little as I did *Fincer?* The Ardour of Charity made me brook them with Patience; and by the ſame Principle I ought to forget all the Reaſons I had to ſlacken in my Zeal for *Patrick*. I knew no further Remedy to touch his Heart; and ſince he had failed in all the Reſpect he owed at leaſt to my Character, I plainly foreſaw I had no more to hope from his Reaſon, no more than from the Tenderneſs of Blood. Nevertheleſs I could not renounce the Conſolation I received in having fulfilled my Duty, and the moſt juſt Reſentments never yet made me ponder whether I ought to repay the Outrages of an ungrateful Family by Indifference and Forgetfulneſs. The Grace of Heaven, ſaid I, to ſupport myſelf under the Bitterneſs of my Heart, perhaps waits the Moment it has fixed to call them home to themſelves. Perhaps Heaven has faſtened their Converſion to ſome Method, which is to me as yet unknown. I will not leave off, to urge, to preſs, to ſtrive againſt them. What I cannot gain by my Advice and Reproaches, I may perhaps obtain by my Tears, and may ſtop them by my Cries.

The Languor into which I ſaw *Patrick* fall after the Departure of Mademoiſelle *de L*—— gave me ſtronger Reaſons than ever to know the Strength of his Paſſion. Scarce had he the Complaiſance to give me the Eclairciſments I demanded of him upon divers Circumſtances of the Conduct and Project of his Brother. He himſelf was ignorant of one Part of it, and as to that which he was in a Condition to inform me of, I knew from the Extent and Steadineſs of *Tenermill*'s Views, that the Embaraſment, in which I imagined I had ſurpriſed him in the two Converſations I had with him, proceeded leſs from a Principle of Weakneſs, than from a Fear he had of letting me diſcover too much. He loved, and the Expreſſions of his Tenderneſs were not

too

too much exaggerated. But Ambition as much as Love had entered into his Views. His Fortune, ſuch as King *James* had given him, was not ſufficient to gratify his Projects of Eſtabliſhment. His Thoughts were to augment it by an advantageous Marriage; and haughty even to a Degree of making a Torment of the Submiſſions to which he muſt reduce himſelf in pleaſing a *French* Lady, he had taken up a Notion, that it would be a more eaſy and ſhort Method to inſinuate himſelf into the Eſteem of his Brother's Wife, with a kind of Aſſurance of obtaining her Hand and Fortune, at leaſt when he ſhould be countenanced by the Authority of her Father, and that ſhe ſhould begin to deſpair of the return of her Huſband: The Charms of a Woman ſo amiable had nevertheleſs made a lively Impreſſion on his Heart, and that was it he called his Happineſs, to have ſo luckily found an Opportunity of conciliating his Love and Fortune; but in opening himſelf to me upon the Subject of his Love, he diſcovered only, the Moiety of the Intereſt with which he was moved.

In this Manner, although by Starts, and every time with ſome Interruptions, I drew from *Patrick* a great Number of Hints, that aided me in penetrating into thoſe, with which he refuſed to acquaint me, or which perhaps he did not know himſelf. I did not mention a Word to him of my Siſter-in-law. It was in a Manner a Point uncontroverted, that his Heart muſt never ſoften for her; and the Scene had been ſo changed, that in conſulting mine, I knew no longer on what Side I ought to turn my Deſires. I ſhould have adviſed him, if he had given me time for it, to put himſelf on his Guard againſt a Paſſion, that did not diſcover itſelf but by Ravings and immoderate Exceſſes; and ſince he had ſo freely ſubmitted himſelf a Slave to Love, I ſhould have exhorted him at leaſt to wear his Chains with more Fortitude and Dignity. But the Day after the Departure of his Miſtreſs, diſquieted in all Appearance for her Abſence, and ſeiſed with a Deſire of ſeeing her again, he left *Saiſons* without imparting his

Intentions

Intentions to me. My Lacquey, who met him by Chance, received from his Mouth an Order to advertiſe me of his Departure, with ſome civil Compliments, which that Opportunity alone made him remember to ſend me.

My continual Troubles had accuſtomed me inſenſibly to receive the moſt grievous Strokes without Emotions. Nevertheleſs not being able to look on this new Incident as a Thing indifferent, I thought immediately to get on Horſeback, to follow this ſilly Brother, and force him, if it were poſſible, to return to the Place he had left. His Abſence on a Day, wherein he might every Moment expect to receive from his Brother ſome important News to decide his Fate, appeared to me to be a monſtrous Forgetfulneſs, which could not proceed but from the laſt Exceſs of Blindneſs. How could I imagine he could propoſe any thing to himſelf more intereſting, than his Love, which appeared by this Conduct to poſſeſs the intire Man? Nevertheleſs the Fear of provoking him by my Zeal made me chooſe to charge my Lacquey with a Commiſſion, which I thought too difficult for myſelf. I dropped upon Paper ſome Reflections that came into my Mind, and haſtened *Jacin* away with my Letter: This Lacquey, whoſe Underſtanding and Diſcretion I before remarked, was not only capable of making more Speed than I, but if he did not overtake him on the Road, he had Directions to puſh forward to *Paris*, and give him my Letter in the Preſence of Mademoiſelle *de L*——, whom I had a Mind to Intereſt by this Step, to force him herſelf to return the ſame way again.

I was expecting his Return, when I received two Letters by an Expreſs, one from *Fincer*, and the other from my Lord *Tenermill*. Out of Impatience I opened them both ſucceſſively, without being able to determine which I ſhould read firſt. However, I gave the Preference to my Brother's, and found from the firſt Lines that he was at the Top of his Deſires, ſince he began upon Congratulations upon his Happineſs,

pineſs, ſeconded, ſaid he, by paternal Authority, he had, at length, triumphed over the Reſiſtances of the amiable *Sarah Fincer*; and the Conſent obtained from her for a Divorce, had been diſpatched according to the moſt legal Forms. The King, before whom he had immediately laid it, had confirmed it by his Approbation, and two *Engliſh* Biſhops at the Court of St. *Germain* had given to it the Eccleſiaſtical Sanction. Fearing leſt any Doubt ſhould remain with me, he had ſent me, in the ſecond Page of his Letters, a Copy of *Sarah*'s Conſent, and of the Eccleſiaſtical Act of St. *Germain*, counter-ſigned by *Fincer*, who teſtified to me alſo the ſame Thing in his Letter. Thus Heaven and Men agreeing to favour his Enterpriſe, nothing, added he, remained, but to put an End to it by a double Ceremony, of which, it was but juſt I ſhould be the Miniſter. As the Difference of our Reſidence made no Diſtinction in the Rights and Uſages of our Nation from thoſe of *France*, there was no Neceſſity of making any Application to the *French* Biſhops, to obtain their Diſpenſation, which had been already clearly enough granted by the Act of the two *Engliſh* Prelates. He then conjured me ſpeedily to give the Nuptial Benediction to *Patrick* and Mademoiſelle *de L*———. That it was with this View he had ſo earneſtly recommended to me, the Evening before, to go to *Saiſons*, and that I could not uſe too much Diligence in removing from *Sarah Fincer* all thoſe Appearances of Hope, that ſhe yet had of the former Inclination of her Heart. That, after having united the happy Couple with me, I ſhould come, in all Haſte, to *Paris*, to accompliſh the good Fortune of our Family, by joining him to a Lady, whom only he loved.

Fincer's Letter, which all my Surpriſe did not hinder me from reading immediately, contained an effectual Confirmation of all theſe Articles, with ſome Apologies for the offenſive Treatment he had given me from falſe Prepoſſeſſions, for which he reproached himſelf, and promiſed to repair by an Eſteem and Friendſhip without Reſerve.

Who cannot imagine here, that my firſt Motions were nothing but Tranſports of Joy, and that I thought myſelf at the End of all my Troubles? I, for ſome Moments, uſed my utmoſt Endeavours to perſuade myſelf to it, and taking the Circumſtances of my Brother's Letter in the moſt favourable Senſe, I countenanced, as much as I could, the Idea he gave me of our Happineſs. I found, without Queſtion, a little Precipitation in his Deſires, and although I could not doubt the Truth of thoſe Inſtruments, of which he ſent me the Copy, yet I was not of his Opinion, that with the Approbation of the King, and the two *Engliſh* Prelates, we might altogether withdraw ourſelves from the Authority of the Dioceſan Biſhop. But his Haſte appeared to me to be well juſtified, from the Reaſon he gave; and as we were near to the Eccleſiaſtical Tribunal of *Paris*, I foreſaw as little Delay as Difficulty in obtaining thoſe Licences and Indulgences, which are eſtabliſhed by Uſage. Moreover, they would ſhorten their Forms in a Caſe of Exigency; and I had known, that in Favour of Rank and Quality, or from the Importance of Circumſtances, they ſometimes relaxed a Part of their Diſcipline: Thus the Objections that my Delicacy could form againſt the Propoſal of *Tenermill*, appeared to me eaſy to overthrow. Nevertheleſs, after theſe very Reflections, one Doubt remained, that neither proceeded from the Nature nor Difficulties of my Commiſſion, and which diminiſhed much of the Ardour, that, as it ſeemed to me, I ought to ſhew in ſatisfying *Tenermill*. In my Surpriſe, I examined, if this Trouble was not a Weakneſs of Self-love, which made me feel ſome Vexation for the Ruin of my Handy-work, and to look on the Succeſs of an Enterprize oppoſite to all mine, as an eternal Stain on my Prudence. This Thought, which made me fear I had given an Entrance to Pride into my Heart, might poſſibly have obliged me, on the Spot, to have ſacrificed all my Repugnances to it, if *Patrick* had been at *Saiſons*; and I took Occaſion, from it, to diſpatch a ſecond Courier after him, to preſs him,

him, at leaſt, to come and deliberate with me upon an Incident, of which I did not fancy he had got ſo early an Account. I incloſed in my Letter that of his Brother, and adviſed him to go to the Biſhops-Court with this Piece, to aſſure himſelf, before-hand, of thoſe quick Diſpatches we had to hope for from the Arch-Biſhop of *Paris*.

The Moment I had ſealed my Letter, a Servant gave me Notice of his Arrival with Mademoiſelle *de L*——, and I ſaw him, at that Inſtant, lead her in; their Eyes ſo ſparkled with Joy, that I, all at once, imagined, I had nothing new to inform them of. His firſt Expreſſions were made up of Cries and Tranſports. Do you know my Happineſs, ſaid he, with the Voice of a Man beſide himſelf? *Fincer* has conſented to my Divorce from his Daughter; ſhe is to marry *Tenermill*. We are all happy. Marry us, added he, we will be married this Moment; I will not part with the Hand of my dear *Julia*, till we have received your Benediction. I would have interrupted him, by letting him know, that I was already informed of this happy News, and to make him explain himſelf upon ſuch Circumſtances as I did not know; but I could get nothing out of him but a Repetition of his Inſtances to marry him. In the Name of God, let us put an End to it, ſaid he a thouſand times in a Moment; it is the Intention of *Fincer*, it is the Intention of *Tenermill*. Do you not ſee, that, without a little Haſte, our Happineſs yet runs ſome Riſks? I ſhall have time to give you an Account of every Thing you deſire to know, but do not let us delay the Ceremony. I endeavoured ſtill to interrupt him, by repreſenting, that being in a Catholick Country, we muſt not think, that the Ceremonies of the Church could be ſo ſlightly paſſed over as in *Ireland*. I would have added, that a Letter from *Tenermill* and *Fincer* was not ſufficient to give me thoſe Certainties I could have wiſhed for. The Approbation of the King, and of the two Biſhops that repreſented the Clergy of *England*, was an Authority that I would not pretend to conteſt; but it ſeemed to

me, that this Approbation ought to have been publiſhed with other Meaſures; and moreover, I could not get over the Difficulty that aroſe in relation to the Dioceſan Biſhop. Theſe Reaſons would have had the Force of making me reſiſt all the Sollicitations in the World: But it was not poſſible to make him hear them. The ardent *Patrick*, not liſtening to any Thing but his own Tranſports, was going to lay hold of my Arm, to help me to lift up my Hand, and was out of Breath in conjuring me to give them my Benediction.

I had Need of ſome Event, ſuch as unexpectedly happened all of a ſudden, to deliver me from ſo obſtinate a Perſecution. My Siſter-in-law having found Means to eſcape from the Count's Houſe, got into the firſt Coach in her Way, and not doubting, from the Diſcourſe ſhe had heard, but that the Marriage of *Patrick* and Mademoiſelle *de L*—— would be ſolemnized the ſame Day, ſhe took the Road to *Saiſons*, with all the Tranſports of a Lover, and all the Fury of a Wife, in order to diſturb a Ceremony, to which it was falſe that ſhe had given a free Conſent. Her Father had employed Force in procuring her Hand-writing. In the Indignation, with which he was filled againſt *Patrick*, he had rejected no Means to take away his Daughter from him; and *Tenermill*, perhaps, owed the favourable Diſpoſitions *Fincer* had for him, leſs to his Eſteem than to the Hatred he bore his Brother. The unhappy *Sarah* became the Victim of this Reſentment. *Fincer* did not bluſh to make her ſign a Conſent, whether ſhe would or not, againſt which ſhe never ceaſed proteſting. He was ſhut up with her in a Room, and ſeizing her by the Arm, he guided her Hand. Afterwards, committing this infamous Piece to *Tenermill*, he exhorted him to make the due Uſe of it without Delay, and this, in Reality, was the Conſent, from whence they had taken all their Meaſures, as they had declarcd them to me in their Letters. The Counteſs was ignorant of this Violence, and *Tenermill* himſelf did not know how far *Fincer* had carried it. They both of them ſwore to me afterwards, a

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hundred times, that notwithſtanding the Unwillingneſs they knew my Siſter-in-law had to the Separation, yet they were perſuaded by ſeeing her Conſent, ſigned with her Name, in the Hands of her Father, that ſhe had, at length, ſubmitted to paternal Authority; and if they had known, that ſhe had ſhed Torrents of Tears, yet they ſhould have looked on them as the Remains of a Paſſion, which ſhe laboured to extinguiſh. The Care with which *Fincer* had her guarded by her Women had given Strength to their Error; for the Counteſs herſelf had not the Liberty of ſeeing her, and *Tenermill*, taken up in procuring the King's Conſent to his Marriage, had not ſeen her until his Return, and after the Departure of the Courier who brought his Letter to me. He had thought to take away all Hopes from her, and to crown the Work of *Fincer*, by informing her, that *Patrick* was to be married the ſame Day, and it was he, indeed, who gave Notice to Mademoiſelle *de L*——, by the Counteſs, to return to *Saiſons*, there to receive the Matrimonial Benediction from my Hand. My ſorrowful Siſter-in-law, not coming to herſelf more from this Declaration, had deceived the Vigilance of her Women, and her Tranſports had not cooled even when ſhe got to *Saiſons*.

She took due Care we ſhould not have immediate Notice of her Arrival. Having, on the contrary, ſtopped all the Servants whom ſhe found in her Way, ſhe opened, herſelf, the Parlour where we were, and chilled our Blood by her Preſence. The Poſture of the two Lovers, who were ſtanding oppoſite to me, made her, it is probable, believe, that I was ready to join their Hands, or that, perhaps, I had already began the Ceremony; and this Suſpicion was ſo much the more natural, as ſhe might remember the Circumſtances of her own Marriage, in which I did not uſe many more Forms. However it was, for I never ſince had the Opportunity of learning the Truth from herſelf, ſhe advanced towards us with a Motion ex-

preſſive of all her Fears, and ſeizing the Hand of her Huſband: Are they married, ſaid ſhe to me trembling? I made Haſte to anſwer her, that they were not. Ah! replied ſhe, without giving me Time to add one Word, do not pollute your Hands with Sacrilege! You are deceived, if any one has made you believe that I have given my Conſent to it. I would ſooner have my Life wrung from me by a thouſand Torments. And caſting herſelf down at the Knees of *Patrick*; take it away from me yourſelf with your own Hands, ſaid ſhe, diſſolving into Tears; ſee my Boſom, do not fear to ſtrike; I will make no Reſiſtance againſt your Wounds! but do not expect that I will ever ſurrender the Rights you have given me by your Oaths; I will maintain them to my laſt Breath. You are mine, continued ſhe, heaving out a thouſand Sobs; I call Heaven and your Brother to my Witneſs. Alas! have I forfeited my Rights? Have I given you any Reaſon to hate me? What have I done to you, but loved you too much, and without ceaſing ſought to pleaſe you? She continued holding his Hand, although he made ſome Efforts to diſengage it. I know not what Attention he gave to her Diſcourſe, but he appeared to give much more to the Motions of Mademoiſelle *de L*———, whom he held with his other Hand, and who, in the Confuſion ſhe was doubtleſs in, drew it with all her Force to get from him. He was apparently fearful leſt ſhe ſhould get out of the Room, and perhaps out of the Houſe, inſomuch that it was a curious Sight, to ſee him between two Women, animated by Motives ſo different, who drew him each to her Side, or rather, one of whom he drew, whilſt he was drawn by the other. One Moment, ſaid he to Mademoiſelle *de L*—, caſting a Look on her, in which his Diſtraction was painted, I beg of you, ſtay one Moment. I began to fear, leſt Indignation ſhould ſeize my Siſter-in-law, and make her vent her Grief in Outrages againſt her Rival. But, at the ſame time, I was trembling for the Conſequences of this Scene, my Aſtoniſhment

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was extreme, to ſee it take a Turn much more capable of moving me. Stay, Mademoiſelle *de L*—, ſtay, cried the ſorrowful Daughter of *Fincer*, I demand of you this Complaiſance for me; and will it coſt you dear, if it hazards you nothing but to be a Spectator of your own Triumph? I think you worthy of being beloved, ſince you have made ſuch powerful Impreſſions on the Heart of my Huſband. But if you love him as much as I love him, alas! you underſtand how great my Torments muſt be! Cannot Compaſſion find a Place with Love? Will you miſuſe the Aſcendant you have gained over my Fate by killing me with cruel Deſpair? I yield up to you that Part you merit in his Love. Let him love you, I conſent to it; let him ſee you without ceaſing; let him live with you; but let him not hate me; let me enjoy the Name of his Wife; and ſuffer me to live with you and him. Is it to you that ſuch a Diviſion is injurious? Obtain of him, for me, that Part of his Heart which I have a Right to demand, and I will never diſpute with you that, of which you are in Poſſeſſion. Ha! continued ſhe, in giving Way to the Effort I made to lift her up, I cannot keep myſelf up any longer, my Strength fails me, but I am very glad he ſees me in this Condition. This is not, indeed, Sickneſs, 'tis Anguiſh, 'tis Deſpair. It depends on you, added ſhe, ſtill addreſſing herſelf to Mademoiſelle *de L*——, alas! it depends on you to make an End of me. I ſee well, that it is in your Hands I ought to intruſt my Life; for it may, poſſibly, begin to be dear to him, if you take any Intereſt in it. Have Pity on a Woman who never has offended you. Would you be leſs generous than I? Would you that I proſtrate myſelf at your Feet? My Pride ſhall never murmur at it; ſuch an Action will not the more abaſe me; nor is there any Sacrifice that I am not ready to make you.

It would be uſeleſs to add any Ornaments to a Scene ſo moving. It ſo ſoftened me into Compaſſion, that I had not, as yet, the Power to pronounce a ſin-

gle Word. But I could not ſee my Siſter-in-law prepared to caſt herſelf on her Knees before her Rival, without feeling a new ſort of Emotion, which immediately untied my Tongue. Ah! what are you going to do, cried I, ſtopping her? And are you capable of ſuffering it, ſaid I to Mademoiſelle *de L*———, turning myſelf towards her? I ſhould have added ſomething to this Rebuke, if ſhe had not prevented me by a Step that I never expected. With her Eyes moiſtened in Tears, which a Sentiment of lively Compaſſion had forced from her, ſhe threw herſelf about the Neck of my Siſter-in-law; whilſt *Patrick*, as much moved at this Sight, as I had been by the former, remained ſpeechleſs and penſive, in Expectation of what the Conſequences of theſe Things would be. Mademoiſelle *de L*——— held herſelf, for ſome time, bending over my Siſter-in-law's Face, againſt which ſhe had fixed her own. I ſhould be unworthy to live, ſaid ſhe at length, if I were not ſenſible of the Price of ſo much Sweetneſs and Generoſity. You ſhall have no Reaſon to lament my Sentiments or Conduct. Live to be happy. If there be a Neceſſity of any Sacrifices here, I am ſenſible on whom Duty impoſes them, and I condemn myſelf to them. My Example, perhaps, will have the ſame Effect on your Huſband.

Theſe Sentiments would have charmed me, if they had not been accompanied with other Tears than thoſe which I aſcribed to the firſt Motions of Compaſſion. But they afterwards yielded a Torrent, which afforded too plain a Teſtimony of the Violence ſhe did herſelf, and made me foreſee, that they would not be as durable as they might have been ſincere. *Patrick* was not taken up with a Reflection ſo favourable to his Love. Penetrated to the very Bottom of his Heart, with a Diſcourſe that appeared to him to be an Infidelity in his Miſtreſs, he conſidered little, whether the Reproaches with which he thought he had a Right to upbraid her, were a new Offence in his Spouſe. He lamented himſelf,

himſelf, with Tears in his Eyes, as the moſt forlorn of all Men, and in the Indignation of his Heart, which made him pronounce the Words, *Ungrateful* and *Perfidious*, he wiſhed, perhaps the firſt Time, for the Power of revenging himſelf, by reducing himſelf to his Duty. My Siſter-in-law, who ſcarce durſt perſuade herſelf that her Senſes were not deceived, out of the Goodneſs of her Heart pardoned her Huſband a Reſentment, which ſeemed to confirm what ſhe had juſt heard; and pretending to give no Attention to the Complaints that had eſcaped him, ſhe payed Mademoiſelle *de L*——, by a thouſand Careſſes, the ſhort Satisfaction ſhe had received from her Words. Heaven only knows what Turn this Converſation would have taken, from whence I durſt not hitherto promiſe myſelf any Thing; but in the Moment I was addreſſing myſelf to *Patrick* to moderate his Paſſion, and to exhort him to make an Effort worthy of himſelf, and of the Example of his Miſtreſs, an unexpected Piece of Intelligence arrived, to caſt us into new Troubles. *Fincer* had come with my Lord *Tenermill*. They drove cloſe upon the Heels of my Siſter-in-law, and *Jacin*, who luckily ſpied them upon his Return from *Paris*, had got the Start of them to inform me, in Time, of their near Approach.

I had not two Choices to make. I muſt not only receive them, but relate to them what had juſt paſſed before my Eyes. I prayed Mademoiſelle *de L*—— to retire into the next Apartment, and congratulating her, in my Turn, for the Victory ſhe had obtained over herſelf, I exhorted her, as I led her towards the Door, glorioufly to ſupport a Reſolution ſo noble. I left *Patrick* ſitting in an Elbow Chair ſome Paces from his Wife, not doubting, in the leaſt, but that what his Wife might yet add to ſoften him, would ſecond, in his Heart, the Reſentments, with which I thought he was filled againſt his Miſtreſs. But how unſeaſonably did I flatter myſelf in pretending to know any thing of Love? Mademoiſelle *de L*——, in paſſing from the Chamber, turned about her Head, an

caſt her Eyes on him. I obſerved this Look; I ſaw nothing in it more manifeſt and declared, than a languiſhing and pining. Nevertheleſs, returning to my Place, I began to hope ſomething from a Compliment he addreſſed to his Wife, with an Air mild and eaſy enough; yet I underſtood, from his firſt Words, what little Grounds I had for my Expectations. He got up to tell her, that he never ſhould be in that Situation, during his whole Life, wherein he would not conſerve for her a Reſpect, which ſhe merited by her Goodneſs and Virtue; but ſince ſhe was acquainted with the Secrets of his Heart, ſhe had room to judge that it was not in his Power to add any Thing to this Sentiment. I was already near him; but this did not hinder him from turning immediately to the Door, and flying out of the Houſe in as much Hurry as if he had been purſued.

Empoiſoned Look! which awakened in his Heart all the Power of Hope. My Siſter-in-law had reſiſted all the Agitations I have deſcribed; but this new Treachery entirely ſubdued her Conſtancy. She fell in a Swoon on her Chair. The Diligence and Applications that I could not diſpenſe with myſelf from uſing about her, made me loſe all Thoughts of *Patrick* and his Miſtreſs. I was buſily employed in giving her Aſſiſtance, when *Fincer* gave Notice of his Arrival with *Tenermill*. They came in the Moment ſhe began to open her Eyes, and nothing being able to perſuade her to lay herſelf under a Reſtraint, they were Witneſſes to her firſt Lamentations.

This then was enough to make them diſcover one Part of our Adventures. The ſevere *Fincer*, who had treated her with ſo much Rigour, appeared moved at the Fainting and Weakneſs in which he ſaw her, and from henceforth laying little Streſs on the Conſent he had forced from her, he forthwith ſignified his Thoughts to me like a Man who reproached himſelf for his uſeleſs Violence. Nevertheleſs, the Concluſion of what he ſaid, confirmed me in the Thoughts I always had of his Character: I reckoned greatly,

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ſaid he, on the Meaſures I had taken with my Lord *Tenermill*; but ſince ſhe is ſo obſtinately reſolved to live unhappily with a Huſband, who has ſo little Conſideration for her, ſhe muſt ſuffer all the Rigour of a Fortune, which ſhe has voluntarily choſen. *Tenermill*, who, during this Time, was giving her all the Aſſiſtance that ſhe yet ſtood in Need of, heard this kind of Determination, that abſolutely ruined his Hopes: He came to us, and, by a way of Reaſoning plauſible enough, repreſented to *Fincer*, that of the two Sides he had to chuſe, that Method which agreed beſt with the Honour of our two Families, and the particular Happineſs of his Daughter, was, without Doubt, the only one he ought to ſtand upon. He inſiſted even upon the Shame that would reſult to *Fincer* from the Diſgrace of an only Daughter, for whom the World would never ſuppoſe, that a Huſband would have ſhewed ſo much Contempt and Diſguſt, if he had not had very powerful Reaſons to weigh down all her Charms. The Conſequence naturally followed of itſelf. He muſt, without conſulting her too much, make uſe of all the Advantages he had over her, and ſince we happened to be ſo luckily together, I ought to conclude the Ceremony of the Marriage by a Benediction, that the Preſence of a Father would render inviolable.

He ſhewed very little Delicacy in a Propoſal of this Nature. But I am repreſenting an ambitious Man, whoſe very Love ſavoured of the principal Paſſion that ſwayed his Heart. Beſides, *Tenermill*, with all the Reaſons I have given, was privately ſtung, that his Brother, without willing or thinking of it, had inſpired the Daughter of *Fincer* with thoſe Inclinations ſhe refuſed to entertain for him.

Thus was he a Slave to many Weakneſſes, when he thought he was experiencing only one, and what he took for the Motions of Love, might ſucceſſively be the Effects of many Cauſes leſs glorious. Nevertheleſs, what he ſaid made an Impreſſion on *Fincer*;

but the Power that diſpoſes of Fortunes and Affections, did not incline her to conſent to his Deſires.

I could not hearken to him without being offended at an Obſtinacy that began to become ſeriouſly criminal. As long as I was perſuaded, by his Intimacies with her, and by the Arrival of *Fincer*, that my Siſter-in-law might be brought to ſome voluntary Compoſition, I gave Way to this Hope, and the real Advantage of two Families prevailed over my particular Repugnances. But after what I had ſeen, of which I had a Share yet before my Eyes, after ſuch invincible Proofs of Oppoſition from my Siſter-in-law, I had nothing remaining with me but Horror, for the Violence they had employed againſt her. It is in vain, ſaid I to *Tenermill*, in a bitter Tone, it is in vain to flatter yourſelf with Succeſs, to which you ought no longer to pretend. The Authority of a Father does not at all juſtify the Crime, and, from henceforth, it will be a Crime in you to renew your Perſecutions. I had heretofore a better Notion of your Project; but I ſee nothing in it now but Cruelty and Injuſtice. In a Word, added I, with a reſolute Air, I know the Diſpoſitions of my Lady, and, in her Name, I oppoſe myſelf to every thing that you dare attempt to force her to be yours. She ſhall then be no Body's, anſwered he bluntly; for I have an Inſtrument of *Patrick*'s Proteſt againſt the Marriage into which you have engaged him; and if you ſuppoſe any Crimes here, I ſee no Body but you we have a Right to accuſe of them. This Reproach ſtung me to the Quick. Ingrate! cried I, with Tears in my Eyes, is this the Price I ought to receive for my Affection and Services?

In the mean time *Fincer* hearkened to us in Silence, and looking on the double Refuſal, which expoſed his Daughter, according to *Tenermill*'s Expreſſion, to be no Body's, as a bloody Outrage on her, he inſtantly took a Reſolution more ſtrange than any thing I have related. You ſhall be all ſatisfied, ſaid he to us, without any Marks of Reſentment, and taking her

her by the Hand, with an Invitation mild enough to remove from her any Fear of following him, he preſſed her to go out with him a Moment. I know not by what Artifice he continued to procure her Obedience with ſo little Reſiſtance; but, diſſembling his Deſigns to the End, he made her ſtep into the Chaiſe in which he came, and ſeating himſelf by her, retook the Road to *Paris*, without giving us any Notice of his Departure. We knew it, nevertheleſs, the ſame Moment. *Tenermill* caſt a furious Look at me; you have coſt me my Fortune, ſaid he, but if I find my Suſpicions juſt, beware of my Vengeance. I was going to anſwer him with a good deal of Confuſion; he was already at the Door of the Chamber, and leaving the Houſe on Foot, for Want of other Conveniencies, he went away without any other Attendants but his Lacquey.

The Trouble I was in, did not hinder me from thinking, that Mademoiſelle *de L*——— and *Patrick* might be alone in the next Apartment. I went to them, to enquire what Explanation they could give of the precipitate Departure of *Fincer* and his Daughter. Having looked for them in vain, I was informed, to compleat my Diſorder, that they went away immediately after the Arrival of *Fincer*. They did not leave me any Inſight into their Deſigns, and I ſaw myſelf thus left alone, with the mortal Regret of not knowing what I had next to do, nor with what I was menaced.

Religion might inſpire me with Patience, but it could not inform me on what Side I ought to turn myſelf in this inextricable Labyrinth. My only Reſource was to diſpatch *Jacin* to *Paris*, to inform himſelf only of the Situation of ſo many ſenſeleſs Extravagants, who ſeemed voluntarily to renounce every Shadow of Prudence and Reaſon. I waited for his Return with an Impatience as great as my Fears. Night being paſſed over before he could find the Means of executing my Orders, I might reckon this frightful Interval for one of the moſt cruel Trials

to

to which Heaven had yet put my Virtue. At length I ſaw him arrive in the Morning, and he brought me two Letters from my Brothers. Without giving me Time to read them, he told me, that *Fincer* had not returned to the Count *de S*———'s Houſe, and that having ſent for his Trunks to the Place where he had gone to, he, without Delay, had taken Poſt, with his Daughter, for *Denmark*. He had himſelf declared his Departure to the Count's Domeſticks, who had conveyed to him his Luggage, and without ſuffering a ſingle Complaint or Reproach to fall from him, he would not let them return to their Maſter till the Moment he had got into his Chaiſe. *Tenermill*, who was at the Count's, had heard this News with Tranſports near a-kin to Deſpair, and he was in this Diſpoſition, when he put Pen to Paper to write to me.

As to *Patrick*, *Jacin* could not diſcover to what Place he had retired; but having gone many Times to the Houſe of Mademoiſelle *de L*——, with the Hopes of finding him there, at length a Servant put into his Hand the Letter he brought me, without giving him any further Account, which made me judge, ſaid *Jacin*, that my Brother had taken his Miſtreſs's Houſe for his Retreat; nevertheleſs, he was alſo perſuaded, that Mademoiſelle *de L*——— was not with him there. He earneſtly requeſted the Honour of ſeeing her, and they were all ſteady in their Anſwers, not only that ſhe had not returned there yet, but that they did not know how long her Abſence would continue. Without Doubt, added *Jacin*, you will find other Lights in your Letters.

I opened them trembling. That of *Tenermill* betrayed in it all the Haughtineſs of his Character. He told me, without Reſerve, that I had, by the ſame Stroke, ruined his Fortune and Repoſe; that ſince I had ſmitten him in two Places ſo ſenſible and grievous, I ſhould no longer expect any Thing from him but an immortal Hatred; that he declared his Reſentment to me, and I ſhould give Thanks to my Profeſſion

ſeſſion for limiting him to Thoughts alone. If I loved my Safety, I ſhould fear to provoke his Anger, by expoſing my odious Figure to his Eyes. He hugged himſelf upon the Order he found at *Paris*, commanding him to repair to his Regiment, which would paſs the Seas with the firſt Opportunity. It was a Pleaſure to him to be removed far from the Place where I inhabited, and the Diſpoſition he found he had towards me, upon his leaving *France*, he ſwore he would retain his whole Life.

O Heaven! cried I, ſhedding a Torrent of Tears, by whom am I treated with ſo much Haughtineſs and Diſdain? Is it by a Brother, to whom I never prayed for any Thing but the moſt precious Favours of Heaven and of Fortune? On whom do thy Menaces fall, furious *Tenermill?* Is it not upon thyſelf, who depriveſt thyſelf of thoſe Aids, which you have ever drawn from my Tenderneſs and Services? Whilſt I reſented his Injuries ſo bitterly, the Hopes of finding ſome Conſolation in the Sweetneſs and Friendſhip of *Patrick*, made me open my ſecond Letter. The Stile of it was more moderate; but how great, nevertheleſs, was my Surprize and Grief, to ſee in it, with leſs Paſſion, the ſame Reſolution of breaking abſolutely with me, and if not Declarations of Hatred, at leaſt the Language of an ulcerated Heart, who called me the Author of all his Misfortunes, and abſolutely diſclaimed my Friendſhip and Advice. I had made a Conſcience, ſaid *Patrick* in his Letter, of reſiſting the Inclinations of the Daughter of *Fincer:* Ah! why had not I been aſhamed, in *Ireland*, of doing a mortal Violence to his? I had believed my Conſcience bound by the Ceremonies of the Church, was it leſs bound by the Laws of Nature, when I had openly violated them to marry him againſt his Will? Did he aſk more for making him happy, than I had done to throw him into an Abyſs of Misfortunes? In fine, if the Authority of the King, the Power of the Biſhops, as well as that of a Father; if the Approbation of all our Family, united together, had

not

not Power to make me ſurmount imaginary Difficulties; why had I more Deference in *Ireland* to my own peculiar Caprices? He then concluded, that he had as little Dependance on my Underſtanding as my Friendſhip; and if he did not forbid me, in Words as injurious as *Tenermill*, ever to preſent before his Eyes my odious Figure, he adviſed me no longer to take the leaſt Share in his Affairs; not being able to anſwer, ſaid he, how far the Exceſs of his Reſentment might be capable of hurrying him againſt thoſe who oppoſed themſelves to his Marriage.

Whatever Difference I could find between theſe two Letters, I ſaw, at the Bottom, that they both proceeded from two Hearts equally exaſperated, the Expreſſions of each correſponding mutually to their natural Characters. Friendſhip appeared to me to be extinguiſhed between us for ever: For ſuppoſing there were greater Hopes of a Converſion from the natural Mildneſs of *Patrick*, I had, nevertheleſs, a Glimpſe, that he would put our Reconciliation at a Price, to which it would be impoſſible I could ſubmit. All his Sophiſtry could never change the Opinion I had of my Duty. The Exceſs of Reſentment, by which he flattered himſelf, perhaps, that he could terrify me, was not at all capable of cooling me in an Oppoſition to his Marriage. I conſequently foreſaw a War, as open with him, as that which his Brother had declared againſt me, and if Charity did, on this Account, make me ſhed Tears of Blood, I found from Juſtice wherewithal to ſatisfy myſelf againſt the very Weakneſs of my own Heart. With what Ardour, nevertheleſs, did I not pray to Heaven to ſtop the Hatred and Diviſions that menaced our unhappy Family? But did I not do every Thing in my Power to prevent them? My Tenderneſs and my Cares, were they ever ſlackened? My Zeal itſelf, had it any Thing in it too bitter? And in the Confidence with which I repoſed myſelf on the Projects, of which they made, a long time, ſo great a Myſtery, did I not enter into them with more Moderation and Complaiſance than, perhaps,

perhaps, they ought to have expected from a Man of my Profeſſion? Whenever, in Reality, they opened to me any Method of Reconciliation, not wounding the Rights of Humanity, nor the Laws of the Church, with what Joy did I not immediately offer my Conſent and Service? Theſe were ſome of the Reflections I made upon the Letters for the reſt of the Day, when Heaven ſtarted in me a Thought, from whence I yet promiſed myſelf a Delay, at leaſt, to this domeſtick War, which I had not flattered myſelf to have been able longer to avoid; and the Ardour, with which I laid hold of this Ray of Hope, was to me, as it were, a new Pledge of the Integrity of my Intentions.

In admiring the Conſtancy of my Siſter-in-law, who had ſupported herſelf with as much Reſolution as Affection, againſt the Sollicitations, and even Violences, by which they endeavoured to oblige her to conſent to a Divorce, I obſerved, that the Means they had employed, were capable only of making a Woman rebel, who ſaw herſelf treated with ſo little Addreſs and Management. *Tenermill* had deceived her a long time by falſe Promiſes, or, at leaſt, by giving her Hopes that he would ſoon make her more happy, and that the Choice he had made of writing to her Father, would infallibly help to re-eſtabliſh Peace in our Family; he had given her room to flatter herſelf, that it was by reconciling her to her Huſband, he pretended to ſerve her: And the Quiet which ſhe had appeared to enjoy until the Arrival of *Fincer*, was built only upon this Foundation. She had taken Part with thoſe Notions at *Saiſons*, and, perhaps, had never yet thought her Happineſs ſo certain, as when ſhe was informed that her Father was at *Paris*, and that he preſſed *Tenermill* to come with her ſpeedily to him. Nevertheleſs, the firſt Explanations ſhe received of thoſe Things, not only deſtroyed ſo ſweet an Expectation, but mortally perplexed her by a Propoſal of a new Marriage, which made the Thoughts of a Divorce yet more terrible. To her refuſing

refuſing to conſent to this Scheme, they gave no Anſwer but by abſolute Commands, and the Weight of paternal Authority. Their Words were ſucceeded by Violence. What Method was this to gain over the Mind of a Woman, and to wrench from her Heart a Paſſion, which ſhe had made her Idol!

But I fancied, if I myſelf ſhould take a Way more mild, by endeavouring to perſuade her, that ſhe in vain made Reſiſtance againſt the melancholy Neceſſity impoſed on her; and if I ſhould make her underſtand all the Oppoſitions I had found in the Heart of her Huſband towards bringing him back to his Duty, with which ſhe ſeemed yet to flatter herſelf, I ſhould, at length, make her drop thoſe fatal Hopes, which were the Poiſon out of which all her Troubles were compounded, and I ſhould, perhaps, lead her to deſire, for her own Repoſe, that my Brother ſhould haſten to enter into the laſt Engagements with her Rival. There was a Neceſſity of determining myſelf to go to *Denmark*; for the Execution of ſo great an Enterprize, as to tranſact ſuch an Affair by an Intercourſe of Letters, would be a Method too ſlow and too uncertain. What Numbers of Objections would be made, to which I foreſaw I muſt make Anſwers, and which I could never remove entirely by writing? But neither the Fatigue, nor the Dangers of the Journey, were capable of ſtopping my Zeal: I hugged myſelf with the Thought, which I took for an Inſpiration of Heaven itſelf; and I did nothing but ſtrengthen myſelf in this Reſolution.

BOOK VIII.

I Was ſo far from changing my Mind at my Up-riſing, that I employed all my Cares in making Preparations for my Departure. There remained only one Difficulty that could occaſion me any Doubt. I wiſhed that my Brothers had been informed of my Deſign; but I heſitated upon the Manner of giving them an Intimation of it; and not daring to truſt it to a Letter, I conſidered of chuſing no other Interpreter than myſelf. Nevertheleſs, I could not forget their Menaces. They were both, one and the other of them, in the firſt Heat of their Reſentment; and I doubted whether they were diſpoſed to hear me, or were capable of giving due Caution and Reſpect to their Expreſſions. I choſe a Medium, which was, to communicate to them one Part of my Deſign by Letter, and demand a private Meeting, to lay open to them the Remainder of it. Reckoning that my Eagerneſs to ſerve them would be conſidered as a ſort of Juſtification, I was reſolved not to ſpeak of the late Scenes, nor of the Harſhneſs, with which they treated me in their Letters. I charged *Jacin* with my Commiſſion, and gave him Authority to add to it whatever he judged proper to reclaim ſuch ill-diſpoſed Minds. He returned to me, in leſs than an Hour, with this mortifying Anſwer, that they would neither ſee me, nor receive my Letters. They were obſtinately bent, as it were by Conſent, to break all kinds of Meaſures with me, and the only Difference between them was, that *Tenirmill* anſwered *Jacin* with his own Mouth, inſtead of which, *Patrick*, (whoſe Reſidence at the Houſe of Mademoiſelle

de

de L—— was no longer a Secret) ſent his Anſwer by a Servant. I lamented their Paſſion; and, far from being diſheartened, I drew from thence new Courage to enterprize a Matter that I had not dared to riſque at firſt. The Confirmation of *Patrick*'s Retreat was another Reaſon that ought to animate me. With what View, and by what Forgetfulneſs of common Decency had he choſen the Houſe of his Miſtreſs to lodge in? The Suſpicions ariſing in my Mind, in Proportion as my Reflections inlarged themſelves upon this Thought, did not ſuffer me to delay my Departure a Moment. I trembled already to touch upon any of thoſe fatal Circumſtances, in which Noiſe and Clamour would, in the End, take Place of Advice and Tears.

In the mean time I choſe to go directly to the Count's, from whom, or from the Counteſs, I had Hopes of drawing ſome Hints, that might give me a little Light. My Arrival there could not be a Secret, and my Deſign was not to have it ſo. Such a Precaution, nevertheleſs, was neceſſary, had it been poſſible. I had ſcarce got into the Count's Apartment, when *Tenermill*, underſtanding I was ſo near him, ordered his Horſes to his Chaiſe, and went off to St. *Germain*. I was advertiſed of his Departure, whilſt I was enquiring, from my Siſter and her Huſband, the Reaſon of all the Frenzy that tranſported him. I found, by this Account, from whom it was he had a Mind to remove himſelf, and I vented my Grief in ſome Sighs. The Count and his Spouſe were cruelly afflicted at this Diſorder. They related to me how great his Tranſports were, upon hearing of the Flight of *Fincer* and his Daughter, and they did not diſſemble it, that, aſcribing to me the Loſs of his Fortune and Happineſs, he was, perhaps, my Enemy, without Hopes of a Reconciliation.

Do you condemn me, ſaid I, with a Voice ſunk by Grief, and do you think that the Laws of Heaven and Earth would ſuffer me to obſerve any other Conduct? They anſwered, in a little Confuſion, that it did

did not belong to them to decide the Matter, and that, moreover, they had no Party to chuſe among Perſons ſo dear. From hence I conceived, that if I ought not to fear their abandoning my Intereſts, I could count no more upon engaging them in any Step diſpleaſing to my Brothers. I embraced the Count; your Goodneſs, ſaid I, is known to me by a hundred Proofs, and I commend the Equality you ſhew by thus dividing yourſelves. But do not you ſee, that your Friendſhip for them is converted into Cruelty, if you do not put a Stop to their Ruin? How have you ſuffered *Patrick* to abuſe the Weakneſs of Mademoiſelle *de L———*, even to obtain her Conſent to lodge him in her Houſe? Is not this a ſhameful Diſorder, upon which my Duty does not permit me to be ſilent? They both caſt down their Eyes. My Suſpicions became more urgent. Explain yourſelves then, ſaid I, and do not leave me under an Uncertainty that diſturbs all my Blood. You demand of us, anſwered coldly the Count, what we ought not to inform you of, what we have ſworn not to diſcover to any Perſon in the World, and what you would have thought yourſelf obliged to conceal, if it were committed to you under the ſame Truſt. But, ſeeing my Confuſion encreaſe, do not, added he, entertain a Suſpicion, that wounds the Honour of Mademoiſelle *de L———*, and it is your Brother who muſt reveal this Secret to you.

The Confuſion of my Thoughts did not permit me to hear what was proper to encourage me in his Diſcourſe, and forgetting even the Deſign I had of declaring to them the Project of my Journey, I aſked Permiſſion to leave them, in order to go immediately to *Patrick*. I was reſolved to enter boldly into the Houſe of Mademoiſelle *de L———*, without giving any Notice of my Viſit; upon which none of the Servants would dare oppoſe my Paſſage. The Example of *Tenermill* made me fear leſt *Patrick* ſhould take Advantage of the leaſt Hint to make his Eſcape. I will accoſt him in Spite of his Teeth, ſaid I, walking

ing up alone, with a Motion that gave me Spirits; I will oblige him to ſpeak to me: Do not let him hope to find me as eaſy to be deceived as I was at *Saiſons*. I will unveil this odious Myſtery, that they labour to diſguiſe from me with ſo much Care; and though it ſhould coſt me my Life, I will ſtop the Progreſs of a Diſorder, which I have come too late to the Knowledge of to combat in its Birth. I muſt confeſs here, that the moſt upright Zeal is ſubject to many Illuſions, and I have ſometimes Need of theſe Examples to reduce mine to more juſt Bounds.

I went into the Houſe where I was ſure of finding *Patrick*. Far from being ſtopped by any Obſtacle, I met not one Servant who did not treat me with a Reſpect that they thought due to their Maſter's Siſter; and I obſerved only an Embarraſment, which appeared equal in all their Anſwers, when I preſſed them to ſhew me the Way to my Brother's Apartment. However, not being able to find it without a Guide in ſo large a Houſe, of which I did not know the Windings, I aſked for his Valet de Chambre, the ſame Servant with whom he was ſo much diſſatisfied in *Ireland*, and whom I eſtabliſhed in his good Graces after our Arrival at *Saiſons*. He appeared to me with an Air of even more Conſternation than the others, and commending their Silence, he whiſpered in my Ear, to go with him aſide into a remote Chamber, where he promiſed to give me ſuch Lights as he would not do to any Body but me.

I followed him with Eagerneſs. You ought not, ſaid he, at length, to be offended at the Refuſal of all the Servants here to introduce you to my Maſter's Chamber. He will receive no Body here, and the Anſwer he directed to be given you Yeſterday, might make you underſtand, that his Orders regarded you in a more particular Manner. But with whatever Reſentment he is exaſperated againſt you, I know, added he, the Extent of the Tenderneſs and Reſpect he bears you, and I cannot imagine that his

his Anger will reſiſt them long. I have diſcovered alſo, that the Care he takes of removing you from the Knowledge of his Affairs, is only occaſioned by a Fear of finding you not well diſpoſed to approve them; and I am, on the contrary, perſuaded, that you will not condemn altogether his Conduct, if you knew with what Meaſures it has been always regulated.

This is the Cauſe, ſaid he, that makes me paſs more eaſily over the Scruple, which would oblige me to Silence with all the World but you; and, conjuring me to make a prudent Uſe of the Confidence he placed in me, he told me, that his Maſter was married two Days before, that is, on the Night of the ſame Day he had left *Saiſons*. I was not ſo much Maſter of myſelf to ſuppreſs the Marks of my Grief at this ſtrange News. And you praiſe his Conduct, cried I, when he makes himſelf guilty of the moſt ſhameful Irregularity!

Do not condemn us without a Hearing, interrupted this honeſt Valet; it is by the Circumſtances I think him juſtified. He reſumed his Story. After having left you, ſaid he, my Maſter, who was willing to avoid meeting Mr. *Fincer*, watched the Moment of his Arrival, and retaking the Road to *Paris*, as ſoon as he ſaw him engaged with you, he brought here Mademoiſelle *de L*———, with whom he continued but a ſhort Time, occaſioned by a Scruple ſhe herſelf raiſed, of being too long with him alone without a Witneſs. He went abroad with the Hopes of meeting my Lord *Tenermill*, whoſe Reſolutions it imported him to know. He did not find him till towards the Evening at the Count's, when one came from Mr. *Fincer* for his Trunks, which they did not refuſe ſending him. The News of the Departure of him and his Daughter, produced in the two Brothers very different Impreſſions; while my Lord *Tenermill* thought he found in it a Reaſon for giving himſelf up to Deſpair, my Maſter, without taking the leaſt Share in the Affliction of his Brother, perſuaded

ſuaded himſelf, that this Flight was a Favour from Heaven; and keeping cloſe to the Thoughts that ſprang up in him upon this Occaſion, he immediately got out of the Hands of my Lord thoſe Inſtruments that had been prepared for his Divorce. *Jacin* returned with theſe Aſſiſtances, upon which he had eſtabliſhed all his Views. It was at this Juncture that your Letter came to him. He had given Orders, upon his Arrival, that the Door ſhould be ſhut againſt all the World, and fearing from you ſome new Obſtacle to the Deſign he had in Agitation, his Commands were more particular to exclude every Body coming from you. Nevertheleſs, the Obſtinacy of *Jacin*, who would not be repulſed by all our Refuſals, made him reſolve to anſwer you. I was Witneſs of the Irreſolution with which he, ſeveral times, began anew his Letter, as if it had been a Matter of great Importance to him to regulate his Stile well; and, from ſome Words that he dropped, I do not doubt but he writ to you, in the moſt proper Manner, to take away the Deſire you might have of oppoſing his Enterprize. I was ignorant, till Night, in what all theſe Motions, with which I ſaw him diſturbed, would end: His Diſcourſes with Mademoiſelle *de L*——— were exceeding lively; and I began to be amazed, that after having made a Difficulty of ſuffering him too long with her alone, ſhe had ſo ſoon got rid of this Scruple. In fine, the Lady being apparently prevailed upon to follow his Reſolutions, they went together to St. *Germain*, without any other Servant but me. We alight at the Caſtle, where my Services becoming more neceſſary to him, he declared to me, that he was going to unite his Deſtiny to that of Mademoiſelle *de L*——, and that he had, for that Purpoſe, occaſion of an *Engliſh* Biſhop, whoſe Apartment he ordered me to enquire for. Having found it without Difficulty, he acquainted this Prelate with his Name, and the Subject of his Viſit. The Inſtruments he produced confirmed his Words; he had nothing to do but to furniſh a Matter, which had been concluded in the ſame Place, and the Execution

cution of which met with leſs Difficulty in the King's Chapel than at *Paris*: So the Biſhop made but few Objections. They called in ſome Witneſſes, and towards Midnight my Maſter received the nuptial Benediction with ſuch Motions of Joy, that he could ſcarce contain.

Some Hours being taken up in preparing the matrimonial Certificate, and a few other Matters of Form, we could not get back to *Paris* before Day. In going up with my Maſter to the Apartment of Mademoiſelle *de L*——, I confeſs I could not think, without trembling, that he was, without Doubt, going to take Poſſeſſion of thoſe Rights, which ſhe had juſt given him over her, whilſt I had before my Eyes the lively Image of what paſſed that Evening at *Saiſons*, and that having obſerved, with too much Curioſity, perhaps, all the Steps of my Lady, I recalled to my Memory the conſtant Oppoſition ſhe had given to her Separation. I had Occaſion of all the Influences of Reſpect to ſmother thoſe ſorrowful Reflections. But when I expected from my Maſter his Orders for undreſſing him, inſtead thereof I received a Command from Mademoiſelle *de L*——— to call up all her Servants. While I was doing this, ſhe made all her Women continue about her, as if ſhe was apprehenſive leſt People might reproach her for having been alone with her Huſband; and when I had brought her Servants to her, ſhe declared to them, without ſpeaking of her Marriage, that being under a Neceſſity of ſome time abſenting herſelf, ſhe left to my Maſter the Care of her Houſe, and gave him all the Authority ſhe had over them: She made no Delay but to take a light Breakfaſt. The ſame Coach, that had carried us to St. *Germain*, had been ordered to wait at the Gate. She got into it with my Maſter, accompanied by a Woman who had been her Governante from her Infancy, and I was ſtill the only Servant who had Orders to follow them. She drove to the new Convent of *Engliſh* Nuns, where, upon a Letter of Recommendation procured from the Biſhop,

who celebrated her Marriage, ſhe was received by the Superior with great Politeneſs and Diſtinction. My Maſter often mentioned her by the Name of his Wife in ſpeaking of her to the Superior; and not laying himſelf under any further Reſtraint before any Body, upon taking his Leave, he gave her a thouſand paſſionate Kiſſes. At his Return he took me aſide in private. He laid a good deal of Streſs upon the Renewal of his Confidence, and charging me to keep ſecret all I had ſeen, he did not conceal from me, that the Retreat of Mademoiſelle *de L*— into the Convent, where he had left her, proceeded from the Scruples which ſhe yet oppoſed to his Happineſs. She ſubmitted to his Deſires upon this Condition only, from the Hope he had ſucceſfully given her, that *Fincer*, upon getting an Account of their Marriage, would immediately diſpoſe of his Daughter. Mademoiſelle *de L*—— was reſolved to wait till this Event was unravelled, before ſhe would live with him, and publickly take on her the Quality of his Spouſe. All the Difficulty conſiſts then, at preſent, added *Patrick*'s Confident, in giving Mr. *Fincer* Notice, that my Maſter is, at length, married to Mademoiſelle *de L*—— by the Ceremonies of the Church. It is in finding out a certain Way of doing this, that we are alone employed, and, during this Interval, he is reſolved to avoid you, in Appearance, out of Fear, leſt you ſhould dive into a Conduct, that he would not expoſe to your Reproaches, and which he has truſted to nobody but my Lord *Tenermill*, and to the Count and Counteſs of *S*———.

I had Time, during this Story, to recover myſelf from all the Agitations that the Beginning of it had given me. The modeſt Retreat of Mademoiſelle *de L*—— made a little Amends for the Temerity of her Marriage; and with whatever Eye I could look upon ſo indiſcreet a Step, the Meaſures, with which it was accompanied, made it, indeed, appear leſs criminal. However, I thought it no leſs true, that an Engagement of this Nature could not paſs for any Thing but a culpable Abuſe of the Eccleſiaſtical Ceremonies,

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at leaſt on the Part of my Brother and Mademoiſelle *de L*——, who ought not to have diſguiſed the Obſtacle that ſhould have ſtood in their Way. I juſtified the *Engliſh* Biſhop, and the King himſelf, from the Care that *Tenermill* had taken to conceal the Reſiſtances of *Fincer*'s Daughter. They had given their Deciſion upon the Teſtimony of her Father, upon that of my Brothers, and even upon her own Conſent, to which they extorted her Hand whether ſhe would or not. This was an Excuſe that Charity furniſhed me with in their Behalf. But all my Reaſons not leading me further to believe, that Mademoiſelle *de L*——— and my Brother could be juſtified by any Excuſe, I continued convinced, that under even the Suppoſition of a future Conſent of *Fincer* and his Daughter, an Union ſo little lawful ought to be renewed, to give it the Merit of a Marriage.

I did not impart theſe Reflections to *Patrick*'s Valet; but that did not hinder me from taking Occaſion, from his Story, to confirm my intended Deſign of making a Journey to *Denmark*. I conſidered, that without an Obſtinacy to keep up her Paſſion, *Sarah Fincer*, to whom I durſt no longer give the Name of Siſter-in-law, would neceſſarily loſe all Remains of Hope, when ſhe heard of the Marriage of her Huſband. After a Step of this Nature, ſhe could no longer flatter herſelf with the Thoughts of bringing him back to her. Beſides, what had ſhe ever to oppoſe to thoſe Inſtruments, upon the Strength of which he founded his Proceedings? Her Conſent, it is true, was not in the beſt Form; but would my Teſtimony, which was the only Point from whence ſhe could hope to draw any Aid, be ſufficient to give Credit to her Exceptions? Thus her Proteſtations and Complaints, not paſſing, from henceforth, for any thing but the Repinings of an inconſtant Woman, who ſeemed to repent of an Act, which the Publick would be convinced ſhe had ſigned voluntarily, there would remain no other Reſource for her but Patience and Forgetfulneſs. I made Account, that

by the Force of my Inſtances and Pains I ſhould bring her to reliſh ſuch powerful Reaſons, to make her abandon an Ingrate, and I ſhould corroborate myſelf alſo, in order to ſerve a guilty Brother, with every thing that I found moſt blameable and moſt odious in his Conduct.

In the mean time my Eagerneſs to ſee him being as much cooled by my Indignation, as by the Tranquillity in which I was upon the Score of Mademoiſelle *de L——*, I declared to the Valet de Chambre, that I would not expoſe him to the Diſpleaſure of his Maſter, by opening to me his Door againſt his Will. What I have heard, ſaid I, is ſufficient to regulate my Reſolutions. Inform him not that you have ſeen me, or, at leaſt, let him not know, that I have the ſmalleſt Suſpicion of his Marriage. It would be too afflicting to me, that he ſhould look on the Service I thought to do him, as a Mark of my Approbation of his Conduct. But tell him, if you think it neceſſary for his Repoſe, that, knowing him to be obſtinate in violating his Duty, I have voluntarily taken the Reſolution of going to *Denmark*, only with the View of diminiſhing the Subject of his Remorſe, by perſuading, if it be poſſible, his unhappy Wife, to grant ſuch Conſent as he deſires. Exhort him to Moderation until my Return, and if he ſhall think he owes any Acknowledgment to me for my Zeal, charge him, in my Abſence, to bring back alſo his Brother *Tenermill* to more moderate Sentiments. It cannot, without Doubt, but be obſerved, with what Facility my Love for thoſe two Ingrates aſſumed the Aſcendant over all the Murmurs of my Heart, and how little theſe Sacrifices coſt me in Favour of Peace and Friendſhip.

The Thoughts of my Journey becoming inſtantly my only Employment, I did not paſs by the Count's without imparting to him a Reſolution, in the Execution of which I foreſaw his Friendſhip would find many Difficulties. He commended my Intentions, but having formed to himſelf a very juſt Idea of the Character and Diſpoſition of *Fincer*, he repreſented to

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me, in lively Colours, all I had to fear from his Hatred. I know, ſaid he, from the Accounts of my Servants, with what Harſhneſs and Rigour he is capable of treating even his Daughter. Exaſperated at her Regret for leaving *France*, and taking Offence at her moſt tender Complaints, he threatened to put her to Death with his own Hand, if ſhe refuſed following him; and it was by horrible Imprecations that he forced her to ſuppreſs her Tears upon ſtepping into the Chaiſe. Judge, continued the Count, what it is you are to expect: Your Errand will only help to kindle up his Reſentment; and he will look on abuſive Reproaches as the leaſt Effect you may fear from his Vengeance. The Counteſs laboured alſo to augment my Alarms by a thouſand other fatal Predictions, and laying a Streſs on her Compaſſion for *Sarah:* What Neceſſity is there, ſaid ſhe, to go and renew her Troubles by bringing her Misfortune under her Eyes? Ought an unfortunate Woman, who, perhaps, has Death near her Heart, be purſued even to her Grave? I interrupted her: Neither my Words nor Applications, anſwered I, ſhall have any thing in them that can give her Offence. You talk of purſuing her; on the contrary, it is Aid and Conſolation I think to carry her. Moreover, added I, this is to loſe Sight of the principal Motive of my Journey, and I am not pleaſed to ſee you forget, that this Step is neceſſary to repair a Temerity, from whence your Brother has nothing but unhappy Conſequences to hope.

I gave them alſo to underſtand, that there were few Objections ſtrong enough to cool me, when I thought I was called by Duty. What I drew moſt profitable, from the Advice of the Count, was a Detail of Inſtructions for the Road I was to take, and which he was well acquainted with, having made the Journey many times during the War. They helped to ſpare me many unprofitable Fatigues, in giving me the Opportunity of meeting what would poſſibly have eſcaped all my Enquiries, had I taken the common

Road. Nevertheleſs, not having Reaſon to foreſee any new Adventures to oppoſe my Intentions, I employed ſome Days in making Preparations for my Journey with more Pains than I ſhould have taken, had I known the ſhort Continuance of it. They were interrupted by nothing but ſome Efforts I made to bring about a Reconciliation with *Tenermill*. I writ to him often to St. *Germain*, and reckoning that he would be affected, at leaſt, by the new Hopes he might conceive for his Love, I diſcovered to him, in my laſt Letter, that it was his Intereſt, as much as his Brother's, that carried me to *Denmark*. But he appeared as inſenſible to this, as to the Teſtimonies of my Affection, and I could not get one Word of Anſwer from him.

I began, then, my Journey with as much Ardour as Reſolution. *Jacin* compoſed all my Train. Inſtead of taking the Way of *Holland*, which, perhaps, would have been the ſhorteſt Road, I propoſed to myſelf, following the Directions of the Count, to reach *Cologne*, from whence he had traced out to me a Road through divers Towns, where I ſhould never want Conveniences or Carriages. He counted upon it, that by the Eaſe and Pleaſures of the Way I ſhould recover what I loſt by the Tedioufneſs of the Length of it. *Fincer*, who, without Doubt, had the ſame Inſtructions in taking his Journey to *France*, returned towards *Copenhagen* the ſame Way. I was ignorant of this Particular, and the Start he had got of me not giving me Reaſon to think I ſhould overtake him, I travelled on without making any greater Haſte, than that of deſiring to be ſoon at the End of my Undertaking. We had already come near the Frontiers, when changing Horſes at the Poſt-Houſe, *Jacin* gave me Notice, with an Air of Conſternation, that he had got a Sight of *Fincer* in an adjoining Yard, and, making further Enquiries, had learned, that *Fincer* having travelled ſome Days before, to reach *Flanders*, had come back this Road with his Daughter, manifeſtly with a Deſign to return to *Paris*.

ris. This Piece of News cauſed me leſs Emotion, in itſelf, than from the Reflections it immediately gave me upon the Cauſe of ſo haſty a Return; of which I made many unſerviceable ones, or which, at leaſt, ended in nothing but in making me alight from my Chaiſe to regulate my Steps according to Circumſtances. After ſome Moment's Deliberation, I perceived myſelf inclined to go directly into the Chamber I ſaw *Fincer* go up to, and to confeſs, without further Ceremony, that I took this Journey to follow him. But the Remembrance of the Count's Caution, and the Paſſions and Reſentments he made me fear, had Power to put a Stop to this Deſign. On the contrary, I choſe to conceal myſelf from the Eyes of an exaſperated Man, from whom I ſaw no Means of defending myſelf, ſhould he take it in his Head to inſult me; and relinquiſhing, from henceforth, my Thoughts of *Denmark*, I determined to return to *Paris*, cloſe at his Heels, with a Reſolution to obſerve him.

He did not long lay me under the Neceſſity of keeping myſelf concealed. The Impatience he had to go forward appearing from all his Motions, he ſoon got into the Chaiſe with his Daughter, and I oftentimes heard him recommend Speed and Diligence to his Poſt-boy. He was ſcarce gone, when I turned with the ſame Haſte towards *Paris*. My Deſign was, after this manner, to follow him from Poſt to Poſt, till he came to the Place he was bound to. Without penetrating into his Intentions, I was perſuaded, in the main, that it was ſome new Reflection upon the Adventure of his Daughter, that called him back towards us, and I could not flatter myſelf that it was in our Favour. But it was an Advantage to have met him; and I thanked Heaven for it, as for a ſenſible Benefit, which gave me an Aſſurance of the Divine Protection.

Upon our Arrival at *Paris*, *Fincer* and his Daughter continued, for ſome time, at the Poſt Houſe; and this was another Happineſs, that being intent to fol-

low them closer at their Heels, in Proportion as we came near the End of our Journey, I kept, nevertheless, out of their Sight, in alighting immediately after them in the same Yard. *Jacin*, to whom I had already given my Orders, dexterously helped to conceal me. I made him keep a Coach in waiting some Paces from the Gate ready to take me in. I made no Haste to go Abroad, but taking Care to keep myself aloof, I attentively observed every thing that passed about me. *Fincer* dispatched abroad one of his Servants, who waited some time before he returned. During this Interval he appeared much disquieted, and, on the other hand, his Daughter, having retired to the Corner of a Room, where she sat down with her Women, seemed to be filled with some Thoughts that possessed her intirely. Her Paleness and disquieted State excited my Compassion. At length, *Fincer*'s Messenger returning, I saw them go off, both together, in their Chaise, having changed nothing but their Horses, and my Curiosity becoming still more strong, I followed them, off hand, in the Coach that waited for me.

It would be difficult to express how great my Fear was, when having followed a long time close behind them, I at length perceived it was the Street, wherein Mademoiselle *de L*—— lived, that they were in Search of. They actually went into it, and my Alarms redoubled, upon seeing them stop at a little Distance from her Gate. I had not then the least Doubt remaining, but they were come there to offer her some Outrage; and though I knew she was out of their Pursuit, it was enough that *Patrick* lived in the House to make me apprehensive of some fatal Scene. Nevertheless, *Fincer* was of such an advanced Age, as one had no room to judge it apt or natural for him to commit Acts of Violence: But is not Rage capable of making up the Defects of Strength? or, at least, does it leave Freedom of Mind enough to be sensible of its own Weakness? I continued trembling till the Moment I saw them alight, and was assured, by the Testimony of my own Eye-sight,

Eye-ſight, that they went into a Houſe almoſt oppoſite to that I was apprehenſive they had a Mind to enter. The Coachman had his Orders to drive off, and the Quiet I ſaw all about, helped me enough to remove one Part of my Fears; but I was not ſo credulous as to believe, that it was Chance only that made them take up their Lodgings ſo near Mademoiſelle *de L* —— and *Patrick*.

My Diſquiet would, poſſibly, have faſtened me a long time to their Gate, if my Confidence in *Jacin* had not given me room to believe, that I might ſafely truſt to him the Care of watching them. I retired when I had given him my Directions; and, driving immediately to the Count *de S*——'s Houſe, my firſt Care was to give *Patrick* Notice, by one of my Siſter's Servants, that he had *Fincer* and his Daughter for his near Neighbours. Such a ſtrange Piece of News alarmed the Count and Counteſs as much as it did me. You ſee, ſaid they, that the Tears of *Sarah* have prevailed over the Reſentment of her Father, and that, not laying aſide her Hopes, ſhe has conjured him to bring her back to *Paris*, to try once more to ſoften her Infidel. But in taking up this Conjecture, the Rage of *Fincer* appeared more to be dreaded, when he ſhould come to diſcover the Marriage of my Brother, and ſhould reproach himſelf for having returned to *Paris* for nothing but to be a Witneſs, with his Daughter, to a Sight, of which ſhe muſt endure all the Diſgrace. Thus we gave ourſelves up to a thouſand uncertain Reaſonings, till the Return of my Valet, who brought us Diſcoveries much more miſchievous than all our Suſpicions.

He had not waited long for the Opportunity he wiſhed for, of talking to ſome of *Fincer*'s Servants: Far from ſeeking to conceal their Journey, they ordered to be publiſhed, in the Neighbourhood, the Name of their Miſtreſs, that is to ſay, the Name of my Brother, which ſhe continued to bear with the Title of my Lady. In a Word, *Fincer*, upon his

Departure from *Paris*, had left there one of his Servants to follow *Patrick* in all his Motions, and the Spy had executed his Truſt ſo faithfully, that being informed of, or, perhaps, being preſent himſelf at my Brother's Marriage, he took Poſt immediately to overtake his Maſter. *Fincer*, being driven beyond all Hopes, at a Reſolution, which he looked upon as a deadly Outrage on his Daughter, took no Counſel but from his firſt Fury. He returned the ſame Way he went, and among divers Projects of Revenge, without yet fixing upon any thing, he reſolved, at firſt, to take up his Lodgings oppoſite to *Patrick*. His Hope was to make the Diſgrace, with which my Brother had loaded his Daughter, to fall back on himſelf, by publiſhing that he had two Wives, and conſequently had tricked one or the other. The Servant, who gave this Account to *Jacin*, added, that his Maſter would not limit his Revenge to that Point only; but he was no further informed of the Detail of his Projects.

In the midſt of thoſe Vexations, from which we could not defend ourſelves, we had immediately this one Comfort, that the Malice of *Fincer* would be, at leaſt, diſappointed in his firſt Expectation. The Marriage of my Brother not being publickly known, nor even his Name enough, ſo as to be much taken Notice of in ſuch a City as *Paris*, he had not much to fear, that an Accuſation of this Nature could cauſe him all the Miſchief they intended to do him; and though it were capable of embarraſſing him, it could have little Effect in the Abſence of Mademoiſelle *de L———*, with whom no Body could imagine he had the leaſt Commerce. Should they pretend to make publick the Celebration of the Marriage at St. *Germain*, they would be under the Neceſſity of employing thoſe Arms, which themſelves had furniſhed my Brother with for his Defence. The Conſent of *Sarah*, to which no Objection could lie, as to Form; that of *Fincer* himſelf, who had inſerted into it all the Conditions that could give it Authority; the Sanction of the King, annexed to thoſe two

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Inſtruments; the Licence of the Biſhops; in fine, every Thing that could ſerve, in Appearance, to juſtify his Conduct.

In Truth, my Heart did not countenance this Reflection; and if I could foreſee, that *Patrick* would, ſooner or later, be reduced to this Manner of Defence, I already thought what Grief it would be to me, when I ſhould, perhaps, be forced to give Evidence againſt him in the Cauſe of Juſtice and Truth. But could *Fincer* be reproached with leſs Imprudence, who muſt know that we were in a Condition to cope with him, and who, conſequently, would expoſe his Daughter to more Vexation, than he could poſſibly create us.

We learned, the Day following, that he had added many Footmen to his Retinue, and had given them the Liveries of our Houſe, and affected to make them parade before his Gate, with no other View than to raiſe the Curioſity of his Neighbours. He hired a Coach, and painted our Arms upon it. His Vanity perſuading him, that all the World had their Eyes open upon his Conduct, he went ſo far as to ſend often to *Patrick*'s Houſe, to enquire after his Health in the Name of his Wife. The Simplicity with which the Servants anſwered this Compliment, might have made him ſee one Part of his Error. The Porter of Mademoiſelle *de L*——, who knew nothing of the Marriage of his Miſtreſs, gave them for Anſwer, that *Patrick* was either well or ill, without looking further into the Compliments ſent him. He knew, as well as the other Servants of the Houſe did, that my Brother was married in *Ireland*, and that he did not agree with his Wife; inſomuch that the Intereſt ſhe appeared to take in his Health might paſs for the Remains of an Affection, that ſignified nothing, and which was no more than a common Cuſtom among well-bred People. Another Reflection, that might have given ſome Miſtruſt to *Fincer* of his Enterprize, was this, that having never yet ſeen Mademoiſelle *de L*—— appear, he might have doubted, at leaſt, whether ſhe were not altoge-

ther abſent, and, in the End, eaſily diſcover, that not having lived in her Houſe after her Marriage, there was in this Affair ſome Myſtery, which the Publick was as little acquainted with as he, and which, therefore, might render all his Meaſures uſeleſs. But, far from turning his Suſpicions on that Side, he, on the contrary, took a Pleaſure in fancying, that it was Fear and Shame confined Mademoiſelle *de L*—— within her Walls, ſince ſhe knew him to be ſo near a Neighbour; and this Captivity, which he imagined he had forced her to, appeared to him a Beginning of his Daughter's Triumph. He did not forget to give Notice of his Return to the Count *de S*———, and not having added to it any Marks of Eſteem and Politeneſs, this Step appeared to us leſs in the Shape of a Compliment of Friendſhip, than a Declaration of War againſt all our Family.

In the mean time *Patrick*, whom my Siſter had informed of the Incident on the firſt Day, and who had afterwards got an Account of it by a thouſand other Ways, did not think himſelf ſuperior enough to the Fears with which they would inſpire him, to remain in Tranquillity ſo near the Danger. As he had laid down a Law to himſelf to go abroad but ſeldom, and to paſs in his Cloſet all the Time he did not employ in ſeeing Mademoiſelle *de L*———, the Affectations of *Fincer* were not at all a Reaſon capable of keeping him more cloſe ſhut up; but he went abroad attended with more Precautions, and not being able to imagine in what this Scene would end, he adviſed with Mademoiſelle *de L*—— upon ſo urgent an Embarraſment. Love had a greater Share in their Deliberations than Fear. Mademoiſelle *de L*——, who was already too deeply engaged, had yet Need of a Pretext to force the laſt Bounds in which Honour had ſtopped her. Poſſibly ſhe hugged herſelf, at the Bottom, at finding an Opportunity of ſurmounting her Scruples. In fine, moved at the Alarms of *Patrick*, or rather vanquiſhed, without Doubt, with her own Long-

ings,

ings, ſhe formed with him a new Project, which would for ever ſet them free from all ſorts of Conſtraint, and aſſure them of Quiet, which they deſpaired of finding amidſt ſo many Obſtacles. This Scheme was to leave *France*, and retire privately into ſome of the Towns of *Germany*, which Mademoiſelle *de L*—— knew. She was acquainted with the Language of that Country; and was a Proteſtant. Her Subſtance, of which the greateſt Part was lodged in the trading Companies, was no Confinement to her in whatever Place ſhe took up her Reſidence, and might, upon all Occaſions, be remitted to her by Bills of Exchange. The Motives, fortified by the Impetuoſity of a long Paſſion, determined her to promiſe *Patrick*, and even to urge him immediately to remove all Difficulties that might retard their Departure.

He took great Care not to communicate to us ſo raſh a Reſolution. In the mean time, Decency obliging him ſometimes to ſee the Count and Counteſs, this did not ſuffer him to conceal from them the Return of *Fincer* and his Daughter. He ſpoke of it as an unlucky Accident, leſs dangerous by any real Injury he could do them, than croſs and troubleſome by a little Vexation he might cauſe them; and thereupon explaining himſelf with more Indifference than even he ought to have of it under this Suppoſition, he prayed the Count and his Siſter to have as little Uneaſineſs as he had upon that Score. I eaſily diſcovered that he was not at all ſincere; for, not being able to avoid meeting me ſometimes accidentally, he, at length, conſented to ſee me; and without coming to an Explanation upon the Matter, which he rejected at the firſt Word, he ſeemed to ſuffer my Preſence without Trouble in the Converſation he had with his Siſter. I laid before him, that *Fincer* would not at all confine himſelf to one ſingle Stratagem, and, on the contrary, being provoked at finding ſo little Reſiſtance, he would ſtudy, all at once, to revenge himſelf by ſome Diſdain and Outrage. Who knows, ſaid

ſaid I, if, while he is buſying himſelf, in Appearance, with childiſh Affectations, he is not ſetting ſome ſecret and powerful Engines at work to vex and perplex you? I added every Thing that Prudence might adviſe in an Affair ſurrounded with too many Obſcurities to hope from it ſo eaſy a Succeſs; and if I conducted myſelf in ſuch a Manner as not to ſour him by my Reproaches, I gave him, nevertheleſs, to underſtand, that I could not find either ſo much Innocence or Security, as he did, in his Engagement. But he anſwered me in a Tone, that diſcovered his Truſt and Confidence in other Shifts and After-games, but leſs Diſpoſition than ever to be guided by my Advice.

It was not without Foundation, that I laboured to put him on his Guard againſt the Attempts of *Fincer*. I had not continued in a State of Inaction ſince my Return, and had penetrated further into his Stratagems than *Fincer* himſelf could miſtruſt. The Day after our Arrival, having ſet *Jacin* upon his Track, I underſtood, that though, in exterior Appearance, he was buſied in a feeble and childiſh Revenge, he meditated, nevertheleſs, other Enterprizes, to which even his Comedy was ſo uſeful, that it ought not to be looked upon but with the moſt ſerious Eye. Having diſcovered, that, in the Space of two Days, he had been, many times, ſeen at the Houſe of the moſt celebrated Advocate of *Paris*, I went there after him, and pretending to know nothing of his being there before me, I gave the Advocate a State of the ſame Caſe, with this Difference only, that our Motives were ſet forth with an Explanation of the Facts. The Advocate, whoſe Probity equalled his Underſtanding, confeſſed to me, at firſt Sight, that, being retained on the other Side, he had no Anſwer to give me, but what I might miſtruſt. Nevertheleſs, he told me, if I would repoſe a little Confidence in his Honour, I might take it for granted, that the Cauſe of my Brother was very bad, and that I could not expect much Succeſs from it. *Fincer* had confeſſed to him, that the Conſent of his Daughter was in our Hands; but he accuſed himſelf

ſelf for having extorted it from her by the extremeſt Violences; and he had no Fear in appealing to our own Teſtimony. But to flatter ourſelves, that in *France* the Authority of the King of *England*, and of ſome Biſhops of that Nation, could ſupport an Attempt of this Nature, or even to ſuppoſe, that the moſt voluntary Conſent of *Sarah* would be ſufficient to juſtify a Separation, for which no ſerious and lawful Cauſe could be given, was to feed ourſelves with a dangerous Illuſion. Having confirmed his Opinion by a Number of Reaſons and Precedents, he added an Advice that made a great Impreſſion on me. *Fincer*, ſaid he, appears to be a Man to be dreaded: Fury animates all his Thoughts; and if he be reſolved to ſtick to the ordinary Methods of Juſtice, he will not do ſo till he has, in a manner, been fully aſſured that they will turn out favourably to him. Thus, in either Caſe, we had nothing happy or ſucceſsful to promiſe ourſelves. This Diſcourſe, of which the Tone and Manner was even more expreſſive than the Words, left me ſome Alarms, and I lamented that I could not explain them more openly to *Patrick*.

There is no Neceſſity of remarking, every Moment, the Reaſons that made me ſo timorous in regard to my Brother. What I am going to ſay is with a Confidence drawn from the Teſtimony of my Heart. No Fear could have made me heſitate a Moment in embracing, with Zeal, the Side of Juſtice and Innocence, if I could have flattered myſelf with the leaſt Hopes of ſucceeding by Boldneſs and Courage. But ſorrowful Experience had taught me ſo well, that I had nothing to hope for, from this Method, to move a Heart hardened againſt all ſorts of Endeavours and Reaſons, that I was reduced, from this Motive, to try ſuch Means, for which I had the greateſt Averſion. The Hopes of obtaining *Sarah*'s Conſent for a Divorce had began to ſtagger me, when I had ſeen her Father engaged in an Underſtanding with *Tenermill*; and notwithſtanding what I had juſt heard from the *French* Advocate, I was yet convinced, by divers Examples

amples oppoſite to thoſe he had alledged; that in a Caſe ſuch as ours, an Union of the Civil and Eccleſiaſtical Authority could take away many Difficulties. Had I not, beſides, known, that other Advocates of *France* had given different Opinions, when they were conſulted by my Brothers? And, to go to the worſt, if the Caſe were ſo eaſily decided againſt us in *France*, was it not as eaſy for us to quit that Country, and retire into ſome other Dominions, where the Deciſion of our King and Biſhops would be more regarded? But this Determination itſelf muſt ſuppoſe the voluntary Conſent of *Sarah*. And, indeed, it was from this Thought that I formed the Deſign of going to *Denmark*, to try to obtain ſuch a Conſent by my Sollicitations and Advice, from whence I hoped for better Effects than from any Violence of her Father. Whatever turn the Affair might take, the ſame Reaſon made me yet believe, that I ought to try this Method, and I was in Search of an Opportunity to proceed in that Way, when I had the Converſation with *Patrick* I have juſt related.

Jacin had my Orders for this Purpoſe, and I had no Doubt, but that what he had already executed, was not yet impoſſible for his Zeal. He had ſounded all the Servants of *Fincer*; their Anſwers were all the ſame; *Sarah* was ſo ſick, that no Body was admitted into her Chamber; ſhe had not got out of her Bed ſince her Father had taken a Lodging in the Street wherein *Patrick* lived, and the Phyſicians had poiſoned her with Medicines. Perhaps I could have gueſſed her Ailments. She deſired, with as much Ardour as I, what I was in Search of with ſuch great Eagerneſs; but, held back by the Orders of her Father, to whom ſhe had expreſſed ſome Deſire to ſee me, and who had oppoſed her in it with his ordinary Menaces, ſhe durſt not run the Hazard of admitting me into her Apartment. The Addreſs of *Jacin* ſurmounted, nevertheleſs, all Obſtacles. He watched the Moment when *Fincer* went abroad; and pretending to have met him in ſome Place, where he had charged him with a Meſſage to his Daughter, he obtained the Liberty of ſeeing

ing her. His Compliment was ſhort: Finding her diſpoſed to receive readily what he came to offer, it was agreed between them, that I ſhould take Advantage, as he did, of the firſt time her Father ſhould go abroad, and that ſhe would run all ſorts of Riſques to converſe with me a few Moments.

This Stratagem ſucceeded the Day following. I was moved, from the Bottom of my Heart, at the Sadneſs and Dejectedneſs I ſaw in her Countenance. She ſtretched out to me her Hand; come here, ſaid ſhe, come and inform me if there yet remains in you any Pity for my Troubles. You have never yet uſed me ill; but may I yet reckon to find in you any more Zeal for my Intereſts, or ought I to lament, at leaſt, your Coldneſs? Nevertheleſs, added ſhe, ſeeing me caſt down my Eyes to hear her, I ſhall never perſuade myſelf, if I do not learn it from your own Mouth, that you have lent your Aid to the horrible Enterprize of your Brother. He has taken Advantage of a Conſent, of which he knows the Impoſture, and which he has ſeen me diſown in your Preſence. He has married himſelf at St. *Germain*. Perhaps you did not know of this till after I did; perhaps you made a Difficulty of approving it; but I know not whether I may yet flatter myſelf with this Thought, or if I ought to rank you among thoſe who have deſired my Deſtruction.

It was too eaſy to juſtify myſelf to refuſe her this Conſolation. I ſatisfied her in few Words, but, preſſed by the Fear of *Finer*, who might ſurprize us every Moment, I engaged her, by divers Queſtions, to communicate to me what ſhe knew of the Projects of her Father. She did not ſeek to excuſe herſelf from gratifying me in this Requeſt. Alas! ſaid ſhe, this is the over Meaſure of my Misfortunes, that being reduced to the Extremity I am in, by the Injuſtice and Cruelty of my Huſband, I ſhould be yet capable of all Alarms into which his Intereſt caſts me, and this new Torment makes me more unhappy than all his Slights. She related to me then, with what Paſſion her Father had forced her to take the Journey to *Denmark*, with

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the ſole View of raiſing as many Embarraſments to my Brothers, as he pretended to have received Inſults and Vexations from them. But hearing, on the Road, that his Hopes were fruſtrated by the precipitate Marriage of *Patrick*, his Fury had changed all his Reſolutions, and he had no other Thought than to return to *Paris* to revenge himſelf. In his firſt Tranſports he talked of nothing but waſhing away this Outrage with the Blood of *Patrick*, and to employ the Arm of another, if the Strength of his own failed him. He appeared ſo fixed in this Reſolution, that the trembling *Sarah*, ſeeing her Tears uſeleſs in apeaſing him, and, not daring to look for any further Remedy, had, at length, offered him to marry *Tenermill*; but he had rejected even this Marriage, as a Satisfaction coming too late, and which would always leave the Diſadvantage on his Side, ſince it came after the Offence: *Sarah* could obtain nothing by her continual Inſtances, but to make him ſuſpend his Revenge for ſome time, under Pretence that it was of Importance to dive into the Circumſtances that might render my Brother more or leſs guilty; but if he had reſpited his Vengeance by this Motive, he had formed the Reſolution of beginning, at leaſt, to affront *Patrick* by lodging ſo near him, to make him underſtand for what it was he threatened him.

In the mean time, the Thought having come into his Head to conſult ſome Advocates of *Paris*, he ſaw a new Way opened unto him from their Opinions. The Thirſt of Blood was changed into an Eagerneſs for judicial Proceedings; and this Paſſion being more agreeable to his Age, he ſeemed to ſurrender himſelf up to it entirely. *Sarah* informed me, that he had employed many ſkilful Practitioners to draw up a Memorial, in which the Ingratitude and Treachery of *Patrick* were to be aggravated in the moſt black Colours, and that he waited to form his Libel juridically, which Inſtrument was in a Readineſs to appear, this Inſtant. His Intention was to draw the Eyes of the Publick upon his Enemy. The Retirement, in which he ſaw him hide

hide himſelf, had provoked him; and this apparent Tranquillity appeared to him, to be another Inſult, which he was reſolved to puniſh. In fine, not being enough Maſter of his Reaſon to put theſe Effects of his Hatred into any Method, all his Notions and Deſigns claſhed together, and made him ſucceſſively take a thouſand Reſolutions, the ſame Day, diametrically oppoſite to one another.

I waited till *Sarah*, having repreſented to me the Rage and Intrigues of her Father, ſhould lay open to me her own Views; but calling herſelf back again, to aſk me what Affection I had yet for her, I was ſurprized to hear her add nothing but Complaints and Lamentations of her Fate, and fruitleſs empty Entreaties, which ended in requeſting me to conſerve an Eſteem for her, and to afford her my Compaſſion. The Reflection I made upon theſe Expreſſions, joined to her Confeſſion of the Diſpoſition ſhe had ſhewed to her Father, of marrying my Lord *Tenermill*, revived, in me, all the Ideas that had determined me to take the Journey to *Denmark*. Without being afraid of what the Hatred of *Fincer* might coſt me to ſtruggle with, I thought this Moment favourable to make her enter into the ſole Reconciliation, from whence any Hopes of Happineſs could ariſe to us. I did not take up my Story from a Diſtance. Having given her Aſſurances that I was ſuch a Man as ſhe ſeemed to wiſh for; it is but too true, ſaid I, that my Brother thinks himſelf authorized to enter into a new Marriage, from the Approbation of the King and our Biſhops; and if his Wife, added I, (with an Imprudence that was not pardonable but from the Intention that made me deſignedly commit it) is not yet poſſeſſed of thoſe Rights which ſhe received before the Altar, this is only owing to Motives of Decorum and Modeſty, which ſhe judges of Importance to her Reputation, not to ſhew too much Haſte in ſubmitting herſelf to her Huſband's Pleaſure. She is retired into a Convent, where you may well fancy, that the Ardour of your Infidel will not permit her to continue long. Your Divorce

vorce is then conſummated, though the Marriage of my Brother be not. Without Doubt they miſuſed your Conſent, which was wrung from you whether you would or not: It ought to have been voluntary. This is a Truth that I would ſupport to the laſt Drop of my Blood, if I had been adviſed with on your Side; but, ſuch as it is, it has paſſed for current in the Eyes of the King. And how could the King but be over-reached in it, when he ſaw it fortified by the Certificate of your Father? What I would conclude from hence, continued I, is, that, without entering into a Diſcuſſion of the Duty of my Brother and his new Spouſe, it is certain you have nothing more to hope for from the Heart of an Infidel; and when, with my Teſtimony, which you ſhall always have ready at your Service, your Advocates ſhall raiſe Objections to this Marriage, which they may, perhaps too lightly, think unanſwerable, you will then remain no leſs deprived of him, whom you juſtly impeach of Ingratitude. I looked on her attentively at every Word I pronounced; and, as it were, encouraged by the deep Silence with which ſhe affected to hear me, I ventured to declare to her openly, that it was impoſſible but ſhe muſt have underſtood by halves.

One Word from you, ſaid I, with the moſt ſoft and tender Voice, would re-eſtabliſh Happineſs and Friendſhip in our Families. Accept, in Reality, by one ſingle Word, of the Offer my Lord *Tenermill* has made you of his Heart and Hand. And as I had immediately apprehended an Objection ſhe would not fail making: Fear nothing, added I eagerly, from the Reſentment of your Father, and look upon it only as a haſty Paſſion that cannot endure long. I will undertake to manage his Mind: He cannot long ſhut his Eyes upon the Advantage of an Alliance, which will end all our Diviſions, and aſſure you of a Rank worthy of you. Did not he think in this Manner when he ſo freely approved the Propoſals of *Tenermill*? I fear no Obſtacle but from you. But, on the other Hand, I

ſhould

ſhould ſay, that I ceaſe to fear this, ſince I propoſe nothing to you that you have not offered to your Father, and will, conſequently, be freely diſpoſed to ſee it ſucceed.

If I feared to be interrupted by the Objections or Refuſal of *Sarah*, I, on the other Hand, was amazed to ſee her continue ſo long ſilent. She appeared to liſten to me at firſt; but I thought I obſerved, towards the End, that all her Attention was turned on her own Thoughts, and I was more convinced of this, when having ſtopped me to give her the Liberty of anſwering me, ſhe continued ſtill ſome Moments, not only without opening her Mouth, but without even obſerving that I had done ſpeaking. She, nevertheleſs, got out of this Reverie with ſome Marks of Confuſion, and labouring to recollect ſome Words of my Diſcourſe which had ſtruck her Ears, ſhe anſwered them in a manner, that ſhe judged might be equally ſuitable to ſomething ſhe had not heard. You give me Advice, ſaid ſhe, with an Air leſs melancholy than embarraſſed, that I ſhall never be capable of following. It was only my Fear for the Life of my Huſband, that obliged me to make an Offer to my Father, that I ſhould, without Doubt, have ill obſerved, and which I have a long time reproached myſelf with. Have you yourſelf taught me to forget, added ſhe, with a forced Smile, that the Bands of Matrimony cannot be diſſolved but by Death? Then liſtening immediately, as if ſhe thought ſhe heard her Father; but I much apprehend, added ſhe, leſt I ſhould expoſe you too much in your firſt Viſit, by keeping you here too long. Go, my dear Dean, and remember the Promiſe you have made to love me. I reckon upon it ſo much, that I ſhall make no Difficulty in giving you Notice when you may come here without Danger. She gave Orders to one of her Servants, whom ſhe immediately called, to conduct me, with Precaution, to the Gate.

She ſpoke theſe laſt Words in a Tone ſo different from what ſhe had began with, and even the Air of her

her Countenance appeared to be ſo much changed, that if I was extremely amazed at an Adventure ſo ſtrange, I was no leſs ſo, when, upon going away, I found I was nothing the wiſer for it; nor, in Reality, did I underſtand the Meaning of it, till after the unhappy Conſequences of this Converſation, when I called to mind my Indiſcretion, by which I had made myſelf guilty, before-hand, of the moſt fatal Accident of this Hiſtory. I will not break into the Thread of my Story to declare it now, although I confeſs that the Indiſcretion of that Moment never will be ſufficiently made Amends for by all my Tears.

Going out of the Houſe with haſty Steps, all my Reflections turned upon what I had juſt ſeen and heard. Notwithſtanding the Uncertainty I was in as I walked along, yet being rather inclined, at the Bottom, to hope than to fear, I baniſhed from me every Thing that might conſtrain or clog my Imagination, in order to dwell upon a thouſand Things capable of flattering it. If the Paſſion of *Sarah* for *Patrick* was at length cooled, and if the Eaſineſs, with which ſhe ſeemed to me to combat my Arguments, was a Proof of this, to which all my Doubts ought to give Way, what happy Fruits might I not have promiſed myſelf from my Victory? Without repeating thoſe which I have already mentioned, was not my Reconciliation certain with my Lord *Tenermill*, and could the very Tranquillity and Honour of our Houſe be better eſtabliſhed? I longed to communicate ſuch ſweet Hopes to the Count and Counteſs of *S*——. I did not delay a Moment in going to their Houſe. They had been informed by myſelf of the Viſit I intended to make to *Sarah Fincer*, and they waited for the Succeſs of it with Impatience.

The News I carried them, ſet off with the Prepoſſeſſions with which I laboured, in a manner, to fill myſelf, made them take up the ſame Idea, with me, of the Diſpoſitions of *Sarah*. In the midſt of their Joy upon this Occaſion, they thought it ſeaſonable to diſpatch an Expreſs to my Lord *Tenermill*, who had left

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St. *Germain*, two Days before, to join his Regiment. The Project of an Embarkation for *Ireland* being upon the Point of Execution, it was to be feared he would escape us in the very Moment Fortune seemed to reserve for him all her Favours. Four Days seemed to us sufficient to remove all our remaining Difficulties. I did not provide myself with a false Courage, when I promised *Sarah* to encounter the Hatred of her Father, nor did I flatter myself with presumptuous Hopes when I engaged to bend it. What would I not attempt, to succeed in an Enterprize so suitable to my Character and Principles? Moreover, I had some Inclination to believe (although Politeness made me conceal this Conjecture from his Daughter) that, far from having so much Hatred or Disgust, as he pretended, for the Hand of *Tenermill*, he would accept of it with more Satisfaction than ever, since the Marriage of *Patrick*, if he had the Offer of it; or that he would again court it with Eagerness, if he durst reckon upon it, that he should not meet with a Repulse. Thus the Slight he affected, was, in my Opinion, no more than the Mask of a proud Man, who refused, beforehand, what he feared he could not obtain, but would embrace with great Joy, when he had an Offer of it, and would sacrifice all his real Resentments, and affected Slights, to assure himself readily of the Possession of it. Without this Supposition, I must look on him, not only as a cruel and unnatural Father, but one absolutely insensible of the Honour of his Daughter; and we had remarked, nevertheless, through the Course of his Rigours, that he had nothing in the World so dear to him as her.

When I began to repose myself upon such favourable Appearances, *Jacin* brought me an Account, that he had observed extraordinary Stirs among *Patrick*'s Servants, and that he was deceived, if it was not the Token of some new Secret that would soon break out. He had, nevertheless, made some useless Efforts to penetrate further into it. *Patrick*, more alarmed, at the Bottom, than he cared to own, and

shut

ſhut up, as it were, in a ſort of Priſon, by the Neighbourhood of *Fincer*, from whence he could never ſtir Abroad without Fear, had ſo ſtrictly forbid his Servants from having the leaſt Acquaintance with thoſe of *Sarah*, that, out of Fear of failing in his Orders, they had become almoſt as unſociable and inacceſſible as himſelf. He had, moreover, by his Favours and Promiſes, moulded and diſpoſed them to follow blindly all his Will. In the mean time, his intended Journey requiring Care and Contrivance, it was impoſſible that all their Motions ſhould be kept ſecret, and *Jacin* perceived this. I ſhould have given more Attention to this Information, if I had not made too great a Reckoning of my Brother's Valet de Chambre, to whom I recommended, not to leave me in Ignorance of any thing that was of the leaſt Importance to his Maſter. But even this Youth had his peculiar Intereſts to ſerve. *Patrick*, imparting to him the Deſign of his Departure, had recommended nothing to him ſo ſtrictly as Diſcretion, and the Promiſes or Threats with which he had accompanied this Order, had made him look upon a blind Obedience, as a Sacrifice neceſſary for the Advancement of his Fortune.

Is is, however, true, that I had no other Light given me of this Enterprize, which my Brother was on the Eve of executing. The principal Part of his Furniture and Goods had been removed out of Town in the Night-time: A truſty Man was charged with the reſt of his Affairs. Mademoiſelle *de L*——— was to have come that Evening to her Houſe for ſome Particulars, which neceſſarily required her own Preſence; and without even thinking of bidding us Adieu, which they apparently turned over to do by their Letters, they propoſed to begin their Journey for *Germany* before Day.

It was the Day following the Viſit I had made *Sarah*, that all theſe Meaſures were to be executed. *Patrick*, though reſolved to conceal from us his Departure, yet came to the Count *de S*———'s Houſe towards

wards the Cloſe of that fatal Day. I was there: All the Repugnance he had to hear me, and which the Embarraſment he was in, made the Marks yet more perceivable, did not take from me a Deſire to relate to him the Converſation I had with *Fincer*'s Daughter. He had heard it that Evening from the Count and Counteſs, whom he had ſeen in my Abſence. If you ever have had, ſaid I, any Reaſon to confide in my Friendſhip, it is now you ought to have it, when you ſee me abandon my former Work, and change my Inclinations and Deſires to conform myſelf to yours. I begin to intereſt myſelf as much as you in the Succeſs of your Marriage; my Difficulties give way to ſo many Reaſons as ſpeak in your Favour. At any other time I doubt not but my Sincerity would have moved him; but filled as he was with his Deſign, and not being come to the Count's but with a View of concealing it, he without Queſtion was apprehenſive of my Penetration, and this Fear made him interrupt me with his ordinary Coldneſs. His not ſhewing more Emotion at the Relation of all *Fincer*'s Menaces, and his Indifference for Events that ſo nearly touched him, raiſed in us a Surprize, which we had a Diffiulty to get rid of after his Departure.

In the mean Time, as it was important for my Views to draw a poſitive Anſwer from *Sarah*, I had given it in Charge to *Jacin* to contrive a new Interview with her. He had not miſſed the Opportunity of getting into her Apartment, and of ſpeaking to her; but inſtead of finding that Eagerneſs ſhe had the Evening before to ſee me, he received only a ſhort Anſwer, by which ſhe prayed me to put off my Viſit till next Day. She was up, and dreſſed with as much Care as if ſhe were diſpoſed to go abroad. *Jacin* ſpoke to me with Admiration of the Change he had obſerved in her Eyes and Countenance. Her Languor had given Place to a natural Air of Vivacity and Joy. One could not have ſuſpected ſhe had paſſed ſo many irkſome Days under ſuch an

over-burden of Grief. It could be no other than the Hopes of a better Fortune that had wrought this Miracle, and according to my Prepoſſeſſion, I attributed it to an Effort ſhe had made on herſelf to forget *Patrick*, and to make herſelf happy in the Arms of *Tenermill*.

How far was I from penetrating into her Situation! I ſhould make a bad Entrance into the melancholy Circumſtances I am about to relate, if I did not trace them higher up to the Cauſe of my Error. The Diſtractions I remarked in the Diſcourſe I had with her, were indeed the Effect of my Words, and denoted in her Mind as much Perplexity and Agitation as I had conceived. But it was neither that which buſied me more, nor what I thought capable of poſſeſſing her entirely, that, in Reality, had fixed her Attention. It had dropped from me, (without any other Deſign than to do Honour to the Moderation of *Patrick*, by remarking, that he had obſerved, at leaſt, ſome Meaſures with her) that Mademoiſelle *de L*—— had retired into a Convent, and that, by Agreement with my Brother, ſhe had poſtponed the Conſummation of her Marriage to more ſettled Times. This raiſed two new Thoughts in the Mind of *Sarah*, or, rather, awakened in her Heart two Hopes more repugnant than ever to her Repoſe. Loſing inſtantly all Attention to the reſt of my Words, ſhe put herſelf on thinking that her Fate was not at all ſo deſperate as ſhe imagined, ſeeing the Situation of Mademoiſelle *de L*—— was not different from hers, and that the new Tie that *Patrick* had entered into, had nothing in it more ſtrong and more inviolable than that by which he was engaged to her in *Ireland*. She from thence concluded, that there yet remained many Ways for her to try, and the Abſence of her Rival offered her one of them, which ſhe preferred to all thoſe of which ſhe had the Choice; and that was, to ſurprize *Patrick* in the Solitude he lived in, and to employ every thing moſt powerful in Love to touch his Heart. This Notion flattered her ſo much the more, that

that ſince her Arrival from *Ireland* ſhe never had deſired any thing with ſo much Ardour as to have an Opportunity of converſing with him alone. Circumſtances of Affairs had always robbed her of this Opportunity, and ſhe aſcribed the Triumph of her Rival to nothing elſe but to the Advantage of ſeeing and talking to him continually.

She did not propoſe this Enterprize as a Matter eaſily to be effected. It was this ſhe meditated upon ſo profoundly, when I thought her attentive to my Reaſonings and Advice. She knew, by a thouſand unſucceſsful Trials, that ſhe had little Intercourſe to hope for from my Brother's Servants, and ſhe would not expoſe her Secret to any Body who was capable of betraying her. But having dexterouſly got new Informations after my Departure, ſhe learned from her Landlady, that Mademoiſelle *de L*——— rented a hired Houſe, and that the Proprietor of it maintained a Houſe-keeper, for whom he had reſerved a Chamber. This Hint was ſufficient. The Houſe-keeper, of what Character ſoever he might be, was not a Man to whom the Commands of my Brother were Laws, nor who could find more Intereſt in following them, than in receiving a conſiderable Sum of Money, by which ſhe thought proper to gain him over to her Intereſt. She employed her Landlady to bring him to her privately. Gold produced its Effects; ſhe diſpoſed him, by her Offers, to do her all kind of Services.

This Man was not ignorant, that Mademoiſelle *de L*——— was about quitting her Houſe, and that *Patrick* had already ſent away the moſt valuable of her Goods. But they had carefully concealed from him, that they did ſo in order to take a Journey to *Germany*; and the Rent of the Houſe being paid beforehand, he had little Curioſity what the Deſigns of his Lodgers were. Nevertheleſs, the Explanation he had given thereupon to *Sarah*, was to her a new Reaſon to preſs the Execution of her Project. She fancied it was the Conſtraint *Patrick* was

under in her Neighbourhood, that had made him think of a Lodging in a different Quarter; and the Uncertainty of finding him again if he once removed from her, did not give her leave to ſuſpend this Enterprize further than to the Day following. This was the Day in which *Jacin* had found her ſo brilliant; occaſioned as much by the Satisfaction of her Heart, as the Ornaments of her Dreſs.

It was ſcarce dark enough to favour her Deſign, when, leaving her Confident in her Chamber, with Orders to tell every one that might come to her, that ſhe had need of ſome Hours of Reſt, ſhe committed herſelf to the Guidance of her Landlady, who ſucceeded luckily enough in getting her abroad, and putting her into the Hands of *Patrick*'s Houſe-keeper. She had told them the Services ſhe expected. The Buſineſs only was to open to her my Brother's Apartment, when ſhe might be aſſured that he was in it alone; but learning from the Houſe-keeper that he was not yet returned from Town, ſhe changed her firſt Deſign into that of going that Moment into the Apartment, and waiting there his Return. The ſolitary Life he led, and of which the Houſe-keeper gave her an Account, was a ſufficient Reaſon for her not to fear that he would return with any inconvenient Company.

In the mean Time, as if the evil Genius of our two Families had taken Care to conduct theſe Events, this Opportunity that appeared to *Sarah* to be ſo happily choſen, and from whence ſhe already flattered herſelf ſhe ſhould draw great Advantages, was about being the moſt dolorous Moment of her whole Life. She was going to ſee near at hand what appeared to her moſt formidable at a Diſtance, and to find an open Grave, where ſhe expected Conſolations, and perhaps Pleaſures, that ſhe had never hitherto had a Taſte of. For this was a Confeſſion ſhe made me afterwards. In reflecting on the Happineſs ſhe was going to have in being alone with *Patrick*, it came into

into her Mind, that all her Misfortunes proceeded from herſelf by an Exceſs of Modeſty and Reſervedneſs, that ſhe had always kept up with him. The Heart of a Man inſenſible demanded to be attacked with leſs Diſcretion. She blamed herſelf for having never ſtirred him up by her Careſſes; and conſidering that a Wife has a thouſand Rights, of which even her Virtue does not forbid her the Uſe, ſhe was reſolved in order to ſoften and melt down the Ingrate, who was not acquainted enough with all her Charms, to ſtep a little out of thoſe Bounds wherein ſhe had contained herſelf too long. This Thought correſponded with that ſhe had already conceived of her Situation. In ſuppoſing the Marriage of Mademoiſelle *de L* —— to be celebrated with the ſame Ceremonies as hers, ſhe thought herſelf on that Side under a Sort of Equality with her; and the Point on which ſhe fancied the Solidity of the one or the other Engagement might depend, being Conſummation, her Hope yet was to bear down the Ballance by getting the Start of her Rival. This was an Argument ill-conceived, proceeding from this, that ſhe did not ſufficiently comprehend, that *Patrick*'s new Marriage was not founded but upon a Nullity ſuppoſed in the firſt, and that if hers on the contrary had all the Conditions that render thoſe Engagements inviolable, this would neceſſarily infer a Nullity in the ſecond.

In fine, her Imagination being filled with her Deſign, and trembling nevertheleſs at the Approach of a Moment ſhe panted after, ſhe deſired her Guides to leave her in my Brother's Apartment. They retired into that of the Houſe-keeper. She was taken up without doubt in preparing herſelf for a Scene that required more Experience than ſhe had in it, and more Art than ſhe was capable of to conduct it. The Chamber was lighted by two Candles already left there by the Servants expecting the Return of their Maſter. They had carried away, as I have obſerved, the principal Furniture of the Lodgings, and the reſt being ſcattered about without order, ſcarce could ſhe

find a Chair that was not loaded with ſomething or other to hinder her ſitting down. However, ſhe found one at laſt, which was, in a manner, hid behind the Door of one of thoſe Preſſes that People ſometimes fix in the Wainſcot, to make good an Unevenneſs in the Wall, and bring it upon a Level with the Chimney. This Door was left open in the Hurry of unfurniſhing the Chamber; and, far from ſhutting it to expoſe herſelf openly, *Sarah* hugged herſelf with having got a Situation that ſeemed to favour her natural Timidity. She waited only a ſhort time; but her Emotion redoubling at the firſt Noiſe ſhe heard, ſhe thought ſhe obſerved that my Brother was not alone. All ſhe could imagine was that he was followed by ſome of his Servants. Nevertheleſs, the Noiſe increaſing in Proportion as they came nearer, ſhe plainly diſtinguiſhed the Voice of a Woman.

To what Tranſports had ſhe not all at once abandoned herſelf, if ſhe had known the Voice of her Rival! And this had been the greateſt Happineſs that Heaven, in its Goodneſs, could have granted her: It would have ſpared her theſe mortal Griefs which ere long tore her Soul aſunder, and prevented thoſe fatal Extremities which followed them. It was, indeed, Mademoiſelle *de L*—— whom *Patrick* brought from the Convent, to finiſh what was wanting in the Preparations for their Departure, and to leave *Paris* together during the Darkneſs of the Night. He propoſed to her to be ſeated at their coming in. The Servants immediately cleared a Settee filled with Part of the Goods, and in moving them the Table on which the Candles ſtood, was puſhed ſo near the Door that hid the reſtleſs *Sarah*, that it made a ſort of a Priſon of the Place where ſhe was ſettled. She thought, nevertheleſs, of nothing but keeping herſelf undiſcovered; and her Attention not falling yet on any thing but the Danger of being ſeen, ſhe hoped that, at the End of ſuch an unſeaſonable Time, which ſhe took for an indifferent Viſit, ſhe ſhould be ſoon delivered from this Reſtraint.

In

In the mean time *Patrick*, diſordered for a long time with the Impatience of Love, burned with the Deſire of ſeeing himſelf at Liberty, and commanded the Servants to retire. He no ſooner found himſelf without Witneſſes, than he abandoned himſelf to all his Ardour, and uſed a thouſand Expreſſions, too plain to leave *Sarah* longer under her Doubts. He had been accuſtomed to treat Mademoiſelle *de L*—— with ſo much Reſpect, and ſhe had opened herſelf to him in a Manner ſo ſteady and reſolved on the Bounds ſhe was willing to impoſe on herſelf, that, without Doubt, he had hitherto thought of no other Pleaſures than of ſeeing and hearing her. But can one paint Love as a Paſſion ſo violent, if it could eaſily be ſubjected to ſuch Bounds? *Patrick* inſtantly laid hold of one of her Hands, which ſhe took no Pains to draw back. He fixed his Lips to it with ſuch an Ardour, that the Smack reached even to the ſorrowful *Sarah*. What a mortal Wound was this for a Woman paſſionately in Love, who ſaw herſelf robbed of thoſe Tranſports of which ſhe coveted to be the Object? What Violence did ſhe do herſelf to keep in hers? The Fear of mortally offending an Ingrate, by covering him with Confuſion in the Eyes of her Rival, ſtopped her more than any Conſideration of what ſhe owed to herſelf. She had the Power to ſuperſede her Cries, which were a thouſand times ready to force their Way, and, at leaſt, encouraged by the Words of Mademoiſelle *de L*——, who warned my Brother to aſſume a great Empire over his Inclinations, ſhe reſolved to ſupport a Scene, from which ſhe flattered herſelf that ſhe had no other Conſequences to fear.

The tender Proteſtations of *Patrick* were another Torment that did not coſt her leſs Trouble to ſupport. How many times did he ſwear, that he was at the Fulneſs and Height of all his Happineſs, and that, with the Aſſurance of being beloved, he had nothing more to wiſh for the Repoſe of his Heart? With what Art had Mademoiſelle *de L*—— obtained that which the unfortunate *Sarah* was in Deſpair for having

failed in? And with what Right did a Rival (which ſhe did not imagine to have half ſo much lively Tenderneſs as ſhe herſelf felt the Teſtimony of at the Bottom of her Heart,) mix herſelf in the Affairs and Intereſts of a Man, whoſe Wife ſhe could not yet look upon herſelf to be, ſince ſhe yet thought herſelf bound to defend herſelf againſt his Careſſes? She liſtened to her laying down Details and Particulars that were ſuitable only to a known and avowed Wife, and of Projects of Conduct and Settlement, that ſuppoſed the Certainty of an undiſturbed Life and an inviolable Union. But to whom ought Cares of this Nature to appertain, and why had they yet been never taſted, ſince the ſorrowful *Sarah* had payed the Price of them? But what Exceſs of Bitterneſs, when the Entertainments of the two Lovers falling upon herſelf, they hugged themſelves for having avoided her Perſecutions, and finding themſelves on the Point of fearing them no more? The reſtleſs Curioſity of Mademoiſelle *de L*— rendered the Torment of *Sarah* every Moment more inſupportable. She aſked *Patrick*, if it were very true, that he could part without Regret from a Lady, of whoſe tender Love he after all could make no Doubt. His Anſwers were not abſolutely diſobliging to *Sarah*. He did Juſtice to her Charms, and confeſſed ſtill more freely, that he owed her much Gratitude for her Favours. His Frankneſs even made him avow, that after the ſole Object for whom he deſired to live, he had nothing ſo dear to him as her, and he did not know any Body more amiable.

This Confeſſion would have carried in it ſome Sweetneſs for *Sarah*, if the Complaints of her Rival, who could not hear it without diſcovering ſome Marks of Jealouſy, had not made my Brother change his Tune. Whatever Proofs he had given her of his Paſſion, he thought himſelf obliged to diſperſe even the ſmalleſt Clouds. that could give her room to doubt that ſhe was the only Perſon beloved, and this kind of Reparation was not made but by a Compariſon of Charms, of which the Advantage was not given

given to *Sarah*. But his Heart growing warm with a Diſcuſſion ſo tender, he took the Privilege from the Reproaches of his Miſtreſs to redouble the Vivacity of his Careſſes. Without remembring the Bounds he had juſt ſubmitted to by freſh Promiſes, he took her in his Arms with a ſweet Violence, and glewing his Lips to hers ſhared with her in thoſe Tranſports a thouſand Extaſies, of which they both now made their firſt Eſſay. The ſudden Surprize of ſo much Pleaſure bereaving Mademoiſelle *de L*— of the Strength, and perhaps of the Deſire to defend herſelf, *Sarah*, who had not loſt a ſingle Motion of theirs, did not doubt but they were on the very Point of that tender and critical Moment, which ſhe feared they would enjoy, as much, perhaps, as ſhe wiſhed it for herſelf. Shame, Fury, all the Paſſions that could gain Birth from ſuch a Thought in the Heart of an injured, outraged Woman, drove away all Fear, and every other Conſideration that might have ſtopped her. She aroſe without deliberating in the leaſt, furiouſly puſhing forward the Door that concealed her, and conſequently overturned the Table on which the Candles ſtood, and without being in the leaſt terrified by the Darkneſs that this Accident produced of a ſudden all over the Chamber, pronouncing with a broken and interrupted Voice the Words, *Wanton* and *Perfidious*, ſhe threw herſelf proſtrate on the two Lovers, who were too near her to have eſcaped her Efforts, if the greateſt of Diſaſters had not fixed her immoveable at the Feet of *Patrick*. He wore one of thoſe ſhort Swords, better known by the Name of a Hanger, or hunting Couteau, which he had preferred to his wearing Sword for the Conveniency of a long Journey. In his firſt Surprize, which made him fear every thing from an Attack ſo briſk, diſtinguiſhing nothing, and not thinking of any thing but defending the Life of Mademoiſelle *de L*— and his own, he drew his fatal Weapon, and puſhed it ſo unhappily from him, that with one Thruſt alone he laid flat the miſerable *Sarah*.

The Noiſe of her Fall, and ſome Groans eſcaping her, made my Brother judge that he had nothing more to fear from an Enemy, whom he thought he had got the Start of; but trembling at a Blow ſo tragical, he was impatient to know the unhappy Object. The Servants drawn together by the Buſtle came in immediately with a Light, and diſcovered to his Eyes a Spectacle that pierced him with Fear and Horror. *Sarah* lay extended along the Floor without Sign of Senſe or Feeling, and her Blood, ſtreaming out in great Torrents, was already ſo ſpread over the Boards, that in the Poſture he was in with Mademoiſelle *de L*— he could not make one Step without trampling in it with his Feet.

With whatever Empire Love rules in the Heart, a frightful Conſternation, which he has confeſſed to me a thouſand times he never ſought to withſtand, ſuſpended the Violence of his Paſſion, and did not leave him the Power to look on all the Horror of his Fate. He preſſed the Servants to bring Help to *Sarah*, and the Words he pronounced in giving this order, were the only Words that eſcaped his Mouth. In the mean time Mademoiſelle *de L*——, buſying herſelf in giving Aſſiſtance to her Rival, this Sight awakened him all at once, and moved with the Impreſſion that ſuch hateful Cares would make on *Sarah*, if ſhe ſhould come to open her Eyes, he ran to ſtop her. Ah! What is it you are going to do, ſaid he, taking her by the Arm, and without adding one Word, he led her to the Chamber Door, and put her into the Hands of her Women, who had gathered together with all the Servants they had in the Houſe. He returned backwards with the ſame Silence; but perceiving that in the Precipitation with which he had got up he trampled his Feet in the Blood he had juſt ſhed, and which he ſaw yet flowing, he threw himſelf down in the firſt Place he could get to ſit on, as if he had walked on Red-hot-iron, the Heat of which his Feet were not able to endure: He wiped them with his Handkerchief, which he drew back

back indeed all bloody, and which he laid before him to affect his Thoughts with a double ſhare of Grief and Conſternation. His Valet de Chambre, who watched all his Steps, has told me, that without being able to pronounce one Word, or heave one Sigh, he ſaw a Torrent of Tears trickle down his Cheeks.

Nobody daring to interrupt him, he continued in this Situation as long as he doubted of the Life of *Sarah*. But finding ſhe began to give ſome Marks of Senſe, he with Eagerneſs approached her. They had puſhed the Settee towards him without Deſign, and for want of a more commodious Place, ſhe was ſeated on it to wait the coming of the Surgeons. He ſat down on it near her. One Moment of Repoſe having drawn her out of her Swoon, he was the firſt Object on which ſhe let fall her Eyes. She called up all her remaining Strength to reproach him in two Words for his Cruelty. Ah! Inhuman! Said ſhe, you will ſee me without doubt in the Condition wherein you have wiſhed me; but was it you who ought to have put me into it? The Tone of this Reproach betrayed much leſs her Reſentment than her Grief and Love. And truly *Patrick* could not reſiſt it. He was in a Manner fearful till now to teſtify his Grief and Paſſion; but yielding to the Ardour of theſe Troubles that now diſtracted him, he let himſelf fall at her Knee, and took her Hands upon which he a thouſand times imprinted his Lips. She yet found ſo much Strength to aſk him; if it was to her he intended to addreſs ſuch tender Careſſes, or if the Place ſhe was in was not the Cauſe of his Miſtake? Though he remained without anſwering her, ſhe ſeemed to find ſome Pleaſure in the Continuation of his Careſſes. This was a Language ſo much the more moving to her, as it was the firſt time ſhe had experienced it; and perhaps ſhe began this Moment to thank Heaven for giving her ſome ſlight Hopes, which ſhe did not think too dearly payed for by the greateſt Part of her Blood.

Mademoiſelle *de L*—had during this Time taken the only Choice ſhe had to make which ſeemed agreeable to ſuch croſs Circumſtances. She got into her Coach, which ſhe found ready to receive her, and returning to the Convent, from whence ſhe came, had charged her Servants to give her an Account next Day of every Thing that ſhould paſs at her Lodgings during her Abſence. This Reſolution ſaved her perhaps from many unforeſeen Diſaſters, which ſhe might with Difficulty have eſcaped. She had ſcarce left her Houſe, when *Fincer* entered it with the utmoſt Fury. I never doubted but that being already informed of the melancholy Event that had juſt happened, he would have glutted his Deſires of Revenge in the Blood of ſo deteſted a Rival, if Chance had thrown her in his Way. His Landlady could not be ignorant of the Misfortune of *Sarah*. She had taken Advantage of the Confuſion, in which ſhe ſaw all *Patrick*'s Servants, to eſcape without being obſerved, and full of the Subject that lent Wings to her Feet, ſhe was the firſt to tell *Fincer* that his Daughter had been juſt aſſaſſinated in the neighbouring Houſe. This furious old Man imagined without further Information, that this Fact was committed in the Houſe of Mademoiſelle *de L*——, and perhaps by her Hands. He ſwore to make her the firſt Victim of his Rage. He immediately ran over, and though they might eaſily have hindered him from going into the Houſe, yet my Brother's Valet de Chambre, coming down at the Noiſe made at the Gate, judged with great Prudence, that it was properer to admit him quietly, than give him Time to ſpread the Alarm through the Neighbourhood. He even confeſſed to him immediately the Diſaſter that had happened to his Daughter, and ſeeing nothing to fear from the Diſpoſition he had left my Brother in, he did not refuſe to ſhew him the Way into the Apartment.

Every Motion of this old Man was no leſs furious. Perhaps he thought leſs of aſſiſting his Daughter than of revenging her. Nevertheleſs the Sight that preſented

preſented itſelf to his Eyes, diſſipated one Part of his Reſentment. The Surgeons had come before him. While they were examining *Sarah*'s Wound, ſhe had her Head leaning on my Brother's Boſom, which he at the ſame time was buſy in ſupporting with his Arms. Inquietude and Grief were painted on his Countenance. An Intereſt ſo tender animated the Cares and Looks of *Fincer*, who far from taking him to be the Enemy of her, whom he had juſt wounded, he might have taken him for her Defender. This Sight put a Stop to *Fincer*'s Reproaches. He came up to his Daughter, and the Silence he obſerved, during the Operation of the Surgeons, ſhewed at leaſt that the black Agitations of his Heart were ſuſpended.

This was the firſt Time he ever ſaw *Patrick*. The Impreſſion of an affecting and moving Countenance, added to the Care he ſaw him employ in aſſiſting *Sarah*, mollified his Hatred inſenſibly, even to make him forget that he was the Man in the World whom he thought had offended him moſt mortally. When the Surgeons had given their Opinions of the Wound, and however dangerous they declared it, they yet judged that *Sarah* might be inſtantly removed to her own Lodgings, as the Father had deſired, he did not oppoſe my Brother's Ardour, which he redoubled by comforting and following her. He ſeemed affected with the Satisfaction ſhe felt from it, and ſaw him even enter the Lodgings with her without ſhewing any Diſpleaſure at the Liberty. This was another Subject of Aſtoniſhment for thoſe who knew the Bottom of Affairs, to ſee *Patrick* ſo conſtantly employing all his Cares about a Lady whom he had treated with ſo much Rigour. It would be difficult to unravel the Truth of his Sentiments; and his Countenance bore the Marks of Embarraſment and Confuſion, as much as of Compaſſion and Zeal. He ſlackened his Attendance ſo little, that giving himſelf up to it intirely, he paſſed the Night about *Sarah*'s Bed, ſometimes employed in aſking her Pardon for his Barbarity, and ſometimes inſpiring her with Courage

with Courage by his Exhortations and Careſſes; ſometimes getting up to walk about her Chamber in Silence, and reſuming his Place near her with an Agitation he could not moderate.

His Valet de Chambre did not leave him till Day; but not having Power to perſuade him to retire in the Morning to take a few Moments Reſt, he ſtole away from *Fincer*'s Lodgings to tell me all the Adventures of this fatal Night. The Order of his Story, which he took up from the Article of Mademoiſelle *de L*———, and the Wound of *Sarah*, made all my Attention fall on the moſt frightful Circumſtances of the Misfortune he related. In the firſt Surprize of ſuch a tragical Scene I thought of nothing but going to *Fincer*'s, and I did not ſtop demanding what Meaſures *Patrick* had held with him. I followed only the Sentiments of my Grief, which made me look on this dreadful Incident as the laſt Wound that the diſorderly Paſſion of my Brother could give to the Honour, the Fortune, and the Repoſe of our Family. My Deſign was to throw myſelf at the Feet of *Fincer*, to aſſwage his juſt Fury by my Submiſſions, and to obtain of him by force of Entreaties and Tears, that he would not in its full Extent make uſe of all the Right we had given him to work out our Deſtruction. Whatever Place *Patrick* could chuſe for a Sanctuary, I already thought him threatened with an inevitable Vengeance, and ſaw nothing that could ſecure him from *Fincer*'s Rage. Thus, without waiting for any further Explanations, I preſſed the Valet de Chambre to carry the melancholy News to the Count and Counteſs *de S*———, with a Note from me ſhewing them the Neceſſity of employing all their Credit to prevent our Ruin. My Orders were as piercing as my Fears: I did not give to the Valet even the Liberty of replying, and ſeeing me determined to go immediately to *Fincer*'s, he took no Pains to remove my Fears by giving me a Detail of thoſe Things that he ſuppoſed my own Eyes were going to inſtruct me in.

I went

I went into *Fincer*'s Lodgings trembling. One of his Servants, of whom I enquired whether I might be admitted to ſee his Maſter, told me, that he was with my Brother in his Daughter's Apartment. This Anſwer caſt me into a thouſand freſh Terrors. I made him repeat it to me, being not well ſatisfied that I had heard his Anſwers plainly. How could he have ſuch a Fancy, that our mortal Enemy could be quietly in Company with the Object of his Hatred, and above all, in the Preſence of *Sarah*, who was the only Source of it? I could repreſent nothing to myſelf, that was not apt to redouble my Alarms, and confound all my Notions. In the mean time not thinking from thence but that my Preſence was more neceſſary, I went in haſte up Stairs, and paſſed in to the Apartment with the greateſt Uneaſineſs. Nobody can ever form an Idea what my Surprize was, when inſtead of Paſſion and Fury, of which I expected to be a Witneſs, I ſaw *Fincer* and *Patrick* ſitting in Silence near *Sarah*'s Bed, little heedful indeed of one another, or at leaſt ſhewing little Attention to each other in Appearance, but alſo without any Marks of Miſtruſt or Reſentment, and, as it were, equally taken up with the Sight that lay before their Eyes. They both got up on ſeeing me approach. Their Salutation was cold; and not accompanied with one Word. The dejected Appearance of my Brother, and the Diſorder of his Dreſs, made me judge all at once, that he had ſpent the Night in the ſame Situation he then was. Without yet penetrating into a Myſtery too obſcure for me, I thought I was relieved from one Part of my Fears, and ſat down in an elbow Chair, which a Lacquey drew to me.

For ſome Moments we all three kept Silence, which I durſt not break. I lifted up my Eyes on *Fincer*, who held his caſt down, and ſhewed ſome Appearance of Embarraſment and Reſtraint. *Patrick* ſat next to *Sarah*'s Bad; he took one of her Hands, on which he fixed his Lips for a Moment: At length turning himſelf

himſelf towards me with an Air altered by the Bitterneſs of his Thoughts; You know my fatal Adventure, ſaid he, with a deep Sigh: Do you know any body ſo guilty, and ſo wretched? I ſaw ſome Tears ſtream from his Eyes, which gave Teſtimony to his Grief; and the Tone alone with which he pronounced theſe four Words, diſcovered to me all that paſſed in his Soul.

My Slowneſs to anſwer him might have been looked upon as an Affectation by People leſs filled with their own Conceptions, and conſequently more forward and eager to hear me explain mine. But I ſhould have been able to have continued longer without any Fear of offending them by my Silence, which proceeded from the Uncertainty into which their very Conſternation caſt me, and that Appearance of Reſerve, which I ſaw in them for each other, notwithſtanding the familiar Situation in which I found them. What Judgment could I make of their Diſpoſition? *Patrick* was feelingly affected with his Misfortune, and though I had not had that Proof of it which lay before my Eyes, yet I ſhould have expected no leſs from the natural Affection and Delicacy of his Humour. A Heart ſo nicely tender to Senſations as his, was inceſſantly open to all Sorts of Impreſſions; and how ought it to be to this of a deadly Wound given by his own Hand? I fancied moreover, that notwithſtanding all the Paſſion he felt for Mademoiſelle *de L*———, he yet never refuſed his Eſteem to the Innocent *Sarah*; conſequently Pity had found nothing to combat in taking entire Poſſeſſion of his Soul; and I thought him ſo thoroughly pierced by that Paſſion, that all thoſe of his Love were by it in a Manner ſuſpended. But what other Fruit from thence could I hope for, but a Softneſs and Compaſſion of a few Days? After ſo many Changes and Caprices, after ſo many diſſembled Appearances, ſo many violated Promiſes, and Oaths forgotten, could I have the leaſt Remains of Confidence in any Thing that might ſerve for a Foundation to

common

common Conjectures; and in the Fickleneſs and Changeableneſs of Mademoiſelle *de L*—— as well as his own, had I not too much Experence to know the Foibles or Treacheries of Love?

In Regard to *Fincer*, the gloomy Meditations, in which I ſaw him plunged, ſeemed to cover more Rocks and Quickſands. To what Cauſe could I aſcribe the Relaxation of his Tranſports, and did not his viſible Calm menace us with ſome unforeſeen Storm? I fancied nevertheleſs, that only the Grief and diligent Attendance and Cares of my Brother might have had Power to move him; but that flattering himſelf perhaps, even to promiſe himſelf from *Patrick* a happy Return to his Daughter, he waited for more clear Explanations to regulate his Intentions and Conduct. Divided between this Thought and the Doubt I laboured under, of the true Diſpoſitions of my Brother, I found my Situation from thence to be moſt tickliſh, and the Choice of my Expreſſions very difficult to make. I had yet the unhappy *Sarah* to manage, who paſt doubt fed herſelf with the ſame Hope that her Father did, and who, notwithſtanding the Faintneſs ſhe laboured under, caſt on me an Eye of Complaiſance, of which I thought I underſtood the Meaning.

Surrounded by ſo many Dangers, I choſe to reduce myſelf to general Reflections upon the Neceſſity of referring to Heaven an Infinity of Events that ſurpaſſed the Penetration of Men; and turning this Thought in a Manner moſt proper to reconcile all thoſe who heard me; I added, that it was ſometimes from the Womb of Obſcurities themſelves, that Providence ſeemed to take a Pleaſure in giving Birth to Light and Peace. As they had not preſſed me to give an Anſwer, ſo they did not ſhew any Haſte in giving me a Reply. *Fincer* maintained an obſtinate Silence, and *Patrick*, ſunk in an Abyſs of Sorrow, appeared to give little Attention to what I ſaid.

In whatever Manner this Scene might end, I by Degrees got rid of my Fears in Relation to

Fincer,

Fincer, and confirming myſelf in my firſt Thoughts, my Boldneſs increaſed even ſo far as to addreſs directly to him ſome Teſtimonies of the Share I took in his Misfortunes. He ſeemed affected with my Compliment; but inſtead of anſwering it, he aroſe from his Seat in the ſame Silence, and taking me by the Hand, led me into the next Chamber. Having offered me a Chair, he continued yet ſome Moments without opening his Mouth. At length, lifting up his Eyes on me; you ſeem, ſaid he, to have an Apprehenſion of the Horrors that environ me; and when I ſee your Brother drowned in Tears after having pierced the Boſom of my Daughter, from which of theſe two Evidences ought I to make a Judgment of his Sentiments? I will not conceal it from you, added he, that my Indignation and Hatred were at the Height; and can Fancy conceive what Numbers of Outrages I have received from your Enemy? Nevertheleſs I find myſelf checked in my Projects of Revenge by an Event that ought to hurry me into them; and I am myſelf in queſt after every Thing that may help to ſuſpend my Reſentment. Has your Brother a Charm, continued he, to delude ſucceſſively both Daughter and Father? Tell me, what does he pretend by this Exceſs of Grief, in which I ſee him totally ſunk, by his Complaints of his Fate, by his Sobbs and Tears, which have found the Power of melting me down; and if he yet endeavours to ſport with the Credulity of *Sarah*, whether you join with him to betray us.

I confeſs, added he, that having Yeſterday ſeen him for the firſt time, I have ceaſed to blame the Taſte and Inclinations of my Daughter. I before looked upon the Picture ſhe drew to me of him, as the Exaggeration of a Woman paſſionately in Love, who ſought to juſtify an unworthy Affection by the Chimeras of her own Imagination: But this noble and intereſting Phyſiognomy is a Treachery of Nature, if it conceal a double and perfidious Soul. I have been ſo moved by the Air of Kindneſs and

Affection,

Affection, diffuſed over all his Features, that I ſuſpected *Sarah* to have been remiſs in ſome thing to pleaſe him at the Beginning of their Marriage, and by her own Fault to have loſt a Heart, which does not ſeem made to render her happy, by ſome Overſight in her Duty. It is from you; added he ſtill, that I muſt expect a frank Information, whether my Daughter has fallen into any Diſorders, that have been capable of offending her Huſband? whether ſhe has neglected any Care, or violated any Duty? if ſhe has forgotten herſelf by any Weakneſs, that may yet be repaired by Repentance? in fine, if he loves her; if I have any Dependance to place on the Sentiments he affects under my own Eyes, ſince the Misfortune ſhe has drawn on herſelf by her Imprudence: For it is ſo manifeſt that he is not voluntarily guilty, that I cannot poſſibly impute it to him as a Crime.

From ſo many ſtrange Confidences, the Air and Tone, with which they were pronounced, was not what raiſed in me the leaſt Aſtoniſhment. Far from diſcovering from it the terrible *Fincer*, from whom I always trembling apprehended ſome freſh Violence, I ſaw a Man diſmayed with Inquietude, and Affection, who even intereſted me in his Troubles by the Frankneſs of what he ſpoke. Indeed I made this Reflection, that tranſient and inconſtant Motions make no Change in the Bottom of a Character; but the more this Thought inſpired me with Diffidence, the more I conceived myſelf obliged to ſide with the Diſpoſition in which I ſaw him, by flattering the Hopes to which he appeared ſo ſenſible: I confirmed in him all he thought to the Advantage of my Brother; and if I durſt not poſitively anſwer as to the Views that engaged him ſo conſtantly about *Sarah*, I did not remove from him thoſe Inferences he might draw from ſome happy Revolution. I even endeavoured with Condeſcenſion to anticipate thoſe Objections which might ariſe from his Engagements with Mademoiſelle *de L*——. A Marriage, in which all the eſſential Conditions were wanting, appeared to me a feeble Obſtacle

to

to the Renewal of his firſt Bands. I treated it as a prophane Wantonneſs, which could not caſt the leaſt Blemiſh on the moſt Holy of all Engagements; and giving myſelf up perhaps too much to my own Deſires, I proceeded to adviſe *Fincer* in every thing that I could without Scruple inſpire him with proper to countenance his Hopes, but which I could not hazard abſolutely without laying down better the Effects they might produce. As we have nothing to fear, ſaid I, but from the Aſcendant of Mademoiſelle *de L*——, nothing is ſo important as to keep from my Brother every thing that may too livelily recal in his Mind the Idea of her, and to join to the Inclination that keeps him here, every thing that the Contrivance of our Imaginations can furniſh us with to detain him here a long time. *Fincer* greedily laid hold of this Overture, and gave Orders on the Spot that nobody whatſoever ſhould be admitted to ſpeak to *Patrick*, or to put any Letter into his Hand without his Knowledge. The Surgeons, who came at the ſame time to take off the Dreſſings, having declared, that the Danger was not at all diminiſhed, and that *Sarah* could not be kept with too much Care, I ſaw *Fincer* overjoyed at the Impreſſion this Diſcourſe made on my Brother, and the Thoughts, that the Ardour of his Cares had redoubled with his Grief. The Count and Counteſs of *S*—— came in vain to pay what they thought to be their Duty to *Sarah*; *Fincer* ordered them to be anſwered, that her Condition did not give her leave to receive their Viſit; and this was leſs the Weakneſs of his Daughter than that of *Patrick* he thought to manage.

Going abroad to obſerve what paſſed without Doors, I found ſome Paces from the Houſe my Brother's Valet de Chambre, who complained to me that he could not get the Liberty of ſpeaking to his Maſter. I had ſo many Proofs of his Diſcretion and Fidelity, that I made no Scruple of opening myſelf to him. The Confidence I placed in him, and the new Views I layed before him, rekindled all the

Zeal

Zeal he had for his firſt Miſtreſs. Diſcovering himſelf in his turn, he made me Apologies for concealing the Preparations for the Journey to *Germany* from me, and it was now he let me into all the Circumſtances of the Project that was to have been executed the preceding Night. I thanked Heaven heartily for having diverted him from this Courſe by ways ſuperior to our vain Prudence. This Man had already gone to the Convent of Mademoiſelle *de L*——, and purſuing the Orders ſhe had given him upon leaving her Houſe, he related to her the Sequel of the tragick Accident, of which ſhe had been a Witneſs. The Eagerneſs of *Patrick* to follow *Sarah*, and his Perſeverance in paſſing all the Night in *Fincer*'s Houſe, had made a deep Impreſſion on her. Some Mutterings eſcaped her upon this Occaſion, which the Valet de Chambre told me, and in her Diſcontent had charged him with a Letter for my Brother, containing in all Appearance other Complaints. Diſcretion hindered me from opening it; but from this Notice forming a Scheme, which I prayed Heaven to ſecond, I ordered the Valet de Chambre, having firſt imparted to him my Views, to return to the Place from whence he came, and to tell Mademoiſelle *de L*—— plainly, that my Brother not only had no Thoughts of quitting *Fincer*'s Daughter, but was too much taken up with his Grief and Care to find Time to anſwer her Letter. The Scruple coming into my Mind from the jealous Agitations, into which I was going voluntarily to caſt Mademoiſelle *de L*——, was taken away, by calling to Mind how much Bitterneſs, and what Anguiſh ſhe had with much leſs Juſtice raiſed to the Innocence of the unfortunate *Sarah*. It muſt neceſſarily happen, ſaid I to my Confident, that ſhe will redouble her Complaints and Letters. Hearken quietly to the one, and receive the others. Make no Anſwer to her Complaints, but by excuſing my Brother on the Score of the deep Melancholy in which he is plunged; and further to excuſe the little Attention he appears to pay her Letters, improve the Intereſt and Zeal, which continually bind him to the Care of a Perſon by whom he is ſure to be beloved,

beloved. Theſe were Inſtructions enough for a Man of Underſtanding, who immediately laid hold of the full Extent of my Project.

Poſſibly I ſhould have followed him to the Convent under the Impatience I laboured to hear him on his Return, if I had not had Notice given me by a Lacquey of the Count *de S*——, that two Couriers waited for me at his Houſe. The one was ſent from St. *Germain* by M. *de Sercine* by the King's Order, who commanded me to attend him before the End of that Day; the other was one I had diſpatched three Days before to my Lord *Tenermill*, to communicate to him thoſe Hopes, which were intirely overturned in ſo ſhort a Space. Both the one and the other giving me room to expect important News, I immediately went to the Count's, where nothing was more proper to give me Satisfaction, than the Explanations with which they entertained me.

The Courier, from whom I expected News from *Tenermill*, informed me, that having Night and Day made prodigious Haſte, he arrived at *Dunkirk* the Moment the Squadron had put to Sea. Nevertheleſs not deſpairing to gain the Veſſel wherein my Brother was, before it was out of Sight of the Port, he had procured a Shallop, which by the force of Oars put him aboard. *Tenermill* did not receive the Account of ſuch a haſty Meſſage without giving extraordinary Marks of Surprize and Emotion. Nevertheleſs, having been a long time under Diſturbance and Diſquiet, he recovered himſelf well enough to write me quietly a Letter, which the Courier put into my Hands.

His firſt Lines were a ſhort Anſwer to a Reproach I had made him in mine, of having in a manner proclaimed open War againſt me, and indeed in ſiding againſt me with all the Appearances of a determined Hatred. He anſwered me, that theſe were Thoughts he was not capable of in regard to a Brother: But for a firm Reſolution of breaking off all Acquaintance with me, and of hearken-

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ing as little to my Counſels as Maxims, he had weighed the Matter in the Bottom of his Heart, and Time would only help to fortify him in his Opinion. Moreover, if he had uſed any Expreſſion too harſh, I ought to aſcribe it to nothing but the firſt Heat of a juſt Reſentment. Was I then reſolved eternally to work the Torment of my Family, by the Impulſes of an inconſiderate Piety, which without doubt would bring about my own, and to ruin the Fortune of my Brothers in diſturbing all their Hopes by my Inquietudes and perpetual Clamours? He deſired no more than the Example before my Eyes, to make me ſenſible, that Zeal is a dangerous Guide without Prudence, or, if that Expreſſion ſhould yet offend me, without a certain Degree of Underſtanding drawn neither from Religion nor the Study of Books, and that I hitherto could never acquire with my Prejudices. How could I think, when the King's Service called him out of *France*, that is to ſay, the very Moment that Honour and Duty obliged him to be gone, to awake in his Heart every Thing, that I knew to be moſt ready to make him regret his Departure? I could not be at all ignorant of the Ardour of his Paſſion for *Sarah*; was this then the Time to irritate it by Hopes, to which he ſhould take good Care how he gave himſelf up, when they came to him from ſo ſuſpected a Hand; but which were nevertheleſs capable of giving him inceſſant Trouble during his Voyage? They had already ſown a cruel Diſcord in his Soul. He had fretted at the Neceſſity he was under of continuing his Journey. Happily Honour and Reaſon, for they were more ſure Guides to him than my Zeal, had given him Power enough to follow them. If nevertheleſs there ſhould be any Remains of Hope for him, if the Heart and Hand of *Sarah* were yet an Intereſt he was permitted to aſpire to, he conjured me not to prejudice him in ſuch favourable Diſpoſitions during his Abſence. Then coming by divers Windings to a Compliment, which

which he ſeemed to make with an ill Grace, he perceived well, added he, that in ſpite of all his Complaints, there were no Rights but what I muſt acquire over his Heart at this Price.

The Scene being changed ſince ſo many new Events, I found nothing in his Letter, on the firſt Reading, that could ſtop my Impatience to know the King's Commands by Mr. *de Sercine*'s Note. Having received it by an Expreſs, I not only ſaw nothing in it clear enough to ſatisfy my Curioſity, but as if they took a Pleaſure in redoubling my Agitations, the Expreſſions of it were ſo equivocal, that it was impoſſible for me to diſcover whether it were to the King's Goodneſs or Diſſatisfaction that I ought to aſcribe the Attention he appeared to ſhew me.

I did not nevertheleſs go with leſs Diligence to St. *Germain*. In reading over *Tenermill*'s Letter in my Chaiſe, I was moved, I confeſs, with his Reaſoning, by which he would prove, that my Zeal was ſometimes deficient of Underſtanding. It had eſcaped me at my firſt reading it; but I found it ſo juſt in the Example I have related, that not thinking at all of defending myſelf againſt my own Conviction, I turned my Eyes on other Parts of my Conduct, in which I already trembled for having wounded with ſo few Meaſures any rule of Charity or Prudence. This Examination took me up all the reſt of my Journey. I do not, ſaid I to myſelf, aſk at all to be excuſed; they ſhall always find me ready to confeſs my Faults; always ready to receive even from them thoſe Inſtructions and Leſſons, which may inform me in what I am ignorant of; but ſhall I give them a Reliſh of that very Thing which I labour to hear from them, or of that which I ſee them too often violate by a Contempt more culpable than Ignorance, I mean the ſacred Duties of their Religion, thoſe Principles that make the Man of Honour in the Eye of God, and without which all

their

their boaſted Knowledge forms only a Science miſerable and unprofitable? If they will learn from me to regard the Laws of Heaven, I promiſe to give them all the Attention they ſhall aſk to thoſe Rules eſtabliſhed by the Prudence of Men.

Nevertheleſs continuing to think, as it was my Duty to do, that the Knowledge of Religion was the only thing that merited our Eſteem and Study, I condemned myſelf for having really too much neglected every thing that did not in a ſenſible Manner relate to it, and for not having enquired at leaſt, if this Knowledge of the World, which I had contemned with Reaſon in ſuppoſing it contrary to the Principles of the Goſpel, might not be reconciled to them by ſome Agreement, which I had not at all dived into. Although it was natural for me to fancy from thence ſo much the more Difficulty, as the Goſpel itſelf in every Page inſpires us with a Hatred of the World and its Maxims, yet the Reproaches that I found juſt on the Part of *Tenermill*, in a Caſe wherein the Intereſt of Religion was not in Appearance concerned, made me judge, that it muſt have a real, though leſs ſenſible Relation to it; as there is nothing in it juſt, which does not aſcend to Religion as to its Source. After this Reflection, I had no Difficulty to find, by what Connexion the Spirit of the Goſpel extends itſelf even to the moſt ſimple Buſineſs of Society. It is a Spirit of Order, which wills, that all Duties be fulfilled, and which takes them all in, notwithſtanding the Differences of their Kinds and Degrees, by propoſing to all the ſame Object for the ultimate End. Thus, when my Zeal for eſtabliſhing the Peace of our Family by the Marriage of *Tenermill* had carried me to awaken his Love, in the Moment of his Departure, it was indiſcreet. I had not openly wounded any Thing but humane Prudence by propoſing to ſlacken his Courage in an Opportunity of Honour; but this Sort of Honour being relative to Religion by its Utility in

maintaining Society, it was to Religion itſelf, that I had indirectly brought ſome Prejudice.

Is it not to vaunt here too much my own Character, to deſcribe with ſo much Simplicity of Heart, and Love for Truth and Juſtice, that it was a lively Satisfaction to me to be convinced that *Tenermill* had Reaſon? It remained for me nevertheleſs, to make the Application of a new Principle, of which I had acknowledged the Truth, to the Circumſtances of Events, and the Particulars of my Conduct; for in forming the Reſolution of ſubmitting myſelf further to the Rules of human Prudence, I did not thereby remain leſs firm in rejecting them, when they appeared to me to oppoſe the Rules of Religion.

The ſame Day I experienced, that this Study has its Difficulties, which muſt render the Commerce with the World extremely toilſome for thoſe who ſeek to conduct the Intereſts of another Order. Upon my Arrival at Court, I learned from Mr. *de Sercine* what he had not explained to me by his Note. *Patrick* had not ſo abſolutely turned his Attention on his Journey to *Germany*, as to forget his Duty to the King. On the Eve before his Departure, he thought it would be to expoſe himſelf to the King's Diſpleaſure, to go away without his Conſent; and fearing however ſome Obſtacle on the Part of that Prince, if he ſhould appear himſelf at *St. Germain*, he had prevailed on his Friend *Angleſey*, who was yet in *France* with his Siſters, to be the Bearer of the Teſtimony of his Duty and Submiſſion. *Angleſey* had accepted this Commiſſion, but not being informed of more than half the Occaſion of his Retreat, he could not give Satisfaction to the King's Queſtions, who had interrogated him with much Curioſity. It was to give more certain Informations that I was ſent for by his Majeſty's Orders, and Mr. *de Sercine* gave me to underſtand with an Air proper to alarm me, that Curioſity was not the ſole Motive that made him deſire to ſee me.

This Preparation augmented the Embarraſment I had already feared to be under in the King's Preſence.

What

What Diſcoveries ought I to make him? At what Point would this humane Prudence, the Neceſſity of which I perceived more than ever, oblige me to ſtop? I had a thouſand Things to conceal for the Intereſt of *Patrick*, a thouſand Things to lay open, a thouſand to hope, and a thouſand to fear. Hitherto all my Troubles and Cares had been incloſed within a ſmall Circle of Perſons, with whom I had always lived, and whom I familiarly knew. Here the Scene preſented to me Objects entirely new; and my Ideas of Religion did not at all hinder me from thinking that I was going to appear in the Preſence of what the World conſiders as the moſt reſpectable. I was ignorant in what Manner my Reaſon, and natural Reſolution ſhould aſſiſt me, if the King ſhould begin, as I expected, with Reproaches and Complaints. But this good Prince had nothing in Reſerve for me but Favours. Before he queſtioned me upon the Journey of my Brother, he told me, that not having till now ſeen me at *St. Germain*, I ought not to complain of having had ſo ſmall a Share in his Favours; and that I had laid him under the Neceſſity of ſearching me out, to grant me near his Perſon, the Place of Almoner in ordinary, which he had intended for me a long time paſt. He added to it a Penſion ſufficient to make me live with Decency; and obviating the Objection I might have made from my Engagements in *Ireland*, he adviſed me immediately to diſcharge myſelf of my Benefice.

He continued to enlarge himſelf on my Praiſe and that of my Brothers, by affecting to interrupt the Motions of my Gratitude; and when at length he came to ſpeak of the Departure of *Patrick*, he teſtified to me ſome Regret, that he had loſt the Opportunity of engaging to his Court by ſome convenient Poſt, ſaid he, without naming it, a Man of his Merit and Birth. He did not puſh his Queſtions further; and, as if he had apprehended the laying me under ſome Embarraſment, which I feared, he did not ſpeak a Word to me of the Misfortune that had brought ſo much

Trouble into our Family, and which he thought at an End.

Thus the Goodneſs of this Prince ſpared me the Difficulties I expected to labour under. It was eaſy for me after he had done, to turn my Acknowledgments in ſuch a Manner as not to expoſe myſelf to the Neceſſity of falling into the Danger I had avoided. I informed him that *Patrick*'s Journey was deferred, and perhaps broke off intirely, and I added by way of Apology for him, that the Reaſons which had made him think of going, were become leſs urgent. Let him be here then to-morrow, ſaid the King, and depend on it, that what I will do for his Fortune ſhall make him forget his Journey to *Germany*.

I ſhould have laid hold of the Opportunity of this Order to return immediately to *Paris*, if Mr. *de Sercine* had not informed me, that it would be an ill Return to the King's Favours, not to continue to mak my Court to him till his accuſtomed Hour of retiring. I paſſed all the Time he was at Table, and ſome Part of the Night in diſcourſing with him on the State in which I had left *Ireland*. Having heard of the Death of my Lord *Lynch*, he aſked me the Circumſtances of it, and this Recital having a neceſſary Connexion with our late Adventures, I found myſelf engaged in a Narrative from which I ſhould have been glad to have been excuſed. However, it led me to a Subject more agreeable, and which appeared intereſting enough to make me continue it a long Time; and that was the laſt Diſpoſition of *Lynch*, which had left me Maſter of the Truſt of his Father's Treaſure. I gave the King a Deſcription of all the Wealth I had there obſerved, and we conſidered by what Means it might be tranſported into *France*.

It was ſo late after the Hour of the King's Couchee, that I ſubmitted to the Inſtances made me to paſs the reſt of the Night at *St. Germain*. With what Diligence nevertheleſs ſhould I not have poſted to *Paris*, if I had had the leaſt Suſpicion of what had paſſed

paſſed there in my Abſence? Being in a Manner oppreſſed with Sleep I did not riſe early enough in the Morning to get there before Mid-day. I went to alight at the Count's with all the Joy I ought to feel in having ſuch happy News to communicate to him; but the Appearance of Grief and Trouble, which I obſerved in going into the Houſe, made me judge all at once, that it was for Affliction and Patience I ought to prepare myſelf.

Having informed myſelf that the Count was at home, I durſt not interrogate the Servants further upon what I had to aſk him. A Circumſtance changed in their Mouths might unſeaſonably inlarge or diminiſh my Fears. I accoſted the Count, and the Air with which he received me made me underſtand almoſt as much of what I wanted to know as his firſt Words: Judging by my Silence, that I had not yet been informed of any Thing; there have happened, ſaid he, during your Abſence very fatal Changes; *Fincer* died this Morning of an Apoplectick Fit, or rather of a Tranſport of Fury that ſtifled him ſuddenly; your Brother has diſappeared, without leaving me a Poſſibility of yet hearing the Cauſe of his Eſcape, or what is become of him. My Wife, continued the Count, is with *Sarah*, whom I left myſelf but juſt now, and who yet is ignorant of her Father's Death, and the Flight of *Patrick*. It is to be feared that thoſe two Pieces of News will finiſh the Ruin of the little Strength ſhe has remaining. Go, take care of this unfortunate Lady: This Employment is fitter for you than me, added he, for I have not the Power of bearing the Sight of ſo many melancholy and moving Objects, which have pierced my Heart in that Houſe.

He urged me to be gone. It would have been a Puniſhment had he endeavoured to have ſtopped me. In the Agitation of a thouſand tumultuous Schemes, which ſuch terrible Fears made me form in a Moment, I could have wiſhed for the Power of removing myſelf on the Spot into a hundred Places, and to

give myſelf up all at once to a thouſand different Cares. But where could I ſtop among ſo many Wiſhes, that cruelly divided me? I had already gone out without any determined Reſolution, when turning my Head at a Noiſe I heard behind me, I perceived *Patrick*'s Valet de Chambre, who was running in haſte to over take me, and laid hold of my Arm to give himſelf time to take Breath, as if in the Joy he had to ſee me, he was afraid I might yet eſcape him. He had gone Poſt to St. *Germain*, where he had hopes of finding me, and haſtening my Return. I urged him to ſpeak; but what he began to ſay, ſuppoſing me informed of what I was really ignorant of, I interrupted him by demanding an exact Recital which might be capable of regulating my Conduct; we ſtopped at the Corner of a waſte Street.

Your Preſence, ſaid he, would not have ſecured us from a Miſchief, that all the Prudence of the World could not prevent, and which conſequently it was impoſſible to avoid; but it is ſo neceſſary to ſtop the Conſequences of it, that I ſee no more than you, with what this ſtrange Event may be attended. He continued to tell me, with what Meaſures and Caution he had executed the Orders I had given him the Evening before. Mademoiſelle *de L*—— had conceived but too ſpeedily all the Sentiments which he laboured to inſpire her with. In telling her with what Aſſiduity and Ardour *Patrick* employed his Cares about *Sarah*, he had affected to uſe ſuch Terms, as were ſuitable to love, and ſhe did not liſten to one of them, that did not ſow ſome Seed of Jealouſy in her Heart. When he had afterwards declared to her, that he had not only not brought her any Anſwer to her Letter, but that his Maſter had not given him in Charge even to make a common Apology, nor with the leaſt Compliment to let her know that ſhe was in his Thoughts, ſuch an expreſs Appearance of Indifference and Forgetfulneſs preſently appeared in her Eyes as a manifeſt Treachery. Nevertheleſs, as if he had thought of nothing but juſti-

juſtifying his Maſter, he had excuſed this Negligence by the Grief and Conſternation with which he had ſeen him pierced. Every Stroke added to this Image had been as it were a Spark of Fire that inflamed all the Motions of Mademoiſelle *de L*——● and from this firſt Account her Indignation and Paſſion had become ſo ſtrong, that ſhe had not Power to contain her Tears.

She had taken nevertheleſs ſomething upon herſelf, and without yet ſuffering her Miſtruſt to appear too glaring, ſhe choſe immediately to write a ſecond Letter to my Brother. The cunning Meſſenger received it, and coming back ſome Moments after with the ſame Anſwer he had brought to the firſt, he had redoubled a Flame, which could not but increaſe during his Abſence. Then her Lamentations and Complaints had began to betray a Reſentment, which ſhe had no longer Power of keeping within Bounds. If after many Irreſolutions ſhe had taken up the Pen to write, it had been only to load Reproaches on an Ingrate, by which ſhe expreſſed her Fear ſpeedily to find him perfidious; and without leaving him any other Choice than Submiſſion, ſhe had required him to abandon on the Spot every Thing that had been capable of ſtopping him, and to bring with him immediately to the Convent ſuch Explanations, which ſhe would not put off even to the Morrow. This third Letter, and thoſe that followed, met with the ſame Fate as the foregoing, with this Difference, that *Patrick*'s Valet judging of the Contents of them by the Orders ſhe gave in putting them into his Hands, added every Time ſome Circumſtance to his Anſwer more properly adapted than before to the Effect he propoſed. In fine, exceeding even the Bounds I had laid down for his Conduct, he had even feigned, that his Maſter had refuſed to receive her laſt Letter. and that he had complained of it as an Importunity, which he wiſhed to ſee abſolutely ended.

The Suſpicions of Mademoiſelle *de L* ——— were changed into a Certainty of her being ſhamefully betrayed. She then put no Bounds to her Expreſſions, even in the Preſence of the Valet. The calm and ſcornful Air, affected by her, had been only a Diſguiſe to an Exceſs of Fury. In this firſt Tranſport ſhe thought of nothing but to ſave her Honour by flying from a Place, where ſhe expected to ſee herſelf ſoon a publick Town Talk. All her Preparations being made for her Journey to *Germany*, ſhe had taken the Reſolution of going off the Night following, and had choſen no other Confident than my Brother's Valet to give Notice to her Servants of her Reſolution.

The unravelling of this Plot, ſo little expected, would have been, as he imagined, the moſt precious Favour we could hope for from Heaven, if the Reſentment of Mademoiſelle *de L*——— had ſupported itſelf in the ſame Degree of Warmth to the Moment of the Execution. She would certainly have gone off with ſo much Pride and Diſdain, that ſhe would have looked upon it as an unworthy Baſeneſs in her to give my Brother the leaſt Notice of her Departure, but during ſome Hours required to put her Equipage in Order, ſhe could not think that ſhe was going to loſe a Happineſs of which ſhe thought herſelf ſo certain, and which ſhe had purchaſed ſo dear, without feeling herſelf more ſoftened by her Affliction, than irritated by her Fury and Indignation. If the Reflections, to which ſhe abandoned herſelf, did not take away her Reſolution of going away, it was impoſſible for her to leave *Paris*, without ſatisfying yet once more her Heart in remarking her laſt Sentiments to my Brother: And what muſt be a Letter inſpired by ſo many Paſſions, under Circumſtances ſo violent? But perſwaded, as ſhe was, that he had refuſed to read her laſt Billet, and fearing that this would meet with no better Reception, if he ſhould receive it by the Hands of his Valet de Chambre, ſhe intruſted it to a Perſon well affected

affected to her Service, whom ſhe had left at *Paris* to finiſh her Affairs. The Care ſhe took in inſtructing him, and the Fervency ſhe added to her Intreaties, inſpired this new Meſſenger with ſo much Zeal, that he ſurmounted all Obſtacles. She had recommended to him not only to force his way into *Fincer*'s Houſe in ſpite of all Oppoſition they might give to his Entrance, but to pretend in putting her Letter into *Patrick*'s Hands, that it was from me he received it, and that it contained Matters of Importance. It may be ſhe yet flattered herſelf, that the News of her Departure would make ſome Impreſſion upon a Heart, from which the Memory of ſo much Love, and ſo many Oaths could not be intirely effaced; and this Hope made ſo great a Progreſs in her Mind, that it obliged her to ſuſpend her Reſolution till the Morrow.

The only Point that eſcaped her Precautions was to inform her Confident, that ſhe would in Reality put off her Departure to the Day following. Having ſeen her determined to be gone that Night, and finding her Servants and Coach at the Door of the Convent, when he went about executing his Orders, he conſidered the Commiſſion he was charged with, as an Affair that might be put off to another Time, and which required leſs Diligence than Fidelity and Certainty; this did not hinder him nevertheleſs from appearing the ſame Night at *Fincer*'s Door: But the Darkneſs making the Servants redouble their Care, he conceived he had no Hopes eaſily to do what he was ſent about but in the Day-time. He therefore made no Haſte till the Morning, and while Mademoiſelle *de* [*L* —— was dying with Impatience for his Return, he was employ'd about *Fincer*'s Houſe in finding ſome Means to deceive the Vigilance of the Porter.

In fine, getting in without being perceived, he went up Stairs by Chance into the firſt Chamber in his way, which was that of *Sarah*, where he could not fail of ſoon diſcovering *Patrick*. He found him

him there alone under a Dejectedneſs he muſt needs be in, from having paſſed a Day and two Nights without one Moment of Reſt, and in a Manner without Nouriſhment. The Opinion of the Surgeons not having yet been more favourable, it ſeemed as if the Continuation of the Danger had invincibly fixed all his Attention upon the Object before his Eyes. He ſcarce perceived that the Meſſenger beckoned to him to ſtep for a Moment into the Anti-Chamber. He went there nevertheleſs as ſoon as he took Notice of the Perſon that called him, and far from refuſing to receive the Letter preſented to him, he opened it without demanding the leaſt Explanation.

It was certain, that notwithſtanding all the Eagerneſs of his Care, notwithſtanding the Grief he felt at his fatal Adventure, in fine, notwithſtanding the Compaſſion that pierced him for *Sarah*, yet his Love for Mademoiſelle *de L*———was the predominant Paſſion of his Heart, and what had been capable of ſuſpending it, had not yet the Power of diminiſhing it one Moment. He had known, when ſhe quitted her Houſe, that ſhe had choſe to return to the Convent. He had approved of her Conduct, and fancying her to be quiet and undiſturbed in this Retreat, he had followed only the Impulſes of his own natural Goodneſs, and without doubt the Remorſe for an involuntary Crime, in rendering to *Sarah* thoſe Cares, from which he thought nothing ought to excuſe him. What then was his Surpriſe, at the firſt Words of a Letter, wherein he diſcovered the Language of Indignation and Fury? How then muſt this Surprize increaſe, when he ſaw himſelf reproached with Inſults, with Treachery, with Perjury, and all the odious Sentiments, to which ſhe aſcribed a Change whereof ſhe thought him guilty? She ſpoke of ten Letters, of which he had not the leaſt Notion, and of a new Paſſion, whereof ſhe could not imagine herſelf to be the Object. Was this an Illuſion of his Eyes, or of his Memory? In the Surprize, into which ſo many ſtrange Accuſations threw him, he had no Power to

aſk

aſk one Queſtion of the Perſon who brought him her Letter. But with what Vivacity did he rouſe himſelf out of this Languor, when, after a thouſand Reproaches, he came to read, that ſhe was determined to ſeparate herſelf from him for ever? She did not mention this Reſolution as a Menace. The Coach was ready; ſhe burned with Impatience to be gone, to break eternally with a perfidious Wretch. He caſt a furious Eye on the Meſſenger, and urging him to tell him the Meaning of ſuch a terrible Declaration, his Tranſports knew no further Bounds, when he heard that Mademoiſelle *de L*—— was gone the Evening before, and that from the Impatience he had obſerved in her of going out of the Kingdom, he was ſure ſhe muſt be already far on her Journey from *Paris*.

There could be no Motive found ſtrong enough to moderate a Paſſion, which was come to ſo ſwift an Exceſs. The unfortunate *Sarah* was forgotten. Having roughly interrogated the Meſſenger upon thoſe Letters, which ſhe accuſed him of having refuſed to read, or to have received with Diſdain, he would know who was the raſh Man among *Fincer*'s or his Servants, who had dared to charge him with ſuch an Impoſture. Not finding any Body belonging to him, by the Care they took of removing all his Servants, *Fincer*, and all belonging to him could not but fall under ſtrong Suſpicions. He ran down Stairs to load with Reproaches and Injuries all the Servants of the Houſe. The Noiſe having come unluckily to *Fincer*, who appeared immediately to enquire what was paſſing in his Houſe, he did not treat him with more Caution, and without concealing from him the Cauſe of his Fury, he left him with Threats of Revenge.

Never were Tranſports of Paſſion ſo contagious, *Fincer* at firſt had ſhewed more of Surprize than Indignation; but when having heard the Reaſon of ſuch great Fury, he ſaw my Brother fly out of his Houſe, and hurry himſelf towards that wherein he imagined the Rival of his Daughter yet was, he was tranſported into ſuch a furious Exceſs of Rage, that neither his

his Strength nor Reaſon, giving any Reſiſtance to it, he fell without Life into the Arms of his Servants. All Helps were uſeleſs; he expired without having the Power of pronouncing one ſingle Word. In theſe tragical Circumſtances, the Goodneſs of Heaven inſpired ſo much Preſence of Mind into ſome one of the Servants, as to ſhut *Sarah*'s Apartment, and conceal from her the Knowledge of a Diſaſter, which would have expoſed her to the ſame Fate with her Father. With the like Prudence they immediately gave Notice to the Count and Counteſs of *S*——, that they could not come too ſpeedily to her. They endeavoured to remove from her Eyes and her Mind every thing that was capable of diſturbing the Reſt which was neceſſary for her.

During this Time, *Patrick* had ſtood in need of the ſame Care and Aſſiſtance. He had ſo ſpeedily gained the Houſe of Mademoiſelle *de L*——, that nobody thought of following him. He found it empty and forſaken; his Valet de Chambre, perpetually attentive to what happened, was the only one of his Servants that had not taken any Advantage of his Abſence to go out of the Way: But having ſpied him from a Window, and not being able to gueſs what brought him over with ſo much Precipitation, he made no Haſte to appear. With Reaſon trembling at the Succeſs of his Artifice, he rather choſe to leave his Maſter Time to learn the Departure of Mademoiſelle *de L*—— from the Mouth of another, than for himſelf to undertake an Enterprize ſo delicate; but perſwaded however, that ſhe was gone the Evening before, perhaps he thought leſs of the Impreſſion this News might make on his Maſter, than concealing from him the Means he had employed in the Conduct of his Intrigue. In the mean time, having been called ſeveral Times, he could not refuſe to anſwer. The fearful Air with which he appeared might have raiſed in *Patrick* as many Suſpicions as his Slowneſs; but if he gave any Heed to them, theſe Marks of Embarraſment might paſs in his Eyes as the common

Effects

Effects of an Adventure, in which it was only natural for an affectionate Servant to appear to take ſome Intereſt.

As there remained ſome Part of the Goods of Mademoiſelle *de L*—— at *Paris*, and that the Opinion of her Departure had yet made no Change in the Order of the Houſe, *Patrick* poſſeſſed again his Chamber there. It was that he went into, without having given any other Order to the Porter, than to call his Servants. He threw himſelf into an Elbow Chair while he waited for them; and his Complaints were managed with ſo little Caution, that the Valet de Chambre, who had been ſo fearful in coming near him, had gathered enough from them to know, that he was already well informed of every Thing. Courage returned to this Laquey upon ſeeing his Maſter demand of him all the Succours of his Wit and Zeal. He affected an Appearance of being diſpoſed to render them to him; and flattering the firſt Motions of his Maſter, from an Aſſurance of having afterwards a greater Eaſe in oppoſing them, he objected nothing to the Reſolution he ſhewed of immediately taking Poſt, and following upon the Heels of Mademoiſelle *de L*— even to *Germany*. However, when he ſaw my Brother's Reflections paſs to the Circumſtances of his Misfortune, and particularly to the Treachery, with which he thought he had a Right to reproach *Fincer*, he interrupted him with divers Objections, as much to divert a Diſcourſe which he could not hear without Confuſion, as to bring him back to the Deſign he had of putting him off from his *German* Journey. He raiſed in him ſo many Doubts of the Road Mademoiſelle *de L*—— had taken, and conſequently ſo many Difficulties againſt the Hopes of overtaking her, that he brought him to conſent at leaſt to defer his Departure till the next Day, to give him Time, ſaid the Valet, to dive into the Alterations ſhe might have made not only in the Road ſhe intended to take, but even in her Deſigns of ſettling herſelf. He intreated his Maſter to repoſe on him this Care, and having artfully

ly confirmed him in all the Notions, which he had the Addreſs to inſpire him with, he left him under the Pretence of not loſing a Moment in anſwering his Impatience.

It was his own Trouble, and the Fear of betraying himſelf that cauſed in him ſo much Haſte and Eagerneſs. Inſtead of the Care he had promiſed, of which he knew how uſeleſs it would be, he choſe to ſtop the Suſpicions of his Maſter, and to ſhelter himſelf from his Reſentment. His firſt Step was to go to *Fincer*'s, where he imagined he ſhould learn by what Ways my Brother had received ſuch faithful Informations. He there diſcovered nothing but the tragick Accident which yet held all the Houſe in an Alarm; and as he had taken leave of Mademoiſelle *de L*——, before ſhe had taken the Reſolution of writing for the laſt time to *Patrick*, he drew little Information from the Deſcription they gave him of the unknown Meſſenger, who got into the Houſe with the fatal Letter, to which they aſcribed all their Diſorders. Nevertheleſs this Story cauſed him ſome Uneaſineſs. From whom could this Letter come, if not from Mademoiſelle *de L*—— ? And not being delivered above a Quarter of an Hour before, how could Mademoiſelle *de L*—— write it, if ſhe had gone off in the Evening the Moment he had left her? Under this Doubt, which was capable of giving him cruel Vexations, he choſe to go to the Convent, where he had left her ready to be gone. The firſt Object that ſtruck his Eyes was the Coach, which ſhe had ordered to ſtay there at all Events, although ſhe had ſent back the Horſes to the Poſt-houſe. As ſhe had founded her Reſolution on the Succeſs of her Letter, ſhe had waited Hour after Hour the Return of her Meſſenger; and when ſhe had in a Manner deſpaired of ſeeing him till the next Day, ſhe ordered that her Servants ſhould paſs the Night near her, that ſhe might not remain one Moment at *Paris*, after ſhe ſhould loſe ſome feeble Remains of Hopes. This Sight froze him with Fear; he thought himſelf undone without Remedy,

and

and not doubting but that the Diſcovery of his Intrigue, which appeared to him from thenceforth to be inevitable, would make him deteſted equally by Mademoiſelle *de L*— and his Maſter, he was tempted to betake him to Flight, to conceal himſelf eternally from their Eyes. In reflecting nevertheleſs on his Misfortune, he remembred that I had been concerned in ſome Part of his Conduct by the firſt Orders I had given him. Although he had executed them with a Boldneſs, to which I had never given my Conſent, he yet placed ſo much Confidence in my Goodneſs, as ſtill to depend upon my Protection. I was unluckily at St. *Germain*; but hoping for nothing but my Aſſiſtance, he abandoned all other Cares to join me there with an incredible Speed, and finding that I was above an Hour before gone to *Paris*, he returned with ſo much Diligence that he got there almoſt as ſoon as I.

Thus, although he had taken up his Story from the ſorrowful Situation of his Maſter, I had no great Difficulty to diſcover, that the Heat of his Zeal had two Sources; and what I could think moſt advantageous for his Character was, to believe them pretty near equal. The doleful Impreſſions made on me by ſo many new Misfortunes did not hinder me from obſerving to him at firſt Sight, that this Reflection had not eſcaped me; and I even reproached him for having as it were turned his Back to the Intereſts of my Brother to put his own under Shelter. For in acquainting me with the dangerous State in which he had left him, of what Uſe could ſo long a Story be to aid me in ſerving him? I was ignorant what Mademoiſelle *de L* ——— thought of the Effects of her Letter, and what Confuſion ſhe had drawn from it for the Regulation of her Conduct. The Report of her Meſſenger might have appeared clear enough to have diſſipated all her Doubts. Under this Suppoſition, had not ſhe with the utmoſt Haſte given Notice to *Patrick*, that ſhe was yet in *Paris*, or had ſhe not immediately returned to her Houſe

Houſe to ſee him and ſeal their Engagements by new Promiſes? Who could even aſſure me that in the firſt Ardour of their Reconciliation, they had not determined upon the Spot to go off together? Had I any Reſolution to take, or what Side to chuſe before I had procured all theſe Lights? You need not doubt, ſaid I, to the Valet de Chambre, but I will ſupport your Intereſt with my Brother; but render yourſelf worthy of the Protection you expect by a Renewal of your Zeal. Return to the Convent of Mademoiſelle *de L*———; learn from herſelf or from her Servants what has paſſed ſince your Departure, and give me ſuch a clear and ſure Account of thoſe Things, that I may undertake nothing raſhly. I gave him Orders to return to me to *Fincer*'s, whereto I thought myſelf, as it were, hurried by an Impulſe more ſtrong than either Curioſity or Compaſſion. It ſeemed to me, that the Care of *Sarah* was become a more indiſpenſible Obligation on me than ever, ſince the Death of her Father. Whatever Circumſpection they had ſhewed towards her, I could not imagine they could have long Power to conceal from her the Horrour of our Situation; and I trembled for the firſt Impreſſions that the leaſt Miſtruſt ſhould produce on a Heart ſo ſenſible. I went into her under this Uncertainty.

The End of the Second Volume.

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